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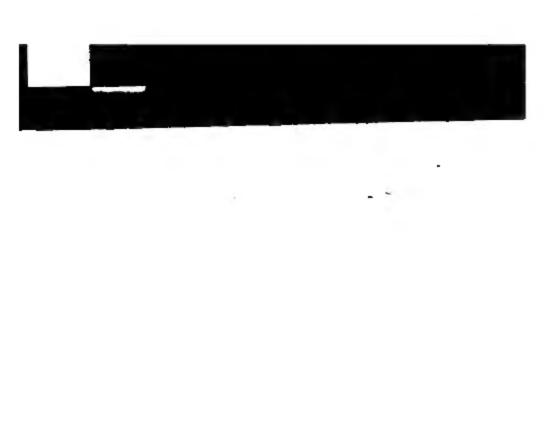
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# MELTON DE MOWBRAY:

OR,

THE BANKER'S SON.



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## MELTON DE MOWBRAY:

OR,

## THE BANKER'S SON.

A NOVEL.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

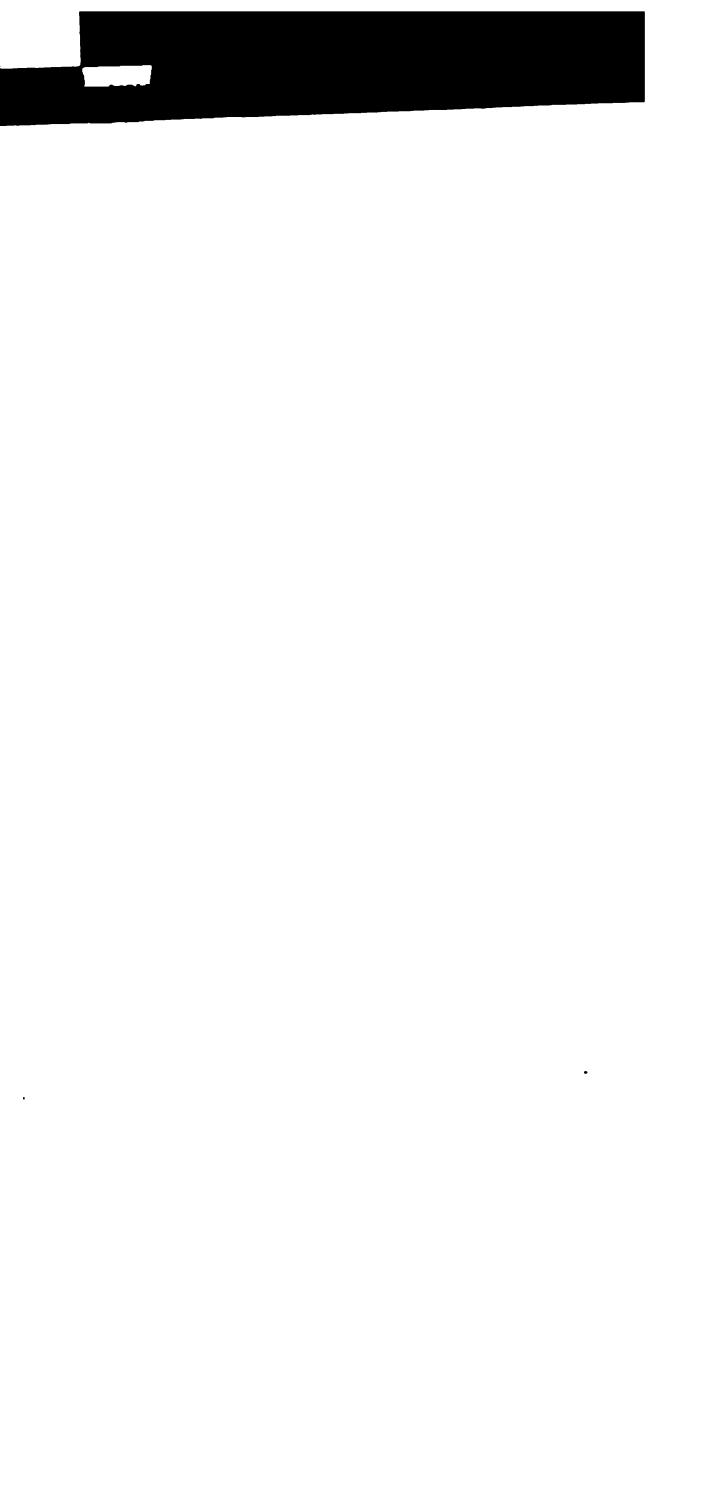


## LONDON:

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## MELTON DE MOWBRAY;

OR, THE

### BANKER'S SON.

### CHAPTER I.

ST. JAMES'S STREET IN 1791.

" Oh, the days when I was young !" - Old Song.

Since the date to which our heading refers, great and signal changes have occurred in the paths of fashion. M'Adam, in his mud-boots, has advanced to the threshold of the court; granite has crumbled into dust at his uplifted hand. Swallow Street, as the song says, has been swallowed up; swamps have been drained to dry ground; five flat fields have

been cropped with places, streets, and squares; and "the King's Road" has, very properly, led the way to a new court-end of the town. St. James's Street itself, though it stands where it did, has grown so prodigiously tall, has so improved in its features, that it lately proved fatal to an antiquarian Conservative, who, returning from the Celestial Empire, passed, like a mourner, through overwhelming improvements, till, coming to this time-hallowed spot, he sank in despair, and bit the dust of M'Adam.

Nevertheless, it must be allowed that the sun used to shine as brightly in the days gone by as now. If Hoby, the once leviathan, has been shadowed by a greater monster of the deep; if the guardsmen have been squeezed to a thread-paper; if hotels, worthy of the capital, look with contempt upon the retiring charms of "the Thatched House;" if banking-shops, like palaces, have risen from the earth; if, in short, all has been changed for the better, except the red brick hospital which Britons have converted to a palace for the monarch of England; if, with this melan-

coach, dipping the dry morsel in water, and tempting the weary brutes to eat. Few, however, accepted the proffered meal; nay, in more instances than one, the richer banquet of dry, husky oats, strapped up to the eyes, hung unheeded by the nodding head: in fact, they preferred the dreamy dolce far niente; and this amphibious species of water-god, seeing his occupation at an end, retired to his pails, turned one upside down for a throne, drew a bit of pipe from his waistcoat, listened to the stream which trickled on the sloppy pavement, "and drowned all his cares in a whiff of tobacco."

If the horses, left to themselves, and no longer startled by a rude tickling of the nose, forgot their sufferings in sleep, and eased the weaker of the legs which were left to stand upon; so, also, some animals, of a species nearly extinct, were easing legs of Herculean muscle, and recruiting their strength in the arms of Morpheus.

. In those days it was not the fashion for gentlemen to keep coffee-houses; the knave of clubs had not hit upon the clever trick of

getting an excellent dinner for next to nothing, while the deserted wife is left to rule the roast at home. "Brookes's" and "Boodle's" were then, with little exception, the all-in-all in the shape of clubs, and established for a very different purpose. They were the houses of call for Whig and Tory, for Foxite and Pittite; each, in its way, the focus of high patrician caste. Close to the latter stood a mean, dirty public house, the celebrated house of call of a then existing race, the Irish chairmen. Opposite to this, and bordering the pavement, was ranged a line of empty sedans, their long poles mixing amicably like legs in a mail-coach, or, in some instances, resting against the walls of the smoke-stained, chequered tap-house; the vehicles themselves were varied in appearance, but most, if not all, gave, like the straw-bottoms, a lesson to the moralist. If, unlike their rivals, they had not bodies emblazoned by the pomp of heraldry, there was enough to point to the high estate from which they had fallen; tarnished coronets and faded velvet told of the titled fair which they oft had borne to court, and spoke of the nothingness of all on earth, doomed, as they are, from man to the meanest thing, to fade, decay, and see corruption.

Facing this line of mementos, which then impeded the steps of the gay and thoughtless, was a long wooden bench attached to the tap-house, and reserved for the chairmen, or porters, when not otherwise employed; and here it was that a set of powerful men were basking in the sun, and, like the jaded cattle, making up for the loss of sleep during the previous night.

So far the comparison held good, for the dissipation of the high and low holds holiday in the hours of darkness; but the team of the rich and titled varies, toto calo, from that of the humbler rake. While the poor brutes, born to go on four legs, had scarcely a leg to stand upon, the bipeds shewed muscle enough to carry the greatest of the great, if not a world within itself. Their ribs were clothed with the fat of malt; their collars, thrown open, shewed necks as powerful as bulls; their long-tailed coats of office were hung up in a room behind the tap; but the more ne-

the ranks of still more idle loungers, besides the motley varieties which occasionally floated with the stream of fashion.

At that period, St. James's Street was scarcely better paved than Piccadilly; a pass long celebrated for the bumps and thumps with which it enlivened the heaviest in going to, or returning from, a dull drive in Hyde Park. We say, enliven; for, let the moderns talk as they will, nothing awoke the spirit of wit, and flash of speaking eyes, so much as the glorious din of the echoing granite. Sound is the key-note for mirth. What so awkward as a dead pause before dinner? Bring in the noisy little prattlers, and all goes on well. Does not the eloquent clatter of knives and plates break the stiffness of a formal dinner party? Cannot one noisy fellow set the thing going, and keep the table in a roar? Do not women talk most at a concert? boys, when the organ plays loudest? Do not ---. But why multiply cases? There is no denying this fount of inspiration, which -woe to London! - is replaced by the dull monotony of mud or dust.

hearts, lips, shops, purses, parasols, doors, and windows; at which latter we make a halt, as it brings us to the hero of our tale.

With arms crossed, and slightly leaning against a pilaster which divided the window of Brookes's, stood one in the dawn of manhood - nothing unusual, we grant, so long as creation goes on, and goes on increasing; but, it is one of those rules which mark the Almighty's infinite power, to make all things alike according to their species, yet no two of the same species without a difference. We will not digress; but what a field of contemplation! What conviction of omnipotence does this open to the mind! blades of grass, of corn-each-all, sui geseris, are known and identified at a glance; yet, of all the countless leaves which robe the summer, no two can be found precisely the Thus, with the human race, is the same. same infinite variety displayed; and, as we have eyes proportioned to the means of seeing our fellows, if not ourselves, we detect, at once, any marked variety of human vegetation, from the shadowy fibres of an anatomic their warm, almost voluptuous, warmth on some admiring beauty; and if, within these dark and wandering orbs, there were sterner thoughts and fiercer passions, these were veiled by the long and silken lash; if they could be glazed by the tear and depth of feeling, such probability was hidden by the mask of fashion, ween, like the armour of our ancestors, from boyhood upwards. If any thing were in extremes, it was the glossy uncompromising blackness of the hair, which clustered on the head, and fell in gentle waves beside a high expansive brow.

"But his nose," cries some fair admirer of manly beauty.

We allow the omission; but does the lady know what a touchy and delicate point we are requested to handle?

"Yet, what's a hero without a nose?"

There is something in that, to be sure; so, at the risk of offending that sensitive member, we conclude our hero's description by saying that his nose was slightly aquiline, if that term may be applied to the classic and beautiful nose of him whose eagles were scat-

upper lip was clear; the mouth, with all its silent language, was ever visibly audible, but two distinct and dark lines arched towards the corner of the mouth, and then, leaving that expressive point, turned upwards with a graceful curve. So perfect was its contour, that we scarcely wonder at our giving the description with the works of art. To proceed: as the Jewish fashion of wearing beards was unknown, the neck was enveloped by a square of white muslin, which, in case of necessity, would have made a very comfortable tablecloth. Let not the exquisite of these days, strapped in a ready-made tie, sneer at the glories of the past: the merit of a man was then his own, and not the shopman's or the washerwoman's. Alas! poor woman of the suds! even fashion is robbing thee of bread and fame; and, in the cause of charity, we deprecate the tasteless style of casing the neck and chest in unwashed black, as if a man had neither a shirt to his back nor collar to his shirt. If for no other cause than that of unbecomingness, we advocate a change of style as well as of linen: black cannot harmonise with the skin; even

"Nonsense!" said the other. "You quote Latin, because you wish to keep the secret, and fancy I could not construe your meaning."

"And can you really, my good fellow?" asked Mowbray, with surprise.

"Partly," answered the friend, who was noted for having passed through a public school without doing an exercise for himself. "I knew you were quizzing, for you told me it did 'not fit.'"

Melton laughed more heartily than usual at this happy interpretation; and, when he had recovered his powers of speech, he assured his friend that his attempting the tie was idle and hopeless; that, indeed, he owed all to the chance recomblance between himself and Milton.

"There is but the shadow of a letter between us; and, as Milton wrote when he was blind, so does Melton tie by inspiration."

power; so he looked foolish, and departed as wise as he came.

Next to the neckcloth sat a waistcoat of delicate buff, moderate in length, but notched at the bottom, in the fashion of our forefathera; who, living in the days of peace and plenty.

equipment for a horseman had never been seen, but in the solitary case of an apprenticed tailor, who was caught up from a shopboard, flung across a horse, and despatched to Brentford, to tell Mrs. Shears that a razor had cut her husband's thread of life: a pair of buckskin breeches peeped from beneath the coat, and harmonized with the top-boots, redolent of the matchless Hunt and Hoby of the age.

The horse which he rode, and the one which he led, were each perfect in their way: the one, a powerful and noble roadster; the other, a dappled gray Arabian, in which were blended the happy union of spirit and gentleness; with pasterns springing as whalebone; a mane, fine as the human hair; and a long tail, glossy as silver, and waving like streams of light.

Thus having placed before the reader, master, man, and cattle, we shall leave Mr. Brown, the master of the horse, to dream of the turf, dikes, ditches, raspers, and stone walls; Melton de Mowbray to gaze on the passing crowd, and catch the rays of woman's eye, which shot like meteors as they dashed and darted in their course.

One thought, ere we close the chapter, and

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MRLTON DE MOWRRAY.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### BROOKES'S.

"And man himself is but the fruit of earth,
Which, like the vintage of the rosy grape,
Too rarely ripens to perfection:
But when it does, succeeding ages turn
To gaze with wonder on departed worth,
And say — "We no'er shall see the like again."
Ay, by my troth, and those were sunny days!
A galaxy of genius — talent — wit,
Which makes the present dearth but doubly drear."

A. Bigo.

It has been said, that every man likes to see himself in print; and, though with us the trials and commerce of the world have turned this ambition to indifference, we still remember the thrilling delight with which we gazed upon the maiden effort of our boyhood in the witty chronicles of Perry—it was the only thing we ever could learn by heart; and, even now, so far from thinking that the merit was all our own, we modestly believe that one of

skimming the passing crowd. He had noticed the tender politicians, laughed at the trembling anxiety they betrayed, and thought within himself, what fools they were about nothing.

- "Stilton," cried Mowbray, fixing on one in the darkest corner of the room; "Stilton, my dear fellow," he repeated, seeing that his voice was unheeded, "why is it you drink all green for your breakfast?"
- "I!" replied the astonished orator, startled from his self-admiration—" upon my word, I take all black."
- "Then, what can make your hand shake so this morning?—the fatigues of the House?—
  They tell me you spoke—was it so?" inquired Mowbray, maliciously.
- "Why—yes—that is, I—the Speaker—I addressed—that is, I caught his eye—and he—that is—I—"
- "I understand," said Mowbray, cutting short the attempted explanation of Stilton, which partook of his style in the House: "yes, yes—it's quite clear—late hours, and the efforts of eloquence; but, why has the

looked even shorter than he was: his hair was cropped short behind, and unpowdered; his features were large and coarse; his manner inelegant; may, he frequently indulged in the profune habit of poking his hands into his breeches er waistcoat pocket, and still more committed the other vulgarity of thrusthis thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat; and yet, it were impossible to look upon the eyes which flashed from beneath their dark and shaggy eye-brows, or note the power and expression which beamed around the mouth, and call or think him vulgar. Such was Fox when silent: but, hear him in the senate - mark him as he kindled with his theme - see him gasping, struggling to pour forth the foaming depths which choked his utterance, till at length, as his clenched hand fell with a giant's force upon the trembling table, the flood-gates of the mind were burst, and the nation now listened with awe to the overwhelming powers of argument which thundered from his lips-now, was carried with the stream of stern and massive eloquence, or stood dazzled and transfixed by the flashes of his wit,

and add to the darkness of blinded passions; rather will we desert our hero for a time, and pass from Brookes's to Boodle's, to conclude our sketch of Fox by blending our tribute with that extraordinary man, who, as a boy, sustained the weight of a mighty nation—the equally immortal Pitt.

In fancy we look upon the walls of our library and see the two before us; they seem like light and shadow, inseparable, giving relief to each other, as if one could neither be described nor understood without the other: in figure, the one as already painted, the other tall, slight, and graceful. In language and action, the one like the mountain floods, pent up for a time, and then bursting forth with wide and overwhelming grandeur; the other, everflowing like the silver Thames, with beauty, harmony, and power - whether the tide, which, in its might, sweeps all impurity away, yet also threatens, or destroys, the barriers and landmarks of our ancestors; or whether that more aluggish stream, which enriches much, yet leaves the growing weeds, the rush and mud unmoved - which of the two be bethis attitudes, alternately gay and grave; now bending the powers of his mind to the granite work of which Fox, in his might, was laying the foundation-stone, and, if the assistant could neither wield nor lay the massive block, he could at least handle the silver trowel, and cement the work in hand; above all, he could lighten their labour by wit as bright, sparkling, and abundant as mica in the granite. There was no mistaking the man; he stood alone in the galaxy of earthly genius, as one of that race which seems to form an exception to a general rule, and had, from generation to generation, talent and beauty as the heirlooms of their family: but poor Sheridan's days of beauty were departed; difficulties, disappointment, and debauchery, had already planted their furrows in the cheek, hectic patches had given symptoms of a broken constitution; and the rosy blushes on the nose confessed a shameless devotion to the habits of deep conviviality: still, however, there was the light and dancing eye, which marked him as the son of wit and humour; for the flashes of his ethereal spirit were never quite extinguished until life had fled; and, such was their exhaustless play, that if aught had tickled Sheridan's fancy, though sitting on a council of death, we suspect that he must have smiled, at least, in the laughing crows'-feet of his eye.

The attack upon Stilton, made with something of a genial spirit by his favourite, Mowbray, had not escaped his ear; neither could he resist the temptation of interrupting the work they were upon.

But, a few words on the man who formed the fourth.

Opposite to Fox was one, who, had his heart been read, regarded young Mowbray with more interest than any of the party. If this were not apparent, his affections and engagement to Mowbray's mother, ere she bestowed her hand on Sir John, his father, were generally known in the world; but, for the present, we have only to paint him as one of the political partie carrée. His dress and appearance were peculiar, partaking of the past, the present, and his own fashion; on the whole, more singular than old-fashioned. There was one predominating feature which

immediately stamped him as the country gentleman; but, if a certain freshness of complexion, a round, full vigour of muscle, denied an intimacy with the habits and hours of fashion, with the gambler and drunkard, there was a striking intelligence from the lofty forehead to the rounded chin, which placed him immeasurably above the mere country squire, who is fixed, like the turnstile on his property, and moves but in his own narrow circle. If William de la Bere had a fault, it was the reverse: his comprehensive mind sought to grasp at too much for the means of perfection in any thing; he laboured to know the world and all therein; he was a scholar, statesman, lawyer, draughtsman, sportsman, poet, and mechanic. He had dived into the mysteries of all trades; he was practically at home, from the pointing of a pin to the innermost ball within ball of a Chinese turner. If he had not received the freedom of the Pin-makers' Company, he knew every hole and corner of the city. Antiquery, though original, he had wandered; hand-in-hand, with Stowe, and ransacked all that was hallowed by the records

of the past. Such was the inward man; his exterior was as various. Even the grace and eloquence of the handsome Duke of Bedford had failed in persuading his friend to submit his tail to the shears, or grudge the payment of the powder-tax. The hair was, accordingly, powdered and pomatumed, and then combed back from the expansive forehead, as if the stream sat in a straight line for the honoured tail. On either side of the head it was dressed full, and formed a fit support for a hat, low in the crown, but, at least, three inches deep in the brim, extending like a Swiss roof which keeps off rain and sun alike. His stock, or neckcloth, was fastened behind with a gold buckle, and rivalled in texture and purity the shirt with plaited frill and ruffles. A green surtout, cut much in the fashion of a huntingcost, was a magazine of pockets; a sketchbook was in one, a note-book in another; the others, like a pawnbroker's shop, were open to all sorts of "miscellaneous articles" gleanings from old shops, lists of new inventions, scarce books, or modern pamphlets, mined with stray feathers from cock or parrot,

as hackle for his flies. Nothing, in short, escaped his eye, which, like his mind, seemed every where at once; and, though no articles, "by his majesty's most gracious letters patent," passed unobserved, the reader must bear in mind, that in those days we had not a patent for all things save woman's tongue and little babes, the only manufactory which seems to have defied the improvement of man. If these store-rooms were sometimes filled to overflowing, we must not omit to say that one sidepocket was always reserved for a fine white cambric handkerchief. As he never rode except in buckskin, and never passed a day without riding, such was the favoured style of breeches. His whole attire, though singular, was scrupulously neat; indeed, we have heard his dressing-room likened to a nobleman's park, for its stock of buckskins. Wet or fine, the same pair of hand or thigh-gloves were worn but one day; and, whether the equipment terminated in top-boots, with straps and buckle at the back, or, as on the present , occasion, with silk stockings and short nankeen gaiters, the perfect gentleman rose above

the quaintness of costume as distinctly as his step, bearing, and noble mien, marked vigour of mind and body in one on the wrong side of fifty.

In politics, William de la Bere was independent-almost too much so to satisfy the Whigs, whose leading principles he adopted in heart and conscience. Had the phrase existed, he and his forefathers might have been termed, "highly conservative." His family had followed the fortunes of the Norman conqueror, and continued to conserve, not only what they had won by the sword, but what they had also subsequently gained by wisdom and alliance. Their estates had multiplied and prospered; and, from time to time, their conservatory was enriched by that fruit, whose excellence, like that of the medlar, consisted in its rottenness. Not less than four boroughs, in a high and desirable state of decay, had been added to the family stock, and descended to the present representative; but the man, who was honest enough to make a true return of his income, and clung to his powdered tail, was likely to be a reformer

without becoming a destructive. He spurned the cloak of falsehood, which attempted to cover injustice or abuse. There he was a Radical: "the older the cloak," he would say, "the sooner it should be torn away as a worthless garb; but, in attempting to restore, we must not destroy." Nay, he had even condemned the system of rotten boroughs; and, entangling worldly wisdom and human frailty with the pricks of conscience, he had lately sold, for a large sum, three out of the four; one, venerable as the walls of a decayed Stilton, he reserved for a friend in need, while his wealth and influence ensured a seat for himself within the county. The abolition of slavery, the Catholic emancipation, Irish tithes, had, each in their turn, been under discussion, when the conversation turned to the system of boroughs.

"They tell me, De la Bere," said the Duke of Norfolk, "that you have sold your boroughs. Is this wise or kind to your party?"

"Party! I hate the word," retorted De la Bere; "it is honest, at all events, and you

partly founded in truth, yet mostly in mockery and play.

De la Bere felt the allusion, and a slight tinge was added to the glow of health as he glanced at motives which he had, probably, overlooked until then. With this there was something like anger, and he was about to reply, when Fox, starting from a short abstraction, said, with deep and earnest feeling—

"De la Bere, you are my friend, and you, at least, will not desert me; but, was this a fitting moment to lessen your power to aid? the storm is lowering; ere long it may fall on my head, you have cut the sinews of the arm which might have served your struggling friend."

It was in the previous month that Burke had solemnly renounced the friendship of Fox in the House of Parliament; the memory of that touching and extraordinary scene was fresh in the minds of all; and if he, the lion of the House, the stern, yet generous leader, had not only been touched to tears, but sobbed aloud—if he who, when he had mastered

himself, unmanned all others, and, piercing the adamant of party spirit, called forth the tribute of a tear from his deadliest opponents—if a man with such simplicity and power—still betrayed the shadow of weakness and regret, he could only be honoured and forgiven.

His Grace of Norfolk read his recollections of the past and fears for the future; and, in a voice which seemed to issue from the bunghole of a hogshead, he endeavoured to extract consolation from the wise prophet.

- "I told you," he said, addressing himself to De la Bere, "you were neither wise nor kind to sell your boroughs; but, surely, you have some left?"
- "Only one out of four, and that," replied De la Bere—his kindness of heart getting the better of all other views—" and that I promise to retain."
- "Ha! ha!" cried Sheridan, laughing at the loophole he had got: "so, with all your love of right, you take three steps towards honesty, and, weary with the effort, halt on the fourth as a seat for yourself."

not stand for ever, it's wise to have a case of need. And for you, De la Bare a draughtsman and poet, I must that the borough of Barebones is thing."

- "Where are you driving now? his Grace, somewhat impatient as his hour approached.
- "No where," answered Sheridan; just halting to admire the De la Be perty. 'Barebones' is a sweet romanti the very thing for his pencil crun rotten walls, Gothic ruin in the back-g and, as for the fore-ground, in case of c tion, he may put in his poor friend Sh if he will ——"
- "No, no! you shan't be buried ju though I fear there is no other ----

- "You forget, Lord Tugwell is in there."
- "True!" said Sheridan; "but, De la Bere, since the poor boy is only the idle heir to millions, why don't you father the houseless, and give him a seat under the wing you have left?"
- "Sheridan!" replied De la Bere, as this time the colour left his cheeks, "there is one point on which I allow no man to joke—if Lady De Mowbray deserted her husband's roof, and fell from the purity which she once possessed, my name shall never be linked with a fall which I would have died to avert. No apology; but on this point you now understand me!" and De la Bere moved towards the window where Mowbray was standing.
- "It's devilish provoking!" said Fox; "Sheridan, will you never learn to make a joke without point?"
- "I fear it is hopeless; S—r himself could not teach me!"
- "Well, then," continued Fox, "since you are so stupid, you must learn to borrow one from Wilberforce."
- .... "That's out of the question!" answered

hobble home, and husband my resources for the future."

"The wisest resolution you ever made," said Fox; "stick to that, Sherry, and you'll keep on your legs."

Sheridan continued his lame march towards the door, without taking notice of this wholesome advice: Fox followed with his gaze the friend of his heart, and, with warmth and simplicity of feeling, he added,—

"Good bye, good bye; God bless you, dear Sherry!"

Gout, tight shoes, and difficulties, were forgotten in an instant, as Sheridan returned, and, taking Fox by the hand, said,—

- "God bless you! Charlie, you deserve it; for, 'blessed are the peace-makers;' but, another time, don't call me 'Sherry' when he is by my side"—pointing to the Duke of Norfolk, who, having looked at his watch, was hurrying off as fast as his unwieldy bulk could move.
- "And why not?" inquired Fox, with surprise.
- "It is too familiar," said Sheridan, with as much gravity as he could command; "and,

if you make a butt of me when he is by, I shall be tapped to a certainty."

- " Not on the shoulder, I hope."
- "Oh! what a twinge!" roared Sheridan again, as he once more held up the pinching shoe, hobbled off in the agonies of laughter at the foil he had met, and said within himself, "That fellow is like a Scotchman and his thistle—we can seldom touch either with impunity."

At this moment, others of the great men of the day entered, and the two friends parted, to meet again, like polished shears, cut their jokes in the House, and, it might be, divide it into the bargain.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE TELEGRAPH.

"I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears;
This much is true, that, out of earshot, things
Are sometimes echoed to the pretty dears
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge springs."

Byron.

WE left Melton de Mowbray at the window, heedless of all that was passing in the room, and little dreaming that he had furnished a theme for discussion.

De la Bere, after seceding from the converse of his friends, took possession of a chair, and, having placed it so as to catch the chance of cool air, he crossed one leg over the other, and, diving into one of his magazines, pulled forth some newly found volume. After gazing with admiration upon the dirty venerable vellum which formed the binding, and tracing the hallowed ravages of hungry bookworms,

he turned to the opening page, and spelt the names of men who, like himself, had once possessed the treasure.

It was not certainly with this intent that he had purchased the classic pages; but what a volume of wise, of sad reflections, was written in the cover—it was a chronicle of time, of the fleeting span of human hopes and life — it was a stern memento mori, yet mellowed by the records of affection, and veiled by the glowing warmth of ardent and aspiring youth. Some few amongst the names were identified with the literature of our country—they had run their race, and posterity had planted the laurel on their grave; others had lived, died, and been forgotten: but, what of this? each had added his quota to the volume; each, in quaint and dassic words, had given the when, and where, and by whom the gift was bestowed; the student's college, the mark of love, esteem, reward, were told.

"And all these men must have perished from the earth!" said De la Bere, with a sigh, as he traced the dates, and wondered

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into whose hands the book would pass when he, too, was no more.

After remaining some little time absorbed in thought, his eyes wandered from the book to Mowbray, from Mowbray to the book.

"Well, well!" he said, within himself; "and what does it matter? the world will wag on as well without a De la Bere as with—it is now too late." And, with a sigh, he closed the title-page, and, having passed his hand some three or four times over his brow, he seemed as if he had plumed the ruffles of his thoughts and temper, and was able to settle intently upon the calm and philosophic beauties of Cicero.

"Ah, Mowbray! I say, Mowbray!" was uttered by a fat, puggy, good-natured-looking man of twenty, who, in company with one some three years his senior, was lounging towards Bond Street.

Mowbray paid no attention; but, upon his name being repeated, he quietly pulled a purse from his pocket, and, selecting from the coin current in those days a thing like a

thin bit of tin, twisted to the figure of an S, he threw it on the pavement, and said,—

"There, my good man, is sixpence for you; and now go away!"

The good-tempered Boltville, a nephew of the Duke of Flintshire, picked up the sixpence, and, extending it towards the giver, said,—

- "Are you mad, or blind? it was I who spoke."
- "Is it possible?" cried Mowbray, with pretended astonishment; "a thousand pardons, but I never speak from a window to any but a beggar!"
- "You stand on forbidden ground!" replied Boltville; "and I want to know if you go to the Opera to-night. What shall I do with your money?"
- "Pocket the offence, and let me bribe your forgiveness."

Boltville laughed—took the one in good part, and granted the other; for the curse of poor nobility had ever been placed before his eyes. As a boy, he had been put to his shifts to do as others, his inferiors in rank, were

enabled to do; the hollow system practised at his home had cankered in the bud that sense of noble independence which alone enables man to hold his station in the world. Little does the yeoman, the tradesman, the millions "well to do in the world," dream of the mean, degrading struggles of the titled poor, in keeping up appearances.

- "Are you going to the Opera?" repeated Boltville.
- "True!" answered Mowbray, veiling his eyes for a moment, as if to collect his ideas; "I ought to have known it was Saturday, by seeing the Jews in their Sunday clothes. You, of course, will be there, my lord?" addressing Boltville's friend, the Marquess of Downderry, whose Mosaic origin seemed, like the laws of his fathers, to be engraven in brass.

The Marquess, with a blushless oath, nod-ded assent.

- "So shall I!" added Mowbray.
  - "At what hour?" inquired Boltville.
  - "If you want a seat in my carriage," said Mowbray, reading the drift of the question,

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"why don't you speak out, and play the honest beggar? At nine precise, on one condition."

- "What's that?" asked Boltville.
- "You must excuse my cutting you in the streets for a month to come!"
- "What?" exclaimed Boltville, looking down on a new pair of boots, and then, through the medium of a pretended bow, casting a glance of admiration on a new-born beaver; "nay, I thought you would have praised my stylish figure to day; not gay enough, eh? why, my hat has not left Andrè's more than an hour."
- "Hush, hush! name it not, my friend, that is distressingly palpable—there is the rock you split upon: nothing so vulgar as a bran new hat—excepting, always, a glossy coat, with stray threads, and one or two retiring buttons still left, en papillote."
- "What would you have a man do?" asked the dejected beau.
- "Do!" echoed Mowbray, taking up his own hat, and removing an envious atom which had settled thereon; "the thing is to be

done: my hats are like eternity, with neither beginning nor end; but that, probably, is a mystery too deep for such a head as thine."

"And," asked the marquess, who, doubtless, had some misgivings of Mowbray's estimate of his own Jemmy Jessamie style of dress, "does your theory extend from head to foot?"

"Undoubtedly, a man's dress should sit as easily as his skin, and, like that, be changed imperceptibly. The sight of a new coat always makes me faint; it smells too strong of the shears."

"Upon my soul," said the Jew-looking marquess, addressing himself more directly to Boltville, "I suspect your friend Mowbray buys all his clothes second-hand."

"That is capital from you," said Mowbray, catching the words; "I will tell that to Tickell, as Downderry's first, last, and best. Yes—I do like to encourage the children of Israel. There is something in the notion; Boltville never looked quite like a gentleman except in a cast-off of mine."

It appeared doubtful how Boltville would

take this allusion, when Mowbray settled the matter, by saying,

"Well then, good bye, my dear fellow, till this day month—at nine to-night, if you will—we understand each other."

While the conversation was going on, De la Bere's eyes wandered frequently from the book in his hand to the handsome, heedless, Melton de Mowbray. Sheridan's allusion, it would seem, had unsettled his mind. He attempted to fix upon the classic pages he had opened, but the effort was fruitless. The knees were crossed, changed and recrossed at rapid intervals, and betrayed any thing but the calm abstraction of philosophy. At length, when he heard the taunting climax of the cast-off coat, he started on his legs, and, going direct to Mowbray, said in his car,—

- " Will you never cease to be a fool?"
- "I will try, for companion sake, when talking to you, my kind and valued friend," said Mowbray, disarming his monitor's wrath by his frank and docile manner.
  - "Well, well," said De la Bere, "forgive

my honest warmth; but you are a fool to make every man your enemy. That sloven Boltville will probably attain to his uncle's estates, and be assured he will never forgive you."

- "Fool as you may think me, I know enough of human nature to be sure of that. My kindness stamped my condemnation when we were at Eton."
  - " How so?"
- "Neglected by his parents, who needed every penny to support the empty glitter of appearances, and straitened in his means, he, poor fellow, was little prepared to obey a summons from Windsor Castle; and, as royal invitations admit of no refusal, I gladly lent from my wardrobe."
- "I see nothing in that but a schoolfellow's kindness," remarked De la Bere.
- "True; but my charity extended further. I could not take the clothes from his back when he praised the cut, and hinted that the holidays were near."
  - "And think you that this can be forgotten?"

the dizzy height to which fashion had elevated the body of the phaetons. "But, tell me, do you honour Northumberland House on the twenty-first?"

"That is a serious question. You know I have a character to lose; and the gates of Carlton House are the ne plus ultra of my eastern travels."

"For shame!" cried De la Bere, whose indignation boiled over: "and you, too, who are but the son of a city banker — I could blush for such affectation! Do cease to be a puppy—for, fool you are not. Again, I repeat, you will live to repent it."

"Bear with me but a little," said Mowbray. "I was born to be a lucky dog, so my puppyism is natural. But now you voted me a fool, and see how quickly that has passed! As to my father, poor old gentleman, how I pity his lot! but if the taint of misfortune obliged him to grub in the dirt, need the butterfly soil the bright wings he has regained? No, no, my kind friend; the blood of De Mowbray has flowed on the field of Agincourt; 4.5

his back: but what can he want with another?"

- "To put his sermons in for me."
- "Well, try to profit by the one you have heard to-day, and remember the site of Northumberland House."
- "Really, my blessed saint, you must absolve my ignorance. You know that when I do undertake the journey, I shall pull up all the glasses, let down all the blinds, and, like the Duke of Richmond, when he smokes, put on a dress for the occasion. Is it far from hence? I have a dread of being stranded in the Strand, or wrecked in crossing the bar."
  - "Bar! what bar?" interrupted St. George.
- "That ghastly Temple Bar, bleached with the heads of the slain."
- "Nonsense! you know where it is. Do come; all the world will be there; at least, so said the fair Helen but now."
- "Indeed! and have you seen Lady Helen to-day?" inquired Mowbray, with assumed indifference.
  - "I met her but now in Bond Street."
  - " In her carriage?"

and manner changed from gay to grave, "rather let me ask forgiveness for the levity betrayed to one so earnest for my welfare. I sometimes feel so immeasurably wretched, that my head would sink, but for the bells which tinkle on the cap I wear. Did I not play the fool, I feel that I should weep."

"Melton!" cried De la Bere, in astonishment, subdued and touched at such an unusual tone, yet somewhat doubting its reality—"Melton, are you jesting now?"

"Would that I were," said Mowbray, with continued earnestness. "Tell me, my honoured friend—you knew my mother?"

De la Bere started, as if an asp had stung him, and the blood forsook his cheeks, as if its current had been changed to poison. To such a being, never had the slightest allusion passed between them. He looked around ere he answered a question, the drift of which he could not conjecture. When he saw that they stood alone, he seemed to breathe more freely, and with a sigh, which mingled with his words, he said,—

"Yes, Melton, I knew her well; and

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I looked upon my mother. With childish fear, or startled by some change in her features, on which, until then, I had gazed without reading, I was about to scream, when she took me in her arms, and hushed me with her kisses. Tears—torrents of scalding tears—fell from her eyes. Young as I was, I knew that she was wretched, and asked her why she cried?

- "I am going, my child,' she said at length; and when I threw my arms round her neck, and begged her to take me too, she sank on her knees, placed me in my bed, and, hiding her face in the folds of my curtain, sobbed as if her heart were breaking.
- "Lady de Mowbray! Julia!' said the voice of some one, speaking in a whisper. My poor mother started up; once more her tears and kisses mingled on my cheeks, and, with prayers and promises, she left me, to return no more."
- "Extraordinary!" cried De la Bere, striving to hide any emotion, by doubting the memory of Mowbray, and speculating upon his having heard the particulars after the event.

- "What's that?" asked Lord Droneswing, an empty, addle-headed young man, who, having no ideas of his own, was always buzing about the windows, to pick up the words of other people. He had gradually approached De la Bere and Mowbray. The closing sentence of the latter was too distinctly heard to escape his comment.
  - "Eh! what's that, Mowbray?"
- "Nothing," replied Mowbray, quickly, startled by the voice of a third person; and then added, with a sarcastic sneer, "nothing, at least, to your lordship."

His lordship returned Mowbray's distant bow with what confidence he could rally, and sneaked to a distance. The sentence, however, was never forgotten, nor the rebuff forgiven.

- "Melton! are you mad?" cried the more experienced man of the world, when the intruder had departed.
- "Not quite," said Mowbray, with resolute calmness; "but if the mind is wrecked by dwelling upon one fixed thought, I may be mad hereafter, or may be standing upon the

and many of the mighty host around him—why not turn to the studies of a statesman?"

"Answer me one question, and then I will attend. One inquiry which I wished to make, has betrayed me to a confession breathed to no other human ear. The infamy from which I, at least, can absolve my mother, descends upon her child,—it clings to my flesh,—it burns upon my brow like a living coal. Tell me, will this inheritance of sin be a barrier to my marrying—to my winning one of noble blood?"

"What!" exclaimed De la Bere, once more thoroughly astonished—" why, the boy is mad! Are you really then the fool I named you? Do you think of marrying?"

"I have contemplated that folly," said Mowbray, with meek humility, "and really should be obliged by your opinion."

"Well, well, if my wisdom were universal, the world could never get on. Psha! you silly fellow! I will not call you the golden calf; but, be assured, that the only child of Bir John de Mowbray is a hook of precious worth, at which mothers will snap with avi-

with a hearty laugh, "for I know that you never did more than sign a check for your wants, and send your valet and chariot to bring back the money."

Melton de Mowbray could not help joining in the laugh, and saying,—

- "Don't tell his grace, but Northumberland House and the Bank are my sole reasons for keeping a close carriage."
- "Psha! puppy that you are; but I won't be foiled—these are not times for jesting: the guillotine is yet reeking with the blood of thousands. What the revolution of France may bring forth none can foresee. Kings may be turned to tyrants—kingdoms to republics—England calls on her children to stand by the helm."
- "I grant it!" said Mowbray; "and if you think that this hand can do her service, I am patriot enough to say she may command it."
- "Thank you—thank you, my dear boy!" said De la Bere, as he affectionately grasped the hand offered to the country; "for myself, my days of ambition are passed; but I feel, that if I live to see you great and good, it

would repay my age for the disappointments of my youth."

At this moment a remarkably stylish equipage came dashing up St. James's Street - the more conspicuous, as the conversation had been prolonged until the street was nearly as empty as Brookes's room; the carriage was open, and occupied by two ladies and an Italian greyhound; there was an air of fashion about each; the exquisitely tiny feet of the dog seemed born for a velvet cushion, and it held up its head, and moved its splendid black eyes as if it knew the value of the turquoise collar which encircled its neck; the senior lady sat up with a most mammaish dignity, and, but for the rouge on the cheek, might have passed for a mummy vivante; the junior by her side appeared the very antipodes of her mother—for such she was: indeed, in grace, form, and beauty of the eyes, she much more resembled the miniature greyhound before her.

As the street was so greatly thinned, it is not to be wondered if Mowbray's eyes were directed to the jet black steeds, as

now fast they flew, if his eyes sl rapidly to the trio we have sketche the three continued in seeming prouence to all things earthly; but of eyes met those of Melton de Moweach seemed kindled at the founts other. If the rapidity of moveme led to error, a playful smile was at the corners of two small pouting this as it may, we cannot be m noticing certain ready-witted telegrands, worked by fingers much to and delicate for more than the idleness.

The young lady, wearied with the tion of empty beaux, was in the act a gold box, filled with some pungent when the carriage approached the Brookes's Club House: the effect v

While the eyes were still darting their like bright reflections, and the left hand sed the magic restorative, the forefinger is right was first raised, then pointed to box, and then, with two or three light and id movements of its tapered point, beckoned the watchman, who stood intently gazing on ese signals. An almost imperceptible wave Mowbray's hand was the answer—the carage disappeared, but not before a flash of mirth revealed the lady's satisfaction at the success of her wicked manœuvre.

Wicked, we say, for we suppose that we must allow the finger to have been a little naughty, and vastly indecorous: this we know, that had her mother seen the signal she would have been horrified, for she in her youth had been the pink of propriety; and, though her dry and shrivelled form now looked like an everlasting specimen, we believe she would have withered into nothing had she noticed the act of her erring daughter; but, though it might have bordered on impropriety, nay, even vulgarity, in other hands than those of Lady Helen, no one, we are

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certain, could have witnessed the grace, the ease, and wit, with which the whole was conceived—the arch and playful beauty of expression, which thus silently invited Melton de Mowbray to their box at the Opera, and not have been enchanted. He, at all events, was too much flattered, too happy, to condemn.

All this was but the affair of a moment; and though on paper William De la Bere has been left behind, we can assure our readers that it formed no check upon his enthusiastic admonitions.

- "England," he continued, while Mowbray was waving to woman the hand he had but that moment offered to his country; "England, like France, may be torn by anarchy—the land which my ancestors won by the sword of chivalry may, if we watch not, be ruined and usurped."
- "Yes, certainly; oh, yes, I see it distinctly!" said Mowbray, by good luck, to the pause which reminded him that he was expected to say something.
- "And," continued De la Bere, with fervour, "would you sit by, an empty idler, and

" Yes, certainly! dear Hel---!"

"Nay, I hope I did not utter that profane word?" said Mowbray, quickly sensible of his error, and interrupting De la Bere in the middle of his slow and emphatic repetition of the words he had heard; "my dear sir, I do indeed quite agree with you; but, for the present, let me plead the calls of hunger against those of my country. Man cannot fight without feeding; and you asked me to dinner."

De la Bere looked at his watch, then at the empty room, and said,—

"I wish you had thought of that half an hour ago—the dinner will be ruined: this comes of talking to boys like you; but, remember, young man—;" and, as he said this he down up his fine and manks flower his slight mistake by a laugh; "are waiting. I fear you'll lose yo and I shall be too late for the over new opera."

- "You forget that poor Boltvillseat in your carriage, and named n Beggars' Opera; 'till then, you are
- "True—true; what a fool I w Mowbray, once more trying to lan joke of his kind friend, and glad of which led his tormentor from the n of "dear Helen."

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ample, at least the amplest possible, indemnification for the penance of celibacy.

Touching old maids, we are not, of course, fully qualified to speak. It may be with woman, that she deems both her pride and her honour concerned in the determination to marry; she may think it not only a duty to herself, but to the sex in general, to prove they are irresistible; she is prone to betray a fierceness, a blindness of courage; she must run a tilt, though the man be a monster; and often, alas! how often does she add to the beautiful army of martyrs! But, if the weaker of the sex are urged to self immolation by such false notions of honour, we know of signal exceptions, and of such we are competent to speak. We know of women blessed, and a blessing, in their singleness - women, who have proved their strength of mind, by rising above the jeers of the world, and refusing to throw themselves away; and, verily, they have their reward. Happiness, if we will but accept the boon, is so equally distributed, that we have seen such beings honoured and envied by many a fettered fair; we have seen the mother of children, that source of certain cares and doubtful joy, drop the tear of wretchedness, as the comparison came home to the heart, and whispered of days and hopes which had fled for ever. But, if the woman of strong and independent mind is rewarded by the resources which spring from that heavenly gift, how much more is this the case in man, the lord and tyrant of creation!

Mr. De la Bere, in this point of view, was blessed above his fellows; blessings positive and tangible, he had in abundance; and, in addition to these, he had the melancholy pleasure of sighing for those which be had not: for those which, most probably, were beyond the range of possibility. But man, restless and dissatisfied, must dream to be happy; the realities of this life are not enough for the soarings of that spirit which is within there is a yearning after better things; and the leaven of immortality rises amidst the dross of mortal man, sparkling and pure as the silver in the furnace. But such dreams, like the metal in its purity, are unfit for the uses of this world; and, though William De 76

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la Bere's destiny on earth was linked to one bright continued vision, we must turn for the present to substantial realities, which, by the way, he understood to perfection.

Mr. De la Bere possessed a castle in one county, an anti-Elizabethan domicile in another, and a magnificent mansion in London. It were impossible to enter either, and not read at once the possessor's title of bachelor.

In the dining-room, to which he and Mowbray had adjourned from Brookes's, there was not only all that art or taste could need for the splendour of a banquet, but also all that could complete the snuggery of a chosen few, of a tête-à-tête, or console the lone and solitary owner of the room.

Solitary, did we say? — that could never be: Mr. De la Bere was never "less alone than when alone." As a dreamer, there was one bright image, which ever dwelt the companion of his thoughts. The dead, the living, were by his side — paintings, books, and busts; the great of his time, of the ages past, of all parties, were imaged in the mournful marble, and, like the spirits of the dead, spoke by the

of his mortal wants, there was no deficiency. What infinite variety of chairs to sit on, and tables to sit at! what exquisite choice! and yet, withal, the character of the banquet-room was preserved. Its proportions were ample befitting the massive sideboard, and the rank and file of well-drilled chairs, which stood, like a guard of honour, prepared for state occasions. These, however, interfered not with the distinct and social provisions for the few, which, like cottages or villas scattered around some regal castle, doubled their charms by the contrast with the joyless variety of pomp and In compliment to the season, the Indian screens had folded their gorgeous wings, and slept until the hours of darkness should return; and in a bow-window, opening to a conservatory, an oval table was laid for two, the seats being so placed as to command a view of the Green Park, into which a small flowergarden opened. A butler and two attendants provided for every want, with noiseless cele-Vity, during the attacks of hunger; for, may what you will of the best that can be said, when the appetite is healthy and the dinner excellent, it is neither convenient nor agreeable to talk much; indeed, when the mouth is full, and the stomach empty, words are particularly lill-bred. Politeness enjoins us to listen with respect to the calls of hunger; and, excepting when a man is compelled to eat his own words, mastication and elocution never can proceed in harmony together. But, when this compliment had been paid, and silence obtained, by the art and genius of a French cook, a satisfied gentle nod of the head to the attentive butler, signified De la Bere's wish to be left, that he might enjoy his friend and bottle with uninterrupted freedom.

We have said, that Mr. De la Bere avoided the excesses too prevalent in those days; but he had an honest abhorrence of water, and held, that a bottle of generous old port could do harm to no one. On this point he was most particular, and conspicuously an old bachelor. The cloth removed, and short but heartfelt thanks offered to the Giver of all things, the dear "dummies" were placed right and left; not those plebeian lodging-house

things, on three legs, with three slices of wood, crowned with a red leather cruet-stand, and empty paper-stoppered bottles, but tables in design, worthy of being classed as altars to Bacchus. Excepting on occasions of form, De la Bere never invited more than six guests, nor allowed a cork to be drawn unless in his presence; indeed, there were certain bins of superlative flavour, upon which no hand but his own was allowed to operate. To effect this with geometrical precision, on one of his "dummies" was placed a thing much like a gun-carriage, and the resemblance was stronger, when the bottle was reclined therein. The simile might be continued, by likening the corkscrew to the worm which draws the charge; by the screw under the breech, which elevated the piece, and shot "with beautiful precision"—as heroes say, when they slaughter some thirty fellow-creatures with a rocket or shell — the rosy fountain into a decanter. Suited as this invention was to bottles of every calibre, it applied with unerring nicety to those devoted to port, as none such were admitted

into the bachelor's cellar, unless they held an actual quart, and bore the crest and initials of their owner.

Excepting the simplest biscuit of the finest flour, the olive or orange dessert was imperatively forbidden; that is to say, upon the high altar devoted to the god of wine. Apart and distinct, in honour of the house, and to pacify the old butler, there was an altar worthy of Flora, and abounding with fruits and preserves in infinite perfection.

This question of dessert had been a contested point between master and man. None can do quite as they like in their own house; the greatest, most probably, the least so. The old butler, with the pride of the family in which he was born, insisted upon the positive necessity of winding up with the dessert; and the lordly old bachelor could only get something like his own way, by dividing the question, and making it a drawn battle.

"If my guests will be such fools as to spoil good wine," said De la Bere, as the convention was settled, "they shall, at least, have the trouble of a walk for their folly." 44

Indeed, from respect to the opinions of the host, this taste of young teeth, and toothless gums, was rarely indulged in by the guests. Sheridan, to be sure, could seldom resist the temptation of eliciting Mr. De la Bere's looks of scornful horror, by swallowing some luscious conserve in the midst of some vintage extraordinary.

"You incorrigible, wicked boy!" exclaimed De la Bere, one day, "will you never learn to drink your wine like a man?"

"I will try," answered Sheridan, helping himself to an extra glass to purify his palate; and, knowing the true history, he added, "Your house, De la Bere, is an earthly Paradise, but so much forbidden fruit is misplaced; do let me ring the bell, and order Jameson to remove it?"

"No, no!" was the reply of mine host, wishing, with human infirmity, to appear strongest where he was weakest; "no, no! I hate to see any man rise from my table, and you see I hold the reins in my own hand," exhibiting a bell-rope, contrived to rise from the floor.

"Who plays Mother Eve?" added Sheridan, catching up the idea, and requesting a bumper, to wash down the luscious Paradise crab-apple which he had been tempted to take.

"Fair play!" cried Tierney, who made the third. "Remember, you are not the first and only man upon earth, and entitled to have all the fruits of temptation to yourself. I am a veteran in these matters, and ——"

"Hush!" said Sheridan, "I wont be countermanded; "pray keep your rules of three and multiplication for the House of Accounts: I am actually choking." And, giving two or three of the driest coughs he could command, he continued:—"It is a fact, my dear Tierney, it is a natural fact, that a hogshead of sugar, the West Indies themselves, can't make a crab travel straight. It is here now," point-

from bin No. 1, will be able to wash it down."

"I'll ring the bell for that, with all my heart," said the kind-hearted host.

But, where has the trio led us? To conclude the preparations for the two, we will only add that most patrician luxury, wine-glasses, as thin as the bee's wing, which floated, like the sails of Queen Mab, within the crusted bottle.

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walls, we hope their intrusion will be kindly forgiven.

In this same room, which had so often witnessed the playful humour of poor Sheridan, Mr. De la Bere and Melton de Mowbray had passed an interesting portion of an hour. The dinner had been discussed with becoming, though any thing but solemn sileuce: one bottle of port had glided imperceptibly away, and a second was passing to the same vanishing point; nay, we know not whether there was not a third in perspective, for the heart of mine host was open.

"And so, my dear boy," said the old bachelor, using an address towards Mowbray which glowed on his lips, in the warmth of his sunset dreams, "and you really and soberly promise to stand for the borough of Moneydown: let me fill you a bumper, and drink your success."

"Gently, my dear sir," cried Mowbray, staying the hand of his host; "if you wish my consent in sober earnest, you must allow me to listen to all your kind wishes, and make a speech in return."

of the pledge of his prayers, he uttered an earnest "amen!" as he put down his glass, and invoked the blessing of Heaven on the future senator.

Poor Mowbray! motherless, though his nother was on earth; a stranger to all but stern and icy reserve in his father, was touched to the heart by the voice of deep affection. As a son, he took the hand of him who had spoken as a parent, and pressed it to his lips; but the tear which glistened in his eye was the only speech he could make on the occasion. The next moment he strove to rally from a weakness he rarely betrayed, and, feeling something of false shame and pride in the idea of yielding such tribute to one on whom he had no claims of kindred, he said, in his wonted

you must teach me how to bear it with safety, lest I burn my own fingers as well as enlighten the world: you must set me to my task."

"Use your eyes as well as your head, is the best guide for political as well as other wisdom; a man can't weigh his own worth, unless he puts his neighbour's in the opposite scale: be firm in your principles, stanch to your party, but never be blind to the merits of those who oppose you; absolute wisdom is a humbug, and truth can only be found by looking to the right and the left."

"What a wise man that squinting fellow, Wilkes, must be," remarked Mowbray, whose mind had scarcely settled down to his lesson.

"Ay, ay," continued Mr. De la Bere, intent upon his propositions, "but it is not every man whose eyes, like rusty weather-cocks on a tower, look all ways at once. With eyes like yours"—and he mechanically paused to look at them—"how like your poor mother's!" came in, in a short parenthesis, without breaking the thread of his discourse,—"you must take the trouble of turning from

submitting to the reproof with good grace; "but is not converse better than reading? and, to quote my witty tutor once more, is not human nature the best book in the world? I should learn more and think more in an hour's chat with yourself, than in a day devoted to quartos."

"I never taught you to flatter," replied De la Bere, with his usual bluntness of manner, yet, probably, not quite insensible to the compliment: "but, to your question. If we could strike off the heads of the learned, multiply the impressions, and make them speak like oracles when we wished to consult them, I might grant your position; but this cannot be. The written thoughts of a man are always within our reach. The same holds good with the study of mankind: I grant it is a capital book; but we must take the pages as they fall in our way, instead of turning at once to the one we may wish to consult."

"But," asked Mowbray, "whom can we trust or believe, when we see and know that self has inspired the pen?"

"You need do neither implicitly, and yet

rapidly one thought can kindle the train of another.

Mr. De la Bere stared, then smiled, and maliciously asked of his guest, "if he were alluding to the bench of bishops, or the dancers at the Opera House?"

Mowbray cast his eye on a magnificent or-molu clock, and then endeavoured to prove his attention to the subject by attacking the newspapers.

"What weakness and folly," he said, "to be cajoled by men who don't care a jot for one side or the other, and who write for whichever pays best."

"They, too, have their uses in spite of their dross; the mass of mankind are too idle to think for themselves, and, on passing events, it is here that we find all that talent can say on two sides of a question. Golden spur is at work, we allow; but if we get the best and worst of an argument in the best and most powerful form, the purest of patriots may learn without being swayed. That man is a fool, who forgets that papers are private pro-

perty as much as a brewery, fishery, or decoy pond: the partners, if wise, employ the best hands they can find. Call, if you will, the newspaper-writers a flock of decoy birds, allow they are fed for their wits, and rewarded for entrapping their own species, what of this, if we know that it is so? If not on our guard, the fault is our own, and if some silly quackers are changed into wild geese, faith! I laugh outright while these clever decoyers laugh in their sleeve, feed with new appetite and plume their quills for another good catch."

"I hate all decoys," said Mowbray, making a second slight abberation; "they are only fit for the sluggard, and death to the sportsman who has the spirit to work for himself."

"So far I agree; I like a man to think and act for himself; but, as I told you before, the mind, like our guns, needs a spark to make it go off, and then the fault is with us if we don't keep it straight.

Mowbray perceived that Mr. De la Bere, with the spirit of an old sportsman, had taken up his idea somewhat more literally than he had ventured to expect: upon the strength of

this, he expressed a hope that he allowed no decoy ponds on his estate.

"Not I, by my soul!" exclaimed the senator, changed at once to the country squire: "fill your glass, my dear fellow, and let us drink 'the trigger in a bumper.' A decoy pond, forsooth! I have a small bit of water, which covers some thirty acres or more, studded with islands, and bordered with creeks, which I call my preserve. Come and spend the Christmas with me, and you shall bang away when you will: but this is tame work compared to the moors and morasses."

"I quite agree with you," replied Mowbray, his eyes flashing fire with the thoughts of the sport. "There is something particularly fine in bringing down a wild-duck; and the scenery—what melancholy grandeur! what wild and solitary beauty! what glories of the setting year! what mosses! the heather and the fern; the solemn stillness of night-fall!"

"And," added the old sportsman, putting in a few touches of his pencil, "the wild-duck's whistling wing, which flits unseen, like an arrow by night; and the curlew, calling from

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I was compelled to make love to at Eton, I never rhymed in my life."

"Don't be alarmed; the spirit is in you, and I love you the better. Few men shoot with their eyes open—you do; pursue the same plan with your politics, and you may live to serve or save your country. Look at yonder books," said Mr. De la Bere, pointing to a range of thin volumes of political pamphlets, essays, and speeches.

Mowbray turned "eyes right," and obeyed.

- "You see how they support one another?"
- "I do; but that," said Mowbray, with his erratic propensity, "is more than they do out of doors."
- "Or in 'the House,' either," added Mr. De la Bere, who knew how to mingle the salt of a joke when cramming his bird; "but, as they are, they serve to illustrate the position of man,—neither can stand alone: man, self-sufficient, divinely and morally must fall. As, in a heavenly point of view, he must be born again, and feel that his strength is but the weakness of a child; so, morally speaking, he must gain

And," he continued, "these Christian philosophers, with the heart of the gentle Howard, have looked on creation as the sheep of one fold; and, like the good shepherd, have laboured for the benefit of all."

- "How these men must have laughed to scorn the imaginary bounds which tyrants affix to their kingdoms, and shift as a chain for the measurement of land," said Mowbray, won by the fervour which lit the expression of his host.
- "Rather say, how their hearts must have bled for the lamb that was bound and given to slaughter, while they prayed in pity for the frailty and littleness of kings. Such gentle spirits could have laughed no man to scorn; for, had they not felt the infirmity of all, they could not have written for the good of all: and yet I doubt if one in fifty of our senators have read the volume I hold in my hand."
- "Too indolent, probably," said Mowbray, who felt that he was expected to say something.
- "No; for two much worse reasons—ignorance and prejudice. They could not, if they

see the rocks on which statesmen are prone to be lost; and be assured it was a volume of purer light which guided these philosophers, and shed the rays of Christianity on their enlightened pages: it is by works such as I hold in my hand, by the spirit of that sacred volume which says, 'Wo unto him who buildeth a city in blood,' that the mind of Fox has outstepped the age in which he lives, and spoken in the spirit of prophecy."

Once more the listener had been won by the warmth which his host displayed when the theme was mingled with the name of the friend and man whom he idolised, and Mowbray begged to be informed in what point of view Fox appeared as a prophet.

"Has he not told us," asked Mr. De la Bere, with the glow of a philanthropist, "that the day shall come when France and England shall be as brothers? Has he not burst the shackles of prejudice, and risen like a giant with strength renewed from the cradle of unsparing enmity in which we have all been nursed? Is not 'peace for ever on his tongue?' And does he not yearn to see nation in haryou ever wish to be great; and be modest enough to think you cannot be the Premier while Fox is alive."

"If I don't," said the incorrigible Mowbray, "it will be the first time I ever followed a fox without taking the lead."

Mr. De la Bere shook his head, and felt very much like a man, who, having toiled far up a steep, suddenly loses his footing and slips back to the point whence he started.

- "Will you never learn to be grave?" he said, half in anger, half in sorrow: "I fear nothing but death's door or misfortune will tame you to reason—these volumes——"
- "In mercy forbear for the present," cried Mowbray. "More learning would make me stagger like a drunkard; 'l'esprit des loix' has already got into my head."
- "I wish it had," said Mr. De la Bere, with a sigh; then, relinquishing his efforts to instruct, he added, "well, at least stay and help me to finish the bottle."
- "To support your glass, which can't stand alone?"
  - " Nonsense!"

illustrated; and, turning to the third book, began, " του ο Έλειη."

- "I don't understand Greek," cried Mowbray, breaking away.
  - "Well, then, take Pope's version:
  - · Meantime, the brightest of the female kind, The matchless Helen, o'er the box reclined."

In vain did Mowbray try to drown the orator with cries of "No popery!" and escape from the lines. The doors, each formed in an open bookcase, and faced with the imitation of such works as the owner's humours suggested, gave to the room the appearance of an enclosure. Poor Mowbray, in his eagerness, missed the door leading to the hall, and not only heard the quotations to an end, but had to request his tormentor to shew him how to get out of his clutches.

"Ha! ha!" said the senator, laughing at his victim, while he took him affectionately by the hand; "you see, after all, my dear boy, you must fight your way through my

## 106 MELTON DE MOWBRAY.

As he withdrew the empty glass, he decide within himself that after that toast no of should profane the relic. Having, half consciously, watched the rich and rosy described which trickled down the glass, and form one ruby drop at the bottom, he raised crystal fragment against "the spirit of laws," and with gentle force shivered the glass, and pieces.

- "And de litel nock, sare?"
- " Good."

Upon which the steps were folded, and the door shut, with the silent rapidity of lightning. Mowbray threw himself back in the corner, and laughed merrily to himself at the ruse de guerre which had enabled him to escape from the bachelor's hospitable roof; where, especially after dinner, carriages were rarely announced until the servants had finished a tankard of ale with a sop of toast, and discussed a dish of politics.

As the master was thus complimenting his own ingenuity, the valet was shrugging up his shoulders, and trying to look the image of sorrow and remorse; while the porter pointed to the knocker which had broken his nap, and (as he swore with an oath) cracked an oak panel three inches thick.

The coachman, however, had received his word "Home!" His elbows were squared; his whip fell with the lightness of a feather on the mettled steeds; and, in an instant, his white curled wig and three-corner hat cut through the air like the figure-head of a man-

ness; being a few of the many quarterings in my lord chancellor's seal, which, alas! has been so long affixed to that disputed property.

If, in a theatre so lavishly supported by the wealth and aristocracy of England, that one box for two nights in the few weeks of a season, equals in value the income of a good living; or, in other words, the yearly means of supporting a family: if a property so upheld cannot form one exception to the withering gripe of a chancery suit, how evil, mischievous, and fatal, must be that system which preys, like the dry rot, slowly, but surely, on all property shut up within its stagnant courts?

We trust that our readers — if a woman, there cannot be a doubt — respect, as we do, a well-dressed man; attention to this point is at all ages desirable. The want of it may be forgiven in the cloistered sage; but, in the world, in the perfect gentleman, in the young more especially, it is a sine quá non. We, therefore, venture to hope that the reader will neither chafe nor frown if we allow Mr. Mow-

lay a becoming time for "the calls of his tolet;" nor even think the delay unwisely filled up, by accompanying us while we glance at the instance of abuse which the Italian Opera House presents to our eyes.

The survey of our mind's eye shall be npid: if, however, there be any fair lady dying to rejoin our hero, she may form a dorious exception, and get out of chancery by a hop, skip, and jump, over a few pages.

In the original conception of the lord high chancellor of England, or rather of the office which he fills, there is something particularly wise, solemn, and imposing—the robes and long-flowing wig may help the imagination; but, setting these aside, and looking on the thin and silvered hairs of age—on the man raised to the highest station for wisdom, experience, talents, and integrity; beholding one who unites the character of him who helpeth them to right that suffer wrong, and that which comes still nearer to the heart, of a father to the fatherless, the protector and guardian of the orphan's right; seeing this,

and knowing that the great and upright judge has but the wish to deal justice to all, how can we do otherwise than sigh for those reforms which might enable the means to keep pace with the wishes, and regret, deeply regret, those glaring instances of criminal idiotcy, which intrude upon our observation!

"Mais, dites-moi, mon ami, qu'est que c'est donc, ce grand hôtel là qui va tomber en ruine?" asked an intelligent foreigner to whom we were lionising our capital, and who was struck by the sight of a house looking doubly shattered, neglected, and defiled, by the contrast with its well-conditioned neighbours.

"It is in chancery," we replied, with a sort of national blush, and endeavouring to turn his attention to the splendid and bien tenues houses on the opposite side of the square.

"Mais voilà encore un autre bâtiment semblable à celui que je viens de remarquer, c'est bien extraordinaire! comme c'est drôle 'tale quale originale!" exclaimed our Frenchman, closing his signs of wonder with the scrap of Italian, is, in succession, we passed houses which even a foreigner, once informed, detected at aglance as being in chancery.

Our friend, a marquess of the old school, and with all the high breeding which still lingers in the Faubourg St. Germain, had great difficulty in repressing a laugh. In the corner of the mouth and eyes there was a gathering storm of laughter; and it was probably the wish to let it burst with impunity, that he gravely inquired, pointing to the bills which were placarded to the upper story,

"Est-ce que milor chancelier fait toutes reparations avec le papier et la colle de faine? Cela n'empéche pas les murs de tomber?"

"Plait-il?" we replied, at a loss for an answer, which must have compromised the agacity of the lord high chancellor.

The question was repeated, but with a gravity so irresistibly ludicrous, that we could not refrain from laughter, in which, sans doute, par politesse, our friend, the marquess,

joined. When we had both recovered, we—that is, the lioniser—said—

"But monsieur le marquis reads English?"
The hands were lifted, the head shaken,
and the plea of near sight given.

"But look," we continued, pointing to some red letters at least two feet long, and setting forth something of "Snipsum and Co. ... A New Suit ... Established upwards of a Century;" . . . . "Reduced Fares!"— These puffs were partly hidden by some notice "Pursuant to a decree of the High Court of Chancery." Rather mal à propos to our wishes, the particulars of this sale were hid by one of Wombwell's long bills, and the words, "Sloth - Torpedo - Shark with Birds from the Silly Islands—Animals bought, sold, exchanged, and tamed," &c. &c. were blazoned and pasted, as if the lord chancellor had set forth the contents of his menagerie, amidst the crumbling ruins of the upper stories. "Surely, monsieur knows the meaning of that?"

" Ma foi! Je n'en sais rien," was the first

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mass of ruins, acres overrun with the tare, the thistle, and bramble, parks pillaged with impunity for years, to him who is too often beggared and houseless by the machinations of a villain cloaked in the chicanery of law.

can any advocate for things as they are—can any barrister in the courts of chancery be so bigoted, so senseless, as to defend such egregious folly, such palpable injustice? Will any one but an idiot say that such state of things is unavoidable? that the chancellor has no power to apply a remedy? We reply, that his power is all but absolute in matters connected with his court, and that the remedy is within itself. Why is not the property let on condition of keeping it in repair? Let the rent be moderate; let it be nothing. Better this than let the abode of man become a roof-less ruin, and the fruitful acres be changed to a barren wilderness!

It is said of a celebrated barrister, that, wishing to form a correct opinion on some matter touching his own affairs, he had the case regularly drawn up, and placed, amidst others, with the usual fee, to stimulate his

Ind in proof that lawyers will not, cannot, work for nothing. How is it, then, that for pince they are blind to their own interests; that they do not suggest a reform which would add to the means of paying the suit they live upon? How much of thousands paid into court is afterwards extracted and put into their pockets? Why is not this suggested by the learned brothers to Lord Brougham, or any future Brougham which may attempt to cleanse the Augean stable? Better, far better that it should be thus, if, at last, the poor suitor finds a house over his head.

"Mais revenons à nos moutons," as the marquess said, after looking in vain for the king's palace as we descended St. James's Street, adding, at the time, "Est-ce que monsieur a jamais vu les châteaux royaux de France? celui de Versailles, par exemple?"

But, to return. We have said that even the Opera House, though forming a wise exception in being let, rather than suffer the aristocratic public to be shorn of their amuse118

ments, could not escape that seal of misery which the hand of chancery sets upon all it touches. No improvements, little alteration, has taken place from the state at which we write, if we except the addition of stalls, given, as we are told, out of compliment to the high church, and to let the radical commoners see and feel what comfortable things they are. With this exception, the interior can be easily dismissed. Fops' Alley was then as now. Fops, or whatever title fashion may confer, abounded then as they have done since, and, doubtless, ever will. The aged cognoscenti, though unstalled, feasted in the front ranks; and, with the gravity of mandarins, nodded time and approbation. The young cursed the music, and looked with impatience for "invisible petticoats." In the boxes, as now, the everlasting tree of life was seen, like that of the orange in all the stages of mortality. There was beauty in the bud, like hope in its virgin innocence; there were buds expanding into blossom, fragrant with promise; there was beauty in its glorious zenith, and beauty, alas! waning, withering,

great and extravagant spendthrift, baits his trap with crumbs of gold, and catches himself in his own snares.

So much for the interior, its splendour, and talent of the living, its filthy hangings, and law-struck misery of still life; but, for the exterior, great is the change thereof. We remember a simple story, which, alas! for the dignity of man, amused us more in our childhood than the wittiest and most learned can ever do again, a simple story of a little woman, whose name was "Stout," and a certain malicious cobbler, who "cut her petticoats all round about." How shall we proceed? In these days of high morality, that is, when the everfeasting rich may banquet on the Sabbath, and the poor man is forbidden to bake his Sunday dinner; when the rich drink wine, and recommend water; when bishops ride to church, and preach pedestrianism; when innocent recreations are forbidden, and gin palaces patronised by the revenue they yield, when------But, really, there is no end to the morality of. the age, and the question is, how to proceed with our story? for, although the opera dancer. sadly from the point, out of pure respect to the age, we now hasten to apply the simile of this poor little woman to the Opera House.

If she, poor soul! upon awaking, began to quiver, to shake, and sing out, "This can't be I;" such, we are convinced, will be the burden of the Opera House, when roused from its nap in Chancery, it looks upon the magic changes of the Cobbler Nash.

Beyond the wonderment, the quivering, and shaking, the similitude is varied according to our moral improvement. The architectural cobbler has kept more truly to his own proper calling, and patched and added to the dress, instead of diminishing; the dirty old red cloak has been covered by a staid and stone-coloured coat of Roman plaster; trimmings, binding, ornaments, and heel-pieces, have been attached, and the crumbling, unsightly mass, which seemed as if tottering to earth, is girt by iron columns, which run round its base like a centipede—a very pauper, clothed in ermine!

But, adieu to a theme so melancholy!—adieu to the jibes of lawyers, who have made a mock word of misfortune, and lived in "Char-

## CHAPTER VII.

DETERMINATION, DOUBT, AND PUNISHMENT.

- " Doubt's the worst tyrant of a generous mind."

  BERN.
- "You are before your time, for a wonder!" said the good-tempered, breathless Boltville, as he bundled into the carriage.
- "I hate punctuality, and love variety. But, what is that gash in your hand?" asked Mowbray, pointing to a cheap kid glove, which had burst its cerements.
- "It is only my rascally glover; bad leather, bad sewing, and ——"
- "Bad pay," added Mowbray, seeing his friend at a loss for a third excuse. "But, my dear fellow," he continued, "this will never do: your cousin, Lady Selina, will faint."
  - . " Why?"
- "Nothing less, if she sees one rosy fiat gaping like the crack of a ripe pomegranate,

put the rest in your pocket—they won't spoil the cut of your coat."

Boltville obeyed, and subtracting one from six, he pocketed the remainder, and then held up a pair of such delicate proportions, that he doubted their fitness for his podgy fist.

"Soyez tranquil," cried Mowbray, "as the black-eyed brunette said to me; or, in the words of her English husband, 'not fit, sir! they'll give like a watch-spring, and fit from a fawn's foot to a leg of mutton."

The attempt was made, the gloves drawn on; and, if the powers of elasticity were wound to the utmost, they were, like the wearer, too good-tempered to split upon trifles.

"We meet in the press-room," said Mowbray, as they were entering the house, gently intimating that there they must part; and, as he gave to François a cloak, lined with sable, which the vigilant valet, warned by a few thunder-drops, had provided for his master, he added, in a careless manner, "Adieu! for the present. You see, Boltville, though I do buy my clothes second-hand, as the Jew's eye of your friend detected, their sentence ends

- "You'll give me a seat home?" asked Boltville, as Mowbray was departing.
- "You—with pleasure, but no admittance for the cloak; that must ride outside. Till twelve, adieu! We part in the hanging shop, and meet in the press-room. Devilish funny! Good bye, my dear fellow."
- "But, the cloak?" asked Boltville, with a look of entreaty, feeling nervous about a new velvet collar which had been attached that morning, and dreading his friend's eccentric determination, "let me plead for the cloak?"
- "Plead for the wretch that is hanging!—
  you might as well ask a reprieve for the dead.
  Unbutton me, I pray," said Mowbray, removing
  his friend's hand from a button, which he held
  like a nervous old gentleman.
- "I see you are not in earnest," said Boltville, making one more effort.
- "Always, where my character's concerned," answered Mowbray, gravely; and, pointing to the cloak-room, boxed up like a cash-taker's office at the play-house, he added, "in yonder den your cloak may gather strange company,

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tained the source of all his present reflections, he nodded mechanically to one, said "How do?" to another; and, with a cocked hat in one hand, and an opera-glass in the other, pondered in secret.

From the time that Lady Helen Fawndove had passed Brookes's Club-house, and pointed with such playful grace to the box, her image had haunted his mind. Neither Mr. De la Bere's wisdom, his dishes, or good wine, could lay that spirit, which led his thoughts from the spirit of the laws to that burst of poetical feeling, which had not only surprised himself, but, striking a chord in unison, had weaned the Mentor from his task. He had but one intention—to go direct to the Marquess of Blankisle's box, and read at once, if it might be, those beautiful eyes, which had spoken so sweetly in the morning.

But, arrived within a little space of her who had thus possessed his soul, he paused upon the threshold. If possession begets indifference, so the also imagined certainty of possessing, awakens the shadow of paralysis.

lamented parent, who shall wash out the stain of thy guilt from your wretched and deserted son?"

Such were the thoughts, long as they seem when written, which shot, like lightning, through him who passed for the happy, heartless, votary of fashion.

The sitting of Parliament had prolonged the London season, and the house was thronged. With few exceptions, every box, or, as Hajji Baba expresses himself, "every cell of the honeycomb" was filled. In some were seen the queen bees, conspicuously grand; in others retired; while the young ones, with their honied lips, occupied the front ranks, and listened somewhat less to the music of the stage than the buzzing of attendant drones.

There was one, however, amidst the few exceptions, which gave Mowbray further time for reflection—the Marquess of Blankiele's box was empty. With the reaction of the human heart, Mowbray felt as if the house was deserted; and the few empty boxes stood so glaringly prominent, were so magnified, or rather multiplied, by the eyes which were fixed

you always count upon coming in? Never mistaken in your reckonings?"

"Can't be to-night," said the rejected of Brookes's, glad to forget the past; "one in the first tier; three in the second—no, that's wrong, I must begin again; the first tier is filled."

"It was so;" and had the calculations of the amateur exceeded Napier's in length and correctness, they would have been lost to Mowabray. The Marchioness of Blankisle and heed daughter had entered; Lady Helen Fawndoves with a grace peculiarly her own, had relieved her fairy form from some scarfs and triffed light as zephyrs; she sat in front of the honical cell; all around had borrowed of her sweets ness—the scene was changed. Mowbray satisfies but her; yet, the desert had passed—the house was full.

great and godlike in mind, which sent forth its stream of life, giving and receiving like the everlasting ocean, now severed from the body, moulders into dust within the mourner's urn: and shall we, who survive, attempt where the mighty failed? The tear which has fallen for the dead, and effaced the last words we had written, warns us to desist; once, in the hey-day of youth, our feebler efforts failed like those of him we mourn, we will try no more.

But, — what a useful, awful word is that! "But," says the reader, "if you are so dull, give us some clue, some starting point for our imaginations."

"That," we reply, " is easy, and shall be done."

We have given a full-length portrait of Melton de Mowbray; Lady Helen Fawndove might have passed as his sister: and yet, how different! In outline of feature, in light and graceful proportions, they were alike: so is the palace and its ivory model; but the beauty of either depended on expression. It was not, to

pursue the idea, until the palace was lit up that we dreamed of its riches, and looked on beauty, various as the feelings of the human heart, shadowed in the one by a cast of stern magnificence—in the other, soft, feminine, and delicate, as the pure, transparent ivory.

The strongest point of resemblance was, probably, in the large, full, dark eyes; yet even there were shades, or rather lights, which marked the difference of character: in the one, the softness of the gazelle appeared imperishable; in the other, the fire sometimes flashed, making the darkness visible, and shewing the stormy passions of hatred, anger, or revenge.

This, however, was rare; and the strong similitude, the marked peculiarity between the eyes of both, remained unbroken. Their power of expression was unceasing in the lull of silence; in the calmest moment they were as a dark, a deep, a beautiful mystery; they beamed with intensity of thought and feeling; but, like the records of a language lost, or the mystic ruins sof a nation, perished and forgotten, they defied interpretation.

The profiles of either, approaching as they did to the ideal of classical and Grecian, might have suggested the hacknied consequences, "when Greek meets Greek;" but there is a something so vulgar, so unfeminine, in "the tug of war," that our sense of propriety was instantly scared. Anxious as we were to make the reader comprehend the existing state between Lady Helen and Melton de Mowbray, we instantly deserted their profile and returned to the eyes, as our medium of illustration.

Two seasons—not Thomson's—but two seasons, the antipodes of nature, and the creation of heartless London, had nearly passed, and yet Lady Helen and Mowbray understood not each other. They had met in the artificial ranks of fashion and pleasure, where all is hollow and dissembling. She, as a woman, wearing that shield with which the sex conceals the heart; he, as a man, masking those feelings of which the world makes mockery. They had met in the dance, the parks, at the opera, the play, and, occasionally, at dinner: to a certain point they had read

each other as thousands may do; in a thoumend ways their taste, their thoughts, and feelings, flashed with one accord, and spoke from the volume of the eyes; but if there was a pause—if one would have read deeper than the brilliant surface, the leaves were turned the page of mystery was opened—there was the cipher of deep and thrilling truths, to which neither had discovered the diamondkey; they looked, but could see no further.

Added to this, there was in both a playfulness of thought, which, like fire-flies sporting at the mountain's base, sparkled in their
gravest themes, and destroyed the certainty
of solemn earnest; it seemed as if neither
could be serious, as if neither dared to betray
the intensity of deep and hidden feeling; how
far they understood themselves is another
question, and, for the present, we say with
the eccentric Abernethy, "do you take us
for a tape-worm, and think we can walk the
mazes of the inward man and see the windings
of the human heart?" If, sometimes, we can
do so, and beat the doctor himself, we now

turn from the labyrinth, thinking we have done enough to shew how far they understood each other.

Such was their relative position, when Mowbray was listening to Mr. De la Bere's friendly remonstrance, and saw, or rather fancied that he saw, the trace of preference in the supposed invitation to the opera box: Hope, vanity, or a something, whispered in his ear, that those eyes which awoke with joyous animation, and turned, as it were by instinct, from himself to the gold box—from the bijou to himself—were roused from meditations in which his honoured self had formed a part; or, pars pro toto, which may be shortly interpreted, all. Such are the trifles, the airy nothings upon which love can build its fairy castle, or man can found the dictates of caprice.

To return to the Opera—as Melton de Mowbray saw the Marchioness of Blankisle enter her box with more grace and dignity than skin and bones are wont to assume, he remarked her beautiful daughter immediately behind, and leaning on the arm of her weak but affectionate father. "How kind in the marquess!" he thought within himself; "how few fathers would be so unfashionably attentive!" and his affections certainly warmed towards the parent who had preoccupied a post envied by a host of admirers; while the mother and daughter were still in the front, and the father, resting one hand upon the chair of the latter, occupied the rear.

Melton de Mowbray recalled Mr. De la Bere's version of Pope's Homer, and thought how admirably the quotation was applied; for a few minutes he gazed upon the family picture, fixed and entranced as when a curtain is withdrawn and we stand before some masterpiece of art. Hajji Baba's cell might, indeed, be likened to the frame; and, if the setting were unworthy of the group, it told by contrast, as did the life and freshness of youth seated by the side of the stately matron, and watched by a father's anxious smile, who had noticed the gaze of admiration turned upon her who seemed unconscious of the homage.

The tableau vivant was, as usual, but a fleeting charm; the door was opened, there was a slight bend of the head addressed by the marchioness to her husband, which seemed to say, "when I bow you know what it means;" and forthwith the marquess backed out, and three or four of the then distinguished fashionables filled up the back-ground. As the usual bows and greetings passed, Mowbray recalled the well-known manœuvrings of the mother, and thought she looked more hideous than an unswaddled mummy.

"Pay me," said one of a group of sporting men through which Mowbray was attempting to penetrate; "I told you the henpecked lord would be turned from his perch in two minutes."

"Five to one," was the reply, "that the duke 's in the chair in five minutes; the marchioness is blinking already—she'll never stand the lamps."

Ere this bet could be arranged, there was a slight derangement in Lady Blankisle's box; not finding the fan (which she had purposely

lest at home), her ladyship arose from her chair, and requested the young goodnatured Duke of Dublin to occupy her seat.

- "Confound that manœuvrer!" cried the man who had offered the bet; "she beats the flying artillery, and kills her man ere the flash be seen."
- "Ah, Mowbray!" cried a third, as he intruded himself rather forcibly between the lookers on, with his 'thousand pardons." What! Melton de Mowbray in a hurry!"
  - " Never, in good society."
- "Thought it could not be," continued the friend. "Splendid house!—seen Lady Helen? back her against the field. What are the odds the duke is bagged before the season's over? Doesn't she look lovely to-night?—the match will come off. Grace against cash—I'll back the coronet: the rich Stilton's done for a hundred, out-and-out; a hollow thing, eh, Mowbray? Do you take?"
- "Not quite, I confess," answered Mowbray. "Your medley of dead, living, and sexes, confound me; you forget that at Eton we never learn grammar, and study no language

but the dead. You'll excuse my ignorance—do you speak of the house—the Duke of Norfolk—Lady Helen Crumpet, or the walks of a Stilton cheese?"

- "Psha!" cried the bettor, "I mean Ledy Helen Fawndove; and the long odds that she is Duchess of Dublin by the end of the season: the marchioness has put them in training—there she is opposite—have you not seen her?"
- "I leave to philosophers the vulgar practice of star-gazing; none but plebeians see beyond themselves."
- "None so blind as those who won't see," said one of the party, all but a stranger to our hero. "I will back her one hundred to twenty."
- "To speak in your language, gentlemen," said Mowbray, with distant hauteur; "my books are made up; allow me, sir, to pass from the betting stand. I beg you a thousand pardons forgive my blindness," addressing the all-but stranger, as, in making an effort to proceed, he trod—of course, accidentally—on his toes.

An oath more befitting the turf than the

whing; but he had his revenge—the torture me not completed—the friend (No. Three) mewed his attack, upon Melton's attempting bolt, and said, in a well-turned compliment, with a significant wink,

"He who owns the powers of Eclipse med only walk over the course."

"Capital!" cried the sufferer, laughing, because Mowbray looked immovably stern; "ten to one, Dublin won't do that. I see a rival duke, old Q., has his eye on the stakes. What are the odds she does not train for the Milky-way? What a winning duchess she would make!"

"Her eyes are worthy a brighter sphere," remarked the friend. "What think you, Mowbray? Lady Helen was never born to be a milkmaid."

endure; for an instant it mastered the Stoicism of fashion. There was no mistaking the allusion; for, so widely was the fact known and accredited, that (passing the belief of Piccadilly and its neighbourhood being supplied with milk from the Duke's bath) we have ourselves, in later days, seen a letter addressed by a Frenchman to his friend in "Pic a du lait," a transition from Piccadilly, which must have flowed from the well-known source of his grace's bath.

To return from this explanatory digression, the soft, almost voluptuous, eyes of Mowbray kindled with contempt and anger; his lips were compressed till they rivalled the pallid cheeks, and his moustaches crisped and curled as if they felt the fire which was flashing from the eyes.

There needed no other answer to the question which had been addressed: there was an awkward pause, when, luckily, the curtain dropped, the group into which Mowbray had entered melted away with the crowd which was flowing behind the scenes.

Had these sporting men-these "how do"

bare flesh. Mowbray had smarted less than in listening to the coarse observations on her, the brightest of her kind." And yet, alas! this is but the tone in which man with his fellow-man is too apt to indulge, when speaking of all in womankind but—his sister.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE OPERA.

" Such are the lords of the creation."

"Boxkeeper!" cried Mowbray, his silver voice firm and unruffled; for, whatever he might have felt, the habit of self-possession quickly whispered, that he had no sufficient cause to betray or act upon the feelings which he had endured—"boxkeeper!" he repeated, in a louder voice, when the door of Lady Blankisle's box was opened, and rendered idle the keeper's approach.

As Mowbray politely, and not unwillingly, retreated a step, to allow the exit of one or more gay gallant, the Duke of Dublin made his appearance, joyous and laughing as usual, with one hand immersed in the waves of his curling hair; which, however, was speedily tendered to Mowbray, with,—

into which he had fallen in the pit. We need scarcely say how much he himself was unlike those men of the turf from whom he had escaped. In manner the difference was, per haps, more striking than in dress; for, in thi respect, each individual was obliged to pay certain deference to rules, which brought th whole nearer to a level; and Melton de Mow bray's style was more peculiar, as denoting th perfect gentleman, than the extravagances o idle fancy. It is true that François, the valet, in glorifying his master's talents, wa wont to tell of certain debates and studies touching the harmony and propriety of co lours; how "di uppare vaistcoat vas nevar vedded to di ondare, vidout asking tree times; and how, gathering another simile from th same service, "di breaches, di stuckins, and di-di-di - rot you call di ting in di chest? Ah n'importe, di stuckins and di caleçons. Ah! j me rapelle, di drawers were, like man and a vife, veaved into von." But, what of this? N man is a hero to his valet, whatever he ma be to an author. The effect had all the six plicity of perfection in painting or poetry; seemed so natural and easy, that every one funcied he could do the same. "What is it." asked the envious, "that gives Mowbray that distinguished air of fashion?" "And what is it," asks the English bonnet-maker, in despair, "that gives to the Parisian tie, nay, to the very cut of a riband, a something inimitable and exclusive?" "It is nothing," answered thousands; and, like the poor milliner, they attempted to imitate, and failed.

Few, indeed, of those who made the attempt could boast the same exquisite materials to work upon; we speak not of the produce of the loom, but of that heavenly masterpiece, created man. Mowbray's figure was so finely proportioned, so endowed with innate grace, that it seemed to impart a charm not only to all he did, but to all he wore. Genius can effect much, can conquer a thousand difficulties, give the impress of its power to all it touches; but, on the beauty of the substance wrought, must depend the approach to perfection.

We select two of the men nearest to Lady Helen, as forming a singular contrast to Melton

de Mowbray, and also as being, in their way, the marked men of the day - Sir Charles Wiffington and Lord Jimmysham. Both were his seniors, particularly the former, who was then in the height of his glory. Both were exquisites of the highest order, and neither of them the fools in their follies for which the profane vulgar gave them credit. There is a wide difference between the want and the misapplication of talent; and, however lamentable it may be to see a man play the fool, no one can play it well who is in reality the character he affects to be. The baronet, we suspect, was the deeper read man of the two, but to a certain point they were both well read and well informed; tact and judgment supplied the rest. With the works of our dramatic authors, from the earliest to the latest, they were both familiar; and, when they could be grave, and talk sense, it was highly amusing to listen to the acute and sensible remarks, the sound or witty criticisms, which mingled with their knowledge of the subject; and, more than all, it was amusing to see the distant back-ground to which their senseless imitators were thrown. — "and can that be the same we saw an listened to with boyish wonder and admiration? is that the man whose word was the fiat in fashion — without whose presence the first and brightest circle was incomplete?"

Such were our melancholy reflections, a friend, pointing to one bowed with sorro to the earth, and with difficulty taking weary walk within the rules, said, —"Yonde is Sir Charles Wiffington!"

Reader, forgive us, if one of the livin evidences, bearing the chancellor's seal or misery, and crushed beneath the pressure of its impending weight, has led us from past to present—from the tale of airy nothings to a stern and melancholy truth—a lesson of mortality.

The marked features in Sir Charles wer his nose and eyes—both were large and prominent; in other respects, his figure was slight, and not remarkable. Composure, sel possession, and harmony, appeared in wor and action; the full dark eyes glided from point to point as leisurely as his feet. Then was serenity in his very nose, as it inhale

the perfumes he carried, or breathed the breath of life - not a muscle moved; and as to profine purposes, to which noses are sometimes applied, the idea seemed inadmissible. In dress, there was an outréism which, in all things, passed the extremes of fashion: if the high collar, or "lover's wings," worn by the Prince of Wales, were condescendingly patronsed, Sir Charles Wittington's were worthy of an emperor, and spread, at least, to the up of his nose; if he sported tight silk pantaloons, they extended so little below the calf, that he looked as if about to slip through them: but, how shall we describe a peculiarity his own — a whole congregation of waistcoats? It is years since we looked upon the sight; but, we think, they must have exceeded in number the capes upon a box-coat — in coburs, the glorious rainbow. Amidst them ocasionally nestled a "quizzing-glass," in proportion to the eye, the prominence of which appeared to justify the use of such assistance, though, as the name implies, it was more frequently the plaything of saucy fops; cuseconomy of sight even in the butt end of a whip, which, by the way, is the happiest of inventions for cutting one friend and seeing another. Add cosmetics and perfumes, which bordered fearfully upon effeminacy; the finest French cambric handkerchief peeping purposely from its pocket; raven hair studiously arranged, yet calm as a new wig;—and you have Sir Charles Wiffington before you as he stood by the side of Melton de Mowbray.

As to Lord Jimmysham, we must dress him in haste,—an event which never yet occurred unless at his birth.

Jimmysham was decidedly handsome; and, if his light eyes were wanting in the sublime dignity of expression which we associate with the father of the gods, this did not prevent a strong resemblance to the cloud-compelling almighty Jove.

As we are not writing to heathers, and, as the history of pagan gods and goddesses is no longer the exclusive study of our classical schools, it may be well to say that his lord-

François allowed with a shrug, that made Lord Jimmysham the fascinating puppy.

These were accessories after the fact; b the fact was, that he owed his success to t grace and polish of good breeding. As young man, he always reminded us of tl politesse of the good old French schools grafte upon an English stock. There was none the grimace of the Parisian noble; but the was all his devotion to the fair sexsociety in general. Even Jimmysham woul have blushed to see a lady ring the bel open the door, seek a book, or reach scarf; but it was not by these more homspun acts of politeness that he won his wa There was a delicacy, a refinement, a prévo ance in his attentions — a masterly perceptic of the elegant nothings, which flatter, gratify and win the heart of woman: we are paintin men as they are, not as they should be: an again we repeat, that, without talent, mind sense, and imagination, Lord Jimmyshan could not have shone in the sphere to which unfortunately, his abilities were devoted. You foolish puppies are those who flash for

- "Helen, my dear, have you brought my bottle of salts?" said the marchioness, as she gently passed a hand over her forehead.
- "No, mamma; you assured me your head would not ache this evening; but I fear that it does."
- "Slightly, my love you, perhaps, have your vinaigrette box?"
- "You forget, dear mamma, that I do not possess such a thing."

Mowbray started, inwardly at least—then gazed more intently than ever on Lady Helen's eyes, but could read nothing: he saw, or fancied that he saw, a smile at the corner of the mouth: if so, however, it was but momentary. She continued, with an air of concern, to express some affectionate regret, which Lady Blankisle interrupted by saying,—

- "I see your cousin, Georgiana, has been more provident; she is coquetting with one at this moment."
- "Do allow me," said Lord Jimmysham,
  "to be your messenger; and disarm a hand
  which wields a bauble as Flavia did the fan
  which

"Very good!— excellent!" said Jimmy-sham, smiling a laugh as naturally as if Jove had been complimented on one of his attributes: "doubt not my return," he continued. "Jove had never left the skies had he looked on beauty so worthy of his throne as that before me."

The marchioness, who in her youth had been a slight beauty, received a portion of Lord Jimmysham's bow and speech as an offering due to Juno; while the lovely Lady Helen Fawndove took the compliment as Venuses are wont to take the empty homage of those they do not value.

"I shall be delighted to go," said Sir Charles Wiffington, who was standing behind Lady Blankisle's chair, and hoping in his heart to succeed to the duke's seat; but the result of his joke had left him no alternative.

"Rather let me be honoured," said Mowbray, who was standing somewhat in the rear of the two who had already offered their services. "Poets are more treacherous than the gods. Sir Charles will linger in the clouds; and I am no judge of beauty except in a

se, 'where ignorance is bliss:'—what is Sir Charles?"

"You won't commit the folly of being e, "said Sir Charles Wiffington, with doubt-emphasis upon the word you, in revenge of owbray's slur upon poetry.

But Lady Blankisle thought that it was me to instruct a young man with five thousand -year, and sole heir to the richest banker n London. She accordingly granted to Sir Charles the delight he craved, contra cœur, and, by that means, cleared the way for Mowbray's approach.

"Do tell me," she said, "if it is true that your friend, Boltville, is likely to inherit his uncle's estates? Do point him out to me: is he not standing in the bend of the house, in the box next to the duke's? I am so curious to know him."

Mowbray looked, but his position did not command the bend; and he pleaded his most excessive regrets at not being able to see a friend whose name, connected with the heirdom, awakened some undefined notions of jealousy. There was no cause for this; the

marchioness never sought for uncertaintie unless to make sure of a mask.

"They say he is handsome — I knew h mother — I am really curious — do take n seat, and tell me if I am right?" said the marchioness, as she once more retreated the rear.

Mowbray obeyed; and, having ascertaine that the marchioness's eyes were not qui so weak as she affected, he was about a resign his point of view, when Lady Blankis assured him her curiosity was satisfied.

"It is a relief," she said, "to escape the glare of those odious lamps:" I suffer a much from nervous headach. Ah!—hush hush!—not a word: this is my favouri quartet—pray, don't move: I insist upon your keeping my seat: even a De Mov bray should learn to obey," she added in lower tone, with one of the most gracious smiles, and with her skinny hand pressed Mov bray into her chair and service.

At this moment Melton de Mowbray caugl sight of the sporting group in the pit — the eyes were fixed upon Lady Blankisle's box It is difficult to say how long, or how deeply, they might have read, had not the manœuvrer closed the volume; and, as usual with such persons, defeated her own design.

"How exquisitely sweet!" exclaimed the marchioness, at some ravishing turn of her favourite quartet. "Helen, my love, do lend I Mr. De Mowbray your book—the words are even sweeter than the music."

Lady Helen, who knew the words by heart, was glad that the book had fallen at her feet, and wished it might remain there; but mamma's eyes were too quick, in spite of their delicacy; and Mowbray was called upon to pick up the book, and Lady Helen to point out the words—of course, they were all about love, and that sort of thing. Mowbray gave the praise which politeness exacted; and said within himself, in the bitterness of spirit,—

"I will not be made a laughing-stock for bettors."

Lady Helen Fawndove read his feelings, once more humbled and indignant; she stifled a sigh which struggled for escape, and, with her opera-glass, concealed a rising tear, which

the nose to the lap: he almost fancied he could recognise his morning's acquaintance: he turned to Lady Helen's eyes for confirmation,—they said nothing; but, surprised in the act of watching Mowbray's scrutiny, the tongue was obliged to speak, and said, with perfect naïveté,—

- "I hope you do not suffer like mamma.

  I wish I possessed a box to offer; shall I borrow my cousin's?"
- "By no means," answered Mowbray; " assure you my head does not ache, although it is somewhat confused. What a dream is life!—do you ever doubt reality?"
- "Oh, yes, constantly; but there is no doubting the beauty of this air, though the words are silly nonsense;" and, forthwith, Lady Helen composed herself to listen with such devoted attention, that it would have been rudeness in Mowbray to speak another word.
- "I feel so greatly obliged," continued the marchioness, between the interval of application, "I am such a sad sufferer. Is not Georgiana divine?—quite worthy of your pen, Sir Charles. My headach has passed

and-water wit, and so they came and while Mowbray sat out the ballet—dissa yet fascinated; doubting much, yet mined to know more, if the opportun curred.

Olympus and Jove, in all his glory; suchowever, was the closing scene which he trespassed, rather considerably, upon the Sabath morning: but their immortal reign wover; the curtain had dropped like a modeloud before their beauteous forms, which of course, needed not the garments of sin mortals. Their wings were folded in the wardrobe of the house; their brief hour wopassed, they had become, like their petticoal invisible, and left the imagination to diving the luxury of their ambrosial slumbers.

But the cloaking, furring, shawling, I little time to think of aught but the happin of being jammed in the press-room. The b were about to swarm—the honeycombs a hive were about to be deserted—all was bus and busy preparation. "Permit me thonour?" "Do allow me the happiness?" wall the possible variations on the gamut small courtesies, were buzzed by the dromas they aided the gentle females to prune th wings.

The Marchioness of Blankisle was a quee bee of most imperial order, though it must down, which was to encircle a neck graceful as that which had furnished the material. This had just been put into position, Lady Helen's tiny fingers had secured the silken tie, and, with a movement which seemed a part of the last duty, Lord Jimmysham's arm was just offered to Lady Helen when Lady Blankisle said,

"Now, my lord, I should feel proud of your assistance; the House is so crowded, may I beg you to escort me to the lobby?"

Jimmysham's good breeding was taxed to the utmost, but, before the demand was concluded, he had looked the most honoured and delighted of men; instead of the round and lovely arm of the daughter, that of the dryskinned, bony mother, was resting upon his.

"Helen, my love," said the marchioness, "where is your father? he has forgotten his promise; the smell of those lamps will make me faint, it is impossible to wait. Mr. De Mowbray, it is almost too bad to impose so grave an office, but will you take charge of Lady Helen until we meet the marquess."

Mowbray saw through the mancouvee,

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- "The ghost of the godlike Achilles,"
  Stalk over the plain of daffadowndillies."
- "Æneas was the hero of the night? ay—true; but," said Mowbray, changing at once the style and tenor of his voice to a low, earnest, and silver note, as his thoughts wandered from Æneas to Troy; from Troy to fair Helen; "but, I had hoped for a kinder welcome this evening; you scarcely returned my bow."
- "You seem determined to bear false witness to-night—I bowed through half-a-dozen heads; to have removed the rubbish there needed——"
- "A stronger arm than this," said Mowbray, completing the sentence; and, to strengthen the allusion, he gently pressed the hand of that arm which rested on his own. "I was, perhaps, unreasonable," he continued; "but hope had built a brighter dream.' Did not I see your carriage in St. James's Street?"
- "Nay; now you are unreasonable to make me answer for the eyes of another. Confess."
- "I do confess that I was wrong. Doubtless, Lady Helen's eyes have enough to do to

fancied that I did, for I judged by the words which you uttered but now, — a confession which left me no doubt."

- "Indeed! how! what can you mean?" asked Mowbray, turned from his purposed inquiry by some implied delinquency.
- "Only, that your mere 'judges of beauty in a horse' rarely look to the inside of a carriage."
  - " Have I not proved to the contrary?"
- "True; I had almost forgotten that my dog, mamma, and, I believe, myself, divided the honour of your notice; but if, as usual with sporting men, you did not look first at the horses, I concluded they were honoured the second, and the coach-box discovered expassant."
- "I saw little but yourself, and only know that you passed like the wind."
- "How dreadful!" cried Lady Helen, affecting horror. "Pray don't accuse me of sorcery; I tremble at the thought, since you say you are serious."
- "I would be so, Lady Helen, would you allow me to seek the truth."

lady this," and "dearer lady that;" his well-turned compliment — his elegant flattery to beauty — his "ten thousand pardons" to another (no beauty), won his way, like water through the countless sands, till the Marchioness of Blankisle, like an imperial queenbee, attached herself to the wall, and was presently surrounded by swarms of admirers.

In taking up her position, the manœuvrer had placed her fair daughter under her wing; but while she played the prudent and "quite correct" mamma, she managed to offer the protection of that wing which left Mowbray a centinel by Lady Helen's side.

Lord Jimmysham now and then looked like thunder, and his eyes flashed a blue light; but the good breeding of the man instantly mastered his godlike ire, and restored to his features a celestial serenity. One after the other the drones crawled up to buzz their compliments. Had Cocker ever been admitted to the dear, dingy, small room, he might have made an arithmetical table for the use of fruitful mammas, with daughters hanging on hand, by watching the face of the

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difference when the Hon. Rich Stilton, M.P. &c. &c. succeeded the duke. The countenance was frozen; it was, at least, one hundred degrees colder; the ready-monied Stilton had been pigeoned the night before, and lost fifty thousand pounds at a sitting. "A sad thing!" said Lady Blankisle, when she heard of it; "quite lamentable in so young a man! If Crœsus played, he might be a beggar tomorrow. I hope, Lady Vinetree" (her informant), "you will mark your disapprobation, for the sake of society."

- "Oh, yes!" replied the lady, whose "society" consisted in four sons and six unmarried daughters; "and, as a mother, I hope you, my dear Lady Blankisle, will do the same."
- "I feel that I ought," replied the stern moralist, "though it will give excess of pain. I own I thought him a very charming young man; and" (in a whisper,) "I do really believe that he admired my dear Helen."
- "Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Lady Vinetree, in an under tone; "well, now, do you know I fancied he was marked in his attentions to

bric, and fixing his large dark eyes upon Lady Helen, as he remarked the animation which played beneath her silken lashes.

"It is, indeed, very hot," answered Lady Helen, glad of the opportunity of answering Sir Charles's gaze; "though I feel as if I could blush most unfashionably, I fear I shall faint ere long."

Mowbray looked anxiously round to read if her fears were real, but said nothing; Sir Charles, with more energy than usual, exclaimed:

"Heaven forbid that you destroy the poet's beautiful image which this Italian warmth has realized! I could say with Rowe,

"Let me for ever gaze,
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee;
From every blush that kindles in thy cheek
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring,
To revel in the roses."

"For shame!" cried Lady Blankisle, whose maternal ear had caught this compliment to her daughter. "Poets ought not to use their wit to flatter and betray."

- "I hope you stabbed him with the toothpick, and washed out the insult in his plebeian blood," said Lady Helen, with one of her arch quiet looks.
- "I hope not," added Mowbray; "that fellow, Sir Charles, has paid you the highest possible compliment—I shall deal there in future."

Sir Charles Whiffington, accustomed to supremacy in those days, stared at young Mowbray for a time through his glass, and then said, "We demand an explanation."

- "He must have thought Sir Charles Whiffington could never be mistaken; had he offered me his shop, I should have taken it as a compliment."
- "And put the insult in your pocket?" asked Lord Jimmysham, amused at the notion.
- "No!" replied Mowbray, "that might have spoiled the set of my coat; but if, like the toothpick, I found it cumbersome, I would have placed it on my head. The gentleman par excellence can never be eclipsed."
- "Beneath a knot, or hidden by a brownpaper parcel?" asked Sir Charles Whiffington,

carriage!" uttered most intrusively, broke the thread of his compliment.

- "Lady Blankisle's carriage stops the way!" was echoed once, twice, thrice, and again.
- "Where can your father be," said Lady Blankisle to her dear Helen.
- "Yonder, mamma; he is waiting our approach."
- "My dear marquess," said the smiling marchioness, as she gained the side of her husband, "we thought you had deserted us; you never came near my box."
- "You forget, my love, that I agreed to meet you here," said the marquess; which, properly interpreted, meant, that he had been told he was to do so.
- "Well! I am glad we have met at last: and now, my dear Lord Jimmysham, I must insist upon your resigning—your arm, Blankisle, my dear."
- "Utterly impossible!" cried his lordship.
  "You must not be so antediluvian as to take
  your husband's arm; indeed, I must claim

conscious that he had uttered his thoughts aloud.

- "So soon forgotten? then it must have been my fancy: the tone and words were strange, for Melton de Mowbray surely can have no quarrel with the world," said Lady Helen, endeavouring to recover the playfulness of manner which the melancholy of Mowbray's voice had chased away for the moment.
- "No, Lady Helen!" said Mowbray again, dropping the mask of fashion; "it was not fancy. This world in which we live is cold and heartless, dreary as the waste of waters which made the dove seek refuge in the ark: if there be happiness on earth, it is not in scenes like these."
- "I feel highly flattered," said Lady Helen, still attempting to rally her usual manner.
- "Lady Helen—dear Helen!" trembled on the lips, but "Helen" alone was audible. "You know that if I have been wretched this night, I am repaid this moment while thus I hold you on my arm. I had hoped a kinder welcome. Did I read you rightly as you passed in the carriage? Was it not your

of speech; if I add a fourth, how can I hop to escape?"

"Speak then, I implore you! dear, de Helen!"

Dear Helen did speak, but merely to a "No, no! if I can talk with my fingers, wh need of words?" And she playfully place her tapered fingers on the coral lips: if, however, she did not know right from left, a remarked that she had two hands, one which was entangled in Mowbray's, as handed her into the carriage; and, as gently returned his pressure, he felt that to tiny fingers spoke volumes of happiness.

"Good-night! good-night!" cried Mobray with deep and thrilling warmth, as La Helen approached the carriage steps.

"Good, good night!" was echoed by the being he supported, with this important a dition; "I am not sorry that we met; yowere most welcome."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear Helen whispered Mowbray; and, in spite of the presence of linkboys, footmen, police, and rabbi

cried one; "Lady Black-eye's carriage stop the way!" hollowed out a second; "Lad Blink-eye's carriage!" roared wag the third just as her ladyship was about to chide an hasten "dear Helen:" she took the hint, sai nothing, and her kind forbearance was re warded by reaching the carriage as it was o the point of driving off.

- "By your leave, your honour," said a link boy to Mowbray, who continued to watch the departing carriage as we gaze on the sk though the sun be down; "by your leaf, the vay, my lord;" and, to avoid the contamination of a tarry hand, or burning link, he turned towards the doors he had just passed.
- "Please your honor, remember the lind boy!" said one of those imps, whose torch had danced attendance as he led Lady Hele Fawndove to the carriage.
- "It vant he, my lord," said a second; "small sixpence between h'ws," cried a third.
- "And wasn't I, plaze your honar's right honorable lordship?" said a fourth, who jostk the others, and spoke with a smack of the brogue; "and wasn't it I who saved he

smiles, and he repaid them in their coin; may a fair daughter smiled with the heart's a cerity, but received in return the base currer of polished politeness. He was not hearth but he could offer no more, he had no to sures to divide; to one fair being he had voted all that was pure and sterling, in warmest heart that ever beat beneath bright cuirass of fashion; she was absent, he felt it was torture to remain and play part. Boltville was quickly found, and M bray pleaded a convenient headach, taken doubt, from Lady Blankisle's, in whose he had remained so long.

- "And my cloak, too; you were no earnest?" asked the good-tempered Bolts as he was about to step into Mowbray's riage.
- "Your wardrobe, if you will; I dare the carriage will hold it," said Mowbray, a smile, and feeling as liberal to his fi as he had been to the link-boys. Franchosed the doors, and the coachman was ord to set down at the Duke of Freestone's.

François took the hint, tried to correc

ad engrossed Mowbray's attentions for

" How well Lady Helen Fawndove looke vening, he said,—

"She is certainly very beautiful: her No answer. are always magnificent, but they were spl to-night."

"Don't you think they were, Mor No notice. said Boltville, bent upon getting an ar

" And you do not admire then " No!"

the persevering Boltville.

"No, I don't; I hate your litt'

most unholy blue." "Why, Mowbray, her mothe or gray, or green; but Lady Hele and black as your own: I could

"I told you," said Mowbre myself!" the seeming profanation of a t! sacred, and fairly roused from randerings — "I told you I and I tell you now, if we ta

## CHAPTER XI.

THE COMFORTS OF A TEA-KETLLE; OR, LAKE LEMAN AND LA BISE DE LA SUISSE.

It is so natural to recommend what we like, and prescribe to others that which agrees with ourselves, that we are certain, had we followed the profession of medicine, we should have advised the singing of a tea-kettle as the best of opiates.

To our ear there is nothing so soothing when stretched upon the restless, fevered bed of sickness. How often in the solemn stillness of the night, when, wearied and worn, even a mother's eye was locked in that slumber she had implored for us, how often have we gently withdrawn our curtain to gaze on that humble, yet honoured, machine! how gratefully have we listened to the low soft murmur of its dying notes! how intently have we

many they are obliged to write—men who know that, to excel, they must study manking as deeply as the materia medica; who fee that, "to minister to a mind diseased," to arrest the canker of dead or withering hope, to lull the spirit of a mind too deeply wrought, to heal the sorrows or relieve the burden of affliction, are trials in their art which depend but little upon the nostrums they prescribe.

Might we not turn to the homœopathic system, quote but a tithe of its miracles, and say, without felony of punning, how little depends upon the size of a pill, or the quantity of phials!

There is more, much more, in the mysterious signs of the recipe, cloaked as it is
in the hidden depths of dog-Latin: the time
must come when this mummery will be dropped; but, in spite of the railroad of intellect,
the world is not yet sufficiently enlightened to
look upon the truth in characters of commons
sense, or read it in plain and simple English;
this being the case, we shall subjoin our
recipe in such orthodox form as will, no doubt,
make it quite as effectual as the prescriptions

wherein sickness and sorrow should be fo bidden guests.

And is it not so? Alas! where, alas! the spot on earth which does not prove th pleasure is a phantom? Where does she bui her palace, and hold her courts, to which misery is a stranger? Nowhere. And eve while, in imagination, we were retracing the scenes which once we haunted as the vota of pleasure, the cold and chilling blast w playing through the casement of our windo and with the melancholy cadence of the Æolia harp, singing the dirge of winter; and yet i voice was harmony, its music soothing to o ear; nay, we know not whether the substitu we have named, has not a charm which bea the lullaby of a tea-kettle, at least upo paper.

To keep to the fact, while painting Melta de Mowbray as we knew him in the holiday youth; the icy and cutting bise of Switzerlan swept over Geneva's frozen lake, and man the rushing waters of the Rhone look doub blue with cold.

Mowbray needed nothing but the luxury of litude; his thoughts were but the dream of piness; and, as still wrapped in his sable cland reclining on his couch, he sank to sl sleep itself was a continuation of the dream had dreamt ere the eyes were closed; and this mournful melody is music to our ears.

How is this? is it that the cloud of N bray's future destiny hangs over our met while anxious to paint the promise of his yo is it that we struggle in vain to think of what he was, to speak as one endowed the riches of mind, person, and the world; now, above all, rich in the promises of h in the visions of devoted love? It may be the knowledge of the future is mercifully v held from man; and, it may be, our insig coming events has tuned the mournful w in sad accordance with the knowledge possess, and mingled some chords of mo choly with scenes which we wished to been sparkling, gay, and bright as the cu youth: or is it — can it be, that there is: deeper spell which has cast its influence are our thoughts - a holier incantation which

where, and has reached our hearts at such a time and place?

The question, however, is not so easily answered. The fairy spirits which strike the chord of feeling dwell in the heart's invisible recess; they are wild, capricious as the freaks of fancy. We know not when to expect their touch, but often feel it when expected least. For ourselves, we are the merriest dog in Christen dom—at least were intended to be so; but whom shall account for the gambols of these spirits. which play round the heart, and sometimes= make us sad in spite of ourselves? who shalf I account for the deep, sad baying of the hound. which gazes on the moon, and upbraids, with piteous yells, that gentle light which sheds holy calm on all beside? who shall say why the witchery of music, which tames the huge= elephant, and charms the venomed snake to listen like a child, falls like discord on the selfsame hound? These are the hidden workings, whose effect we sometimes see, but rarely ace the spring which gave them life.

. We, however - meaning ourselves - can

infancy—must part from the dawning in of perfect bliss, to face the stern and realities of life.

And what is life? Is it not like the ch we have written? the antipodes of all we h for and intended? the reverse of all our n had planned? We sat down, determine pursue the fortunes of poor Mowbray; anon, we were borne on the wings of the v "All is vanity," are the words which are & to Solomon, when summing up the record earthly hopes. But are the monarch's w correctly given? Did he not mean to "All is uncertainty." What else, alas! is We start for the east, and are driven to west; we resolve on rest, and are whirled motion; we intend to be good, and sin decide upon sin, and are saved. A stone throw the winning horse, an atom blind eagle's eye. Life is the sport of chance rather, the fulfilment of a written law; nothing ordained in heaven is chance. man, blind mortal man, from the building Babel to the penning of a chapter — a uncertainty!

future pages divers others may appe they will

" Like spirits come, and so depart -

a sort of corps de ballet to relieve the p actors who figure in our tale.

Our prima donna, our first-rate persare already presented in name or persorere we proceed further, it may be as gratify that curiosity which prompts us whether our new acquaintance are bodies," or "nobodies?"

Gallantry and inclination lead us gin with our heroine, our prima dor lovely Lady Helen Fawndove. Mucl reverence the respect due to age, the charm in the deep mysterious beauty Helen's eyes which subverts the written of propriety: we can think of nothin Such are our mortal wishes, the bias frail and human weakness. But the wrongs us, if he think that we never good resolution: nay, in this very inst

marquess came of age, his kind and easy nature was easily prevailed upon to join in cutting off the entail of large estates, which, hitherto, had amply supported the stately splendour of the family, and supplied the means of portioning its younger branches. In consequence of this, when the present marquess came to the title, he had barely enough to continue the state of his ancestors. Fortunately, he had only a daughter.

His wife, the marchioness, was the daughter of a clergyman: her father, the younger son of a noble family, obtained, through interest, most excellent preferment, but lived as parsons were wont to do in those days; that is to say, he spent his income, if not something beyond; he drank deep with the country squires; was hospitable to overflowing; and broke his neck in a fox-chase at the age of forty. His widow, also of good family, and nothing more substantial, was left with six daughters to struggle against the world and poverty.

The rich and titled great, even if kindly inclined, have too many claims upon their

once exposed; and, if the recollection o days of poverty and suffering clung 1 memory with painful fidelity, such th may plead, in some degree, for the mane in after years, for the mother who kne her beautiful daughter was portionless. Blaukisle, however — we purposely on maiden name — was shortly relieved fro purgatory to which the well-meant ex of her relations had condemned her. -, a distant relation on her father was doubly widowed by the loss of a daughter. She was an elderly person, in the best, though not, perhaps, the society; she was desolate and alone; s the need of companionship; and the Lady Blankisle supplied the place once pied by her daughter. In such a hor salary was of little importance; yet liberal in the extreme. The governe transformed into a companion, and re at once the respect due to her talents, a ments, and birth.

This change was, comparatively spean earthly Paradise; and, as trial

seen one, or both, the reader can be a loss to understand Lady Blankisle's delig passing from purgatory to paradise.

It was under the kindly roof of this tectress that the Marquess of Blankisle saw his present wife, and was at once vated by such "slight" beauty as she possessed; but still more by the infl which intellect is prone to exert over who are somewhat deficient in that commodity.

In a very proper course of time the tion was proposed, and the marquess acce. Then came the marriage, and, some eig months after that period, our heroine, Helen Fawndove, opened her, even then nificent, eyes to the light of heaven; and as if Nature thought that one pair of such were quite enough in one family, she with all further presents in the shape of childs

One more word ere we turn from the chioness. If we cannot say that her lady love was quite as fervent and decided a of her lord, we have no hesitation in that she fulfilled, to the utmost, the du

his conscience, and indeed the world, ken tolerably well who the first person was.

Lady Blankisle, as a mother, was inv riably kind to her child; day after day sh devoted hours in imparting some of the many treasures she had acquired while preparing the, may we not say, wretched means of independence; her earliest labours, however met their reward; and when, indeed, is the mine of intellect wrought and the labour unrewarded? Never!—the treasures of the mind are the only earthly riches which nos can steal. They are our companion in sol tude, our relief in sorrow; they can defy t fetters of captivity—the tyranny of man; th. are the gift of Heaven, which knows not ti moth and rust of this world; from Heave they spring, and Heaven alone has the pow to reclaim the inestimable boon.

If a slight young woman becomes a skins old one, that is not her fault. In havis painted, as we have, Lady Blankisle's gradated scale of smiles and ugliness, we feel something like reproach; we feel that, I Lady Helen's sake, we could love all and ever

when her own sufferings began, the pas curred with painful force, and distorted intrinsic value of Mammon.

After saying thus much, we leave to reader's imagination, as we would to a to decide on the personal charms of the chioness.

In thus giving to light the imme ancestors of our heroine, we feel that vi as usual, has found the wisdom of its po When we first began this chapter, we inclined to omit that respect which is al so justly due to age, and pass at once to Helen Fawndove. Nothing, we fear, s us from this sin of omission, but the abs necessity of giving parents to all children in the holy state of matrimony. And having properly provided a father and mo we find that we have little, if any thing, t of the daughter. She has spoken for her she is likely to speak for herself again these pages are closed, and, having all confessed that her beauty was such as c description, we find that our inclination without a motive; or, rather, that it v imagined what depth of feeling, firmness, and determination, were couching in the heart of the gentle, docile Lady Helen?

Woman, for the most, like the tendril, must have a something round which to twine her affections—to cling to in life; without this she droops to earth, withers, and perishes. Some there are, a few who stand aloof like some rare and exquisite flower on the mountain, born, it may be, and content, to breathe its spring of life in lone tranquillity, yet able, should the hour arrive, to meet the coming storm; or answer, with the sweets of rising incense, the kindling rays of Italia's sun.

But the woman who thus stands apart whose leading impulse is to dwell in peace to yield with gentleness, and be a world within herself, must not be deemed infirm in purpose incapable of feeling. She may pass through life and never love; she may be spared the trial of her strength; but there is a point beyond which she will never yield; there are within her heart the sleeping embers of intense and passionate affection; there needs but the storm to prove her firmness; there needs but

ible, though worshipped with silent admirtion. We would have said, they were as the orb of night, had not the evil genius of He schel travelled from the Cape to mock the great original, and, like a lunatic, thrown he "Castor" at the moon. Shame! shame! the madman's phantasy to people with discorting triangles, and savages, that calm and tranque world, whose holy rays fall like balm upon the spirit of the breaking heart, and whisper the hope, "that thither shalt thou fly and be at rest."

How far Lady Helen's strength was tried how much of the power of mind lay beneath her gentle playfulness of manner, must be reserved to future pages. him from writing their record in his He died upon the battle-field, covere wounds and glory.

We will not trouble our learned with any higher ascent, lest we should down while attempting the finer br None but fools trace their pedigree to for our part, we have a most particular to that man, not merely for the trouble his weakness occasioned, but in a l point of view; for the vanity of reac the first man recoils upon the climb merely teaches him this humiliating fa he is related to all the scum, as well nobility of earth—the magnificence of ol is lost.

Descending, therefore, from the Agincourt, we will merely add, that Mowbrays continued to flourish in and honourable manner down to the father of our hero. They were amon stanch and personal friends of Henri and the illustrious Sully, and both the and connexions of the noble house of bigny; they followed the fortunes of royal protestant master, and, not he

many foreign connexions which then exist amongst the more eminent banking-hou. In the street to which the Lombards he bequeathed their name, there lived one D'. bigny, the principal in a wealthy firm, a claimed to be distantly connexed with Eust de Mowbray, and who not only succoured relative, but generously resigned in favour the noble exile a portion of that share whe held as senior partner in the house Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co.

Eustace de Mowbray became a banl dropped his title, and, notwithstanding high polish of the old school, he contrive make an excellent man of business.

To come to our hero as rapidly as pos we merely say, that of three sons, who gether with a broken-hearted wife, had a panied the flight of Eustace de Mowbre two younger died young, and the elder was early initiated into the mysteries of keeping and interest.

We must not, however, omit one v portant fact — namely, that the Mr. bigny, who had thus generously succo distant relations, died, as he had lived though, as in some instances of the day, it was nothing but a name. Me Mowbray was the living head; and with the riches he had inherited, and latinued profits, he soon obtained the rejude of being the wealthiest man in the London.

However agreeable such fame n especially when founded in truth, it sufficient to the pride of a De Mowl something of the high ambition of cestors struggled into life, amidst the dirt of Lombard Street, and soared ab counter. John de Mowbray was not with the dirty work of raking together shillings, and pence, he sought to sper like a gentleman. His business—in days, trades were not called profession strictly attended to; but, with the s the Florentine merchant — of the no Medici, who sold their silks by th and patronised the fine arts by w he, the father of our hero, live a prince on his country estate, had the best houses in Grosvenor Squai fostered genius and talent to an exte office of the lord mayor of the city of London was occasionally filled by men of high connexions and noble feelings. If there were a something startling in the name of "banker," the name of "De Mowbray" was a passport to royalty itself; indeed, it was at the particular request of the king that the proud John de Mowbray condescended to accept a baronetcy, and prefix "Sir" to his Christian name = a title which, for the future, we must not forget.

With such facilities, and backed by wealther a fine person, and polished manners, his onladifficulty was in knowing where to choose. The baronet was as much puzzled as we have been, in our day, in selecting the pattern of lady's robe. Sir John, as we did, saw such abundant beauty—such countless variety attractive charms—that he was long ere attractive charms—that he was long ere the Mussulman, who might have fixed on a he ended, as we did, in selecting one meshating tissue of the loom.

Miss Julia Saladin, like himself, of French extraction, was lovely, talented, and accom-

assorted marriage. As the parents had continued to live together in blind and hap indifference; as no vulgar inquiries were evenade through Doctors' Commons—no digusting details published in the daily column to shock the modest and virtuous—they, the end, received the reward of such consider forbearance, and continued to be received in society until the past was buried in the put Lethe of forgotten scandal.

The daughter, showily but unwisely ed cated, was, in the course of time, introduc to the world. A something of the better fe ings of the mother, of the affections of 1 father, were felt by the parents when they s the admiration which their daughter obtain Luckily for the latter, she had known lit of the society of either father or mother; th own pleasures engrossed their thoughts fully that, except to insist upon certain o ward accomplishments, they rarely interfer with the duties of a weak, though well-me ing, governess: thus, at least, she escaped t taint of evil communication, if she had I received the sacred groundwork of religio principle; and which alone could have be

ill he had imaged as perfection in woman stood before him, the bright embodied reality of a visionary dream.

Such was the first impression, and such was the first reception, when Sir John de Moutray was introduced to Miss Saladin, as an old friend of her father—" acquaintance" would have been a word nearer the truth, but less suited to the intentions of her mother. The baronet lost no opportunity of improving the acquaintance: every hour, every moment, added fuel to the passion which had surprised his heart, till carried away by the blind intensities of his own feelings, he declared his adoration, and demanded the hand of the proud and peerless beauty.

The declaration was somewhat premature, and most decidedly abrupt: after a pause of some moments, in which astonishment struggled with contempt, a cold and decided refusal was given. There was an awkward silence on the part of Sir John, which, however, was shortly relieved by a particularly graceful mion of courtesy and bow on the part of Mississianin, who forthwith retired with offended lignity.

It was within the compass of her thusiastic mind to do thus much, an worthy of a better fate, for she did i this, she struggled to fulfil the duti to him whose very love was miser. But the sins of the heartless parer the child; the tale of utter ruin—of less prison—was coined to work feelings. Some babbling tongue had the plot, and slandered her husband privy to the scheme: the same voice that she had been sold, and point gifts profusely lavished on her parer confirmation of the fact.

What is there more galling to mind than to find that our feelings I duped, our sacrifices given to fraud position? If Lady de Mowbray had difficult to conquer an indifferent almost made her shrink from her touch, she now found it impossible to the loathing she felt for one whom she as deeply as she hated. Kindness, go and affection, from the blind and doa band, were rejected as part of the which had been used to betray her.

i such coid return, he was too proud for explanation; and she, on the other onscious of how great a sacrifice she de, was too proud to complain when med atonement impossible.

h was the state of parties when Lady whray was unexpectedly thrown into iety of one to whom she had pledged ing affections of her heart. An estate, ch the family of the De la Beres ocilly resided, adjoined one where the r days of Lady de Mowbray were passed er governess, and where William de la then a younger brother, first met with aladin.

the Brahmins attribute to the dim reions of a pre-existent state the joys of ry which mingle with the present delight ring music for the first time, so met m do la Rosa and Inlia Saladia. It



seen each other till then. It was their fit meeting, but they felt not as strangers; the understood each other, as it were, by intuition and as, in their innocence, they yielded at or to the intoxicating bliss of hearts in harmon they felt as if their spirits had ever dw together, and now poured forth pre-existing thoughts, and renewed, as it were, the integer course which had never ceased to be.

Julia Saladin was then scarcely more the sixteen, William de la Bere some few yes her senior; the governess, kind-hearted, be weak in the knowledge of the world, was no means sorry to have found a protector accompanion in her rambles with her pupil, at the pupil was never sorry when the governe was persuaded to rest her limbs while she at William de la Bere just went to see this poi of view, just scrambled up that hill, or a plored a ruin here; and nature's endibeauties here, there, and every where.

Happy, happy days! when a mind I that of Julia Saladin could pour forth high and wild imaginings to one who

I ond, roomsn, nappy dicamers. week blindness-pure, exalted in their wishesdid they think how rudely their eyes be opened to the standard of the world. nearly three years, with short interval tween which seemed an age, this comm continued. That the rites of the church to unite them after its written form, we derstood; but we know not how to trasteps which led to such understanding clarations, and acknowledgments. After manner of the many, would serve to th nothing; they loved from the moment o meeting, but in silence they confessed the chanter's wand. No eloquence of wor pleadings, no protestations, urged the p of the man; no language of the lips ans for the woman; they loved as if their had been pledged in some brighter sphe John de Mowbray; others, equally false and mean, were resorted to. We pass them, it painful disgust, with the mere allusion to such reports as were inserted in the daily papers, and which set forth with, of course, "We here from good authority," that William de la Bere Esq. was about to lead such and such heires to the altar. At that time, Miss Saladin we herself so far above deceit, that the idea of being cheated by a parent was, to her in genuous mind, an impossibility: it was no until after she was Lady de Mowbray the she learnt the truth.

Scarcely had she assumed that title, ar sealed her fate, than William de la Bere su ceeded to the family estates by the suddedeath of his elder brother. Once more that two who had, far from the haunts of man pledged their passionate affections, now m in the haunts of fashion. One look told Lac de Mowbray how deeply she had been deceived, and how false had been the rumon which had wronged the constancy of William de la Bere. The interval since last they me

noble mind; he fled from the lures he control not look upon in innocence, and left, without spot or blemish, the woman he had idolised at perfect.

The parting, like the meeting, was in silence. Mr. De la Bere would have deeme it a pollution to whisper one word of feeling he could not conquer; "Better she shouldem me unkind," he said, within himsel "than listen to one word an angel might no hear."

He thought and spoke with that calm enther siastic love which, like the sun which purification the wax it softens, delights in deifying the heart it warms: he would that Lady de Moubray should be all that he knew she might have been. If she were not happy, she might it great, good, and unblemished in her misery but, alas! the lover's dream is but too like the poet's,—it is not for this world. Lady a Mowbray was wanting in the strength of thouse religious principles which teach endurance and support a woman in the path of cheerled duty: the bent of her disposition was toward heaven, but the passions which drag us down

to earth were scattered in her heart like seeds of the thistle and the tare; and there was none to sit and watch upon their rising growth.

It is only to the ear of woman that man ever ventures to lay bare the deep pulsations of his heart; and pours forth the dreamy goodness, the gentleness, as well as grandeur of his mind. The vivid and romantic imagination of William de la Bere appeared to invest the themes he touched upon with a purer atmosphere and light; they were lifted from the earth, and rose with the wings of the morning; there was a soaring nobility of thought in all he uttered, which led insensibly to the standard of perfection.

Lady de Mowbray listened, and felt that his words fell like balm upon the angry passions, which had risen in rebellion; the feelings of scorn, if not of hatred, against her parents and husband, were lulled to rest: she felt that she could submit with resignation, and almost forgive the authors of her wretchedness; she drank the honied cup, nor dreamt that there was poison in the dregs. The winds were

hushed; the stream of life was tranquil the mirror; the clouds above, the ruins on items bank, the mournful cypress, the drooping wil-1 low, the sweet floweret with its star of blue all things beautiful, if sad, - were reflectethere with bright, if melancholy, truth: and as she listened to the voice which had wrough this perilous calm, she heeded not the lower = ing storm, nor heard the thunder of the cate ract to which her bark was gliding.

And thus it is that woman, trusting herself, falls in the silken meshes of a passi which, in its birth and growth, is immeasably raised above the grosser love of m= Lady de Mowbray deemed herself secure; saw the barrier placed between herself the man whom she once so passionately lowed, and felt it as impassable: she turned to regions of romance in which her youth begran, revived the certainty of happier spheres, and was content to think of this world as one of trial: she believed that to meet, to see, to listen to William de la Bere in the sacred character of friend, was all she could desire; this alone was such exquisite happiness, such

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mind. At the accustomed hour of Mr. De la Bere's visits, she listened with breathless anxiety for the well-known knock, the steps of him,

"Whose verra foot had music in't As he came up the stair."

Some stranger was announced; the dry and fevered tongue could scarcely aid the utterance, and the forms of politeness died in the attempt to pass the throat. Who is there that has not looked intensely for the arrival of some one whose welcome smile is as the light we live in? Who has not listened to the wheels which sounded afar, approached, and passed? Who has not looked for the form known amidst the myriads which come and go, and trembled as the postman thundered his double knock, as if it were the herald which proclaimed the fiat of our destiny? These are amongst the homely realities of life, but yet, how laden with agony and suffering! Whether we ourselves have drawn down an avenging wrath, or been chastened by misfortune, there are few who have

not known such trials, and few who cannot understand Lady de Mowbray's feelings of dread suspense.

A few days closed the interval of time which suffering had lengthened into years.

A letter, bearing the Dublin post-mark, and unced the necessity of Mr. De la Bere visitable his estate in Ireland, of his intention to main there for the present, and, as an pology for writing, alluded to some books ent for Lady de Mowbray's perusal, and which he was requested to return to — at her leisure: this, and some simple form of wishes for her happiness, was all the letter contained.

"And this from De la Bere—the noble, generous, and warm!—the honoured, hallowed friend of her he once so passionately loved!" exclaimed Lady de Mowbray, who still confided in her strength, although her lips could scarcely utter the final word.

And again, as doubtful of the truth, she scanned the letters of a hand whose writing she had so often pored upon, as if fixed by the power of a talisman. They were not what they were; there seemed a tremor here, a

against her spotiess bosom.

"And, can it be?—oh, no—no—has read me unjustly; he deems me w unworthy; I am deserted, wronged, by him who alone might have saved r myself!" exclaimed Lady de Mowbray gasped for breath, and trembled bene violence of contending passions. "Ye deserted and despised!" she repeated stood the image of despair, and gazed letter which had fallen at her feet. I moment the form of hope had sustai energies of life; but now, with th "despised" upon her lips, she sank on the couch by which she stood.

Thus was Lady de Mowbray found servant, whose screams and smelling restored animation. Her ladyship rec as fashionable ladies are obliged to do

nd's name as being privy to their heartplot; thus, alas! proving but too well clearly William de la Bere had seen that pice on the brink of which he had, till wandered in blind security.

ittle, little did he look for the reckless equences of a measure taken to save her had stood by his side more blindly than self. She did, indeed, awake; her eyes opened; but, with the dizziness of fren-madness, she cast herself within the gulf h was yawning at her feet.

Ine moment's self-possession, one brief er to Him whose hand is ever ready to the erring who repent, and she might never fallen; but these were wanting: it was not until after years of suffering

## CHAPTER XIV.

WILLIAM, THE LAST OF THE DE LA BERES; AND

THE MISSES PRISCILLA, MARTHA, AND

BRIDGET, HIS MAIDEN SISTERS.

"They knew him well,
He was the brother whom they idolised;
And when they saw his wild and passionate
Affections wrecked, they knew he would embark
No more on Cupid's treacherous ocean.
Henceforth, with one accord they bade adieu
To hopes — to thoughts — to wishes springing from
Our earthlier passions, and bent their love —
Their pure devoted love — to win his mind
From utter wretchedness, to tend the sweets
Of woman's gentleness, that heavenly balm
Which now might never flow from other hands than theirs."
A. Brad.

WILLIAM, the last of the De la Beres, has already been presented to the reader at Brookes's, and again introduced still more intimately at his own dinner-table: this would have left us little to add, but for certain adjuncts, which,

it may influence our fate, we alone, who receive the badge in infancy and helplessness, must answer for all the consequences of another's act. This, we contend, is unjust, and my thing but satisfactory to many a wretch who bears an ill name from his birth.

And who will dare to say that a name does not often decide our destiny on earth? How often does it seem as if our sponsors spoke with that spirit of prophecy which brings to pass the future by its own agency? and such, we imagine, must have been the crabbed fore sight of those who answered at the font for the three Misses De la Bere, and bestowed upon laughing, chubby children, rich in the promise of beauty in its bud, names appropriate to beings born to be disposed of in a nunnery, and doomed, perforce,

"To bless the day they to that refuge ran,

Free from the marriage-chain and from that
tyrant—man."

Whether our conjectures be right or wrong whatever may have been the weight of prodestined causes, or the responsibility of god

or either, in case of remaining unmarried. I aunt, who had long supplied the place of the mother they had lost, formed a part of the establishment, and, by her age, afforded the decorum which is looked for by the eye of the world, and added not a little to their domest happiness by a cultivated mind and the swee est of tempers.

Such was the bright and interesting ground of womankind which gave the life and love liness of home to the time-hallowed seat of the De la Beres, when William, their favouring brother, completed the circle by his present It was the first time he had joined their societ since the death of their last remaining pare had led to the present establishment.

When the hand of death has snatched from a family the chief column of support, a obliged those to seek a shelter far from a roof under which they had dwelt from infanthe first reunion is always a meeting of deand touching interest: it is like the remna of a crew whose vessel has been wrecked, a who gather together on the shore to which the have been driven. The tie which unites the

niggard as the miser. There are, of coure exceptions; there are many who mend in all life; some who are taught by experiend others by misfortune; in some the innate go appears when "the wild oats" have been sow and gathered; but, for the most part, men born to a large inheritance, with the weakness to which we all are heirs, fall victims to the soft and infected atmosphere they breaths. They become such as we have described, and such was the heir to the De la Bere estates.

We have said thus much to account the more readily for the present affection and future devotion of those beings, whose whole remaining life seemed to be identified with that of their noble, but eccentric brother.

Nearly twelve months had elapsed since the loss of their father: the first violence of grief had passed, and the sacred recollection of him they still lamented were mixed with gratitude for the independence bequeathed his death. They enjoyed, as he intended the should do, their appointed home—their amp means; but, to the last, they preserved the simplicity of children, and every comfort the

"Beautiful!" cried the enraptured Mastick, to whom we once pointed out the rel" what curves of beauty! what glorious coloing! those chimneys are a picture! look at massive beams for the projecting story! I door-way arched! what cracks and tints up the plaster! no unhallowed whitewash! to thousand blessings on the good conservative!

We have given the words of our friend who said and saw, perhaps, a trifle more that we could; but his eye will enable the reads to judge of the style which prevailed at the time in which we write, without the trouble descending within a cottage, upon which the very pavement has risen in the pride of it provement.

The arrival of the heavy machine which had conveyed our traveller to this country town, was an event of great importance. To boot alone would have held a modern "Come or "Dart;" and the unpacking of a mode "fly-wagon" would not have made half to buzzing and commotion caused by the division and fishing into this leathern warehous After waiting and watching with angry in

down at his shoes, "sure-ly they be as st as a wagon, and shoed like a donkey; be to my head, your honour," he added, ta off his hat and scratching his flaxen ke while he surveyed the long, powdered ha his employer; "my head bean't so heav some, for I ha'n't robbed the miller's sack.

- "Come! come along! I meant the to on your head," said Mr. De la Bere, wh his haste, had not looked to see how his w robe was carried.
- "Lord love your honour," cried the r wit, "that bean't much more than a p fork under my arm; Dame De la Bere's day gown would be more of a load."
- "What, man!" exclaimed Mr. De la sharply, upon hearing his whole outfit pared to his aunt's one silk dress, and getting that the style of his travelling, a certain eccentricity of dress, which he then adopted, left the countryman in c as to his rank. His good-nature, however, replaced the feeling of family pride, an added, familiarly, "Come along, my have you're a wag."

- "Why, Ned, my good fellow, you'd a philosopher," said Mr. De la Bere, v smile.
- "May be I might, and may be I mig your honour," replied the countryman, continued earnestness; "but larning 's of long words, and I can't get um int head. As to your honour's outlandish '. fur,' I knows of no fur but the foxes'; may be, it 's that your honour means."
- "No; I meant you looked grave, seemed to be thinking; and that ma philosopher."
- "Be that all, your honour? Then be one of your big words which fits my ay, your honour," he continued, pointhe old axletree they had just crossed, and many's a weary mile I've a-walke side of that there piece of timber, ar a heavy load it has carried in its somehow, your honour, when I cold friend with your load (though, so that bean't very heavy," he added has sis, with a bit of a smile), "I though father, who once was stronger

This respect to the rough but warm-hear mourner was not lost; but the poor can afford to weep long—the coarse sleeve of countryman's smock-frock supplied the pl of a cambric handkerchief. Again his e laughed like his own fields after a shower April; and, overtaking his leader with hearty "long life to your honour! and Got blessing be with it!" he insisted upon resumin his load.

This time Ned placed the trunk on broad shoulders, and, giving them two three lifts as if to weigh the contents, "D it! it bean't so light, after all. If you be gemmun (and I am sure you bees), I we they was all as like to your honour as banes in a manger. For all the world, you as grashus as one of the Deller Bere lad yonder."

of a guide. The cottages, trees, or hedgerows, stood forth like old acquaintances, and revived the memories of "auld lang syne." Dame this or that - poor old "crippledee" Hodge - the bent and gray-haired tillers of the soil - such mortal wrecks, which seemed to his boyhood as if they never could have been young, now rose from the grave, and sat beneath the honeysuckled porch. In that tree his Argus eye had pierced the magpie's cunning;—in this he got a tumble;—in yonder hedges he never missed a hare; —and overhead was still the unchanging kingdom of the cawing rook, to which, summer though it was, the dry bits of fallen twigs bore witness - to say nothing of the white-washed pathway which warned the passer of his peril.

William de la Bere had just emerged in safety from this short avenue of old elms, where the countless and varied roofs of Southam rose one behind another like a scattered village; first, was the house, zig-zagged like a fortified town—angles, nitches, and notches without end, giving warm corners to the vine, the apricot, or pear-tree. A bay-

Need we wonder if the pulse of Norman blood beat with the throb of pride, as William de la Bere looked on the seat of his ancestors?

"There is the dear old place!" he exclaimed, as he looked along the verdant plain in which the venerable building stood; "and there," turning his eyes to the right, "are the hills, the woods and rock, bright in the sunset, as it were but yesterday I climbed amongst them; and there, by all that's glorious—there are my sisters and aunt by the corner of the old yew-tree hedge! Look, man! don't you see them waving their hand-kerchiefs?" and, without waiting for a reply, which he scarcely heeded, he quickened his pace.

The honest Ashmead, however, was soon at his side; and, with his hat in his hand, and something like alarm in his face, he measured William de la Bere's commanding ligure, and said, "Why, sure your honour can never be little Master William?"

"Was once," answered De la Bere, walk-ing somewhat too quick for long speeches.

But Ashmead's doubts were not to be so

"None—none at all," replied De la Bere delighted at the revival of his budding notions of chivalry and war-horses which had led to the ducking; and, worse than that, to the chastisement of his angered father, who, coming up at the moment, and hearing the particulars, swore, with no gentle oath, "Let the boy swim or drown; for, by all that is holy, he is not worth the spur that is lost!"

"You remember, my father was there?" asked Mr. De la Bere, anxious to see what impression the scene had made on his memory.

Ashmead's face looked longer than when he dropped a tear for his mother; and, replying in an under tone, he said, "His word: are whizzing in my ear, and I think I can sent the general before me now; but I didn't much care to remember that part of the story, thought he would have killed poor father."

- "Indeed! was he angry?"
- "Angry! why he banged his black charger over the wall as if it were but a cart-rut Bob, I do mind, was as black as my grease-pot, save a white star on his forehead; but the

tickled his memory—" no, no, I think t must be a tale of your own making."

"True, as I'm a living man!" said A mead, as solemnly as an historian whose we has been questioned.

As may be supposed, the waving handk chiefs had been answered long ere these fe of boyhood were discussed, or even touch upon; and for which, by the way, the founty had afforded ample opportunity. length, however, the last stile was passe the old wall, or invisible fence, which bound the garden and rose to a level with its vel turf and gravel walks, now became quivisible to those who approached, and truant brother was soon within hearing.

- "My dear, dear boy!" cried the swe tempered aunt.
  - "You idle truant!" cried one sister.
- "You wicked deserter!" said another, "have been watching these two hours."
- "Go round to the gate, and we will a and meet you," said the third, "who, with a rest, while watching from the nearest point

smile like a mother's, "you shall not sle

- "You are just as malicious as ever, deserve to be punished," said the your once more throwing her arms round her ther's neck, and stopping the slanderous n with her kisses.
- "Indeed, William, we have mended ways since you were here last," said Miss cilla, sporting a somewhat precise joke.
- "Well, dearest aunt, hang all the and admit my defence, since here I am hand safe. I only quoted the words of aunt, the learned Lady Tabitha."
- "And what did she say?" asked sisters.
- "She invited her nephew, and we him 'it were wise to take the first gap, keep to the fields: for six months our is be impassable; for three there be per sticking fast by the way; and it were to hawk in a warren, than ride through clay pits when baked by the sun."
- "Aunt Tabitha was but a captious maid," said Miss Priscilla; "but t

sided as the building, with an open work all round, and supported by three pieces wood, which met in the centre, and branc into feet like an hour-glass, only that t were carved and curved with the grace of Acanthus: on this were sundry china cups saucers, soft as enamel and transparent as honeycomb; close to this stood the old tak offset devoted to a high silver urn, a cac and teapot. Five straight and high-bac ebony chairs, — carved, twisted, and caned still hovered near the table; and one amouthe five remained precisely as placed by servant.

- "See, dear William," said the aunt, they passed the snug pavilion, "we had forgotten how you used to enjoy your tes the open air."
- "When," dearest aunt, "did you e forget the happiness of others?" said De Bere, kissing her hand with affection, as warm heart felt how trifles in love gain worth which wealth cannot purchase.
- "And there, Willy, dear, was your pluwith your favourite peep—what a shame

dearest aunt, we De la Beres must know which way the wind blows? saw a similar contrivance."

- "Do you forget," cried the aunt, herself up with more hauteur than she assumed, "that the great William Bere dared the billows as boldly as he at the battle of Hastings? Men wh with the conqueror had cause to bles wind, and cherish the thought."
- "True, dear aunt," replied De l smiling at the unwonted tone of her but once housed in old England, the profession of sailor, and ——"
- "Come along, Willy," cried sist interrupting a subject too grave for hering spirits; "what does it matter wh the wind blows when we have you vyou must come and see the state b prepared for yourself, my own great de la Bere."
- "It is all our own work," said I pointing to the tapestry, which accord a large carved bedstead, with silk curt enough to stand alone.



insult of the critique.

"Don't be angry, dear Mat, I the youngest always blushed first; but I mistaken. Was it a hot summer's poor Pyramus died?" aked the fonce with all the ignorant gravity he sume.

"I shall tell you no more about away," cried the spoiled pet of the far

"Why did you ask?" said the who, with the aunt, were more amongry.

"Nay, dearest aunt, law and smoke have nearly driven classics as out of my head; but these clouds rememory of Johnny Dryden's summit he says,—

'The Syrian star

come, sisters, I do remember, it should have been a boar."

- "So we all said," exclaimed the elder but Matty would have a stag."
  - "Indeed! how sadly unclassical!"
- "Boars are such ugly brutes," answer Miss Matty, in defence; "and I said I kne if we put in a pig, you would cut off i tail;" with this allusion to another of Mast William's early feats, Matty gave her brother arm the hardest pinch her little fingers coulachieve, while she once more laughed arch in his face.
- "You little wretch!" exclaimed the br ther, escaping from the torture—"what a you doing?"
- "Only trying to make you squeak, as yo did the ——"

William interrupted the speech by a kis and declared it was time to descend as think about supper.

Presenting an arm to his honoured aun he led her down the oak staircase: while the light-footed sisters vanished like fairies,

- "Yes, your honur," he said, with something like a wink, while he passed one hand from his chin downwards.
- "And remember, Ned, if the ale's strong, it must not make the head weak."
- "Oh, no, your honur," answered Ned-with a knowing nod of the said head.
- "And you must not talk too much about little Master Willum: I shall be a counsellor in a year or two, and wear a wig."
- "I hope it won't be a green un, your honur, like father's in the duck-pond," said Ned Ashmead, with one of his shrewd, ye simple, tones.
- "Go along home, Ned, and think no more about it," said De la Bere, glad to escape one more from a second sly pinch of the laughing Matty.

In a few minutes they were all settled in the bow-window of the old wainscotted parlour the aunt was placed in her chair of state, the nephew on her right, and then the happ sisters gathered round as closely as they could Now his Temple chambers were discussed,—their position, their furniture, and wants; the

Lord Harry, and Priscilla's love for the if not for a promising divine into the and then, to conclude, the batter turned, and William de la Bere hear first time, of Julia Saladin—their pet, their innocent and exquisite flow vale. Happy and devoted family! they dream in that sparkling how poison which would spring from the they cherished.

In the morrow's rambles, Willis Bere saw, for the first time, that bes had mingled with the themes of the evening;—the result is before the remow, after an interval of more years, let us look upon the picture united family; yes, the same in he and every kindly feeling; but, changed in form and features. aunt, verging to the grave and features old age. The same frendered easier by cushions which hack; and, placed in the same the meak expiring Christian

A STANLEY OF THE

St. Paul's Churchyard, give some idea change which time had wrought in these less and devoted beings.

Yes, from the moment they saw how brother had perilled his whole of happupon one throw, it seemed as if they f themselves to watch for the result to alone. Their stakes in the wide lotte bliss were withdrawn; their home be their world; their suitors were repulsed all the gentleness of woman, but, also, that firmness and devotion of which walone is capable.

Whether they foresaw chances on the high-wrought hopes of William de la had never calculated, we cannot take ourselves to say; at least, they appear have read their brother's character a and knew, that if he lost, he would ve no more. How utterly he was beggar the heart's affections when Julia Saladi won by another, is already told: the peof a love like his could never be again the day of his death he had not changed who, in reality, had been torn from his



Duti in the course of came as it were apart from the worl a something of family pride, they clun manners of preceding ages; and, in were left alone in the style of their dre vet, when these sisters were seated panelled parlour, surrounded by the nets and china-by oak, ebony, and worked and carved into all sorts of from a spinnet to a spinning-wheel they were seated in their old-fashioned now pausing to look upon the dial; n ing a long ivory-handled cane to chisilken spaniel of Charles's royal bres starting in the family coach with fou horses (according to the state of Lady 1 roads); they, their carriage, costur gray-headed servants, seemed more mony with all around, than when th

The curious in relics of a departe may be glad to be informed, that the spurs of the great William de la Bere, urged the "little Willum" into the pond, are still in existence; and, in the v church, there are records upon records De la Bere family. One of this heroic if we remember rightly, is lying in his ar and with his legs crossed, in token of h revived the spirit of his great ancestor sailed to the holy land. Of this we are certain, that nine children, kneeling all row, record the prolific virtues of some de Mrs. De la Bere, who, with her lord, li the monument by the side of which he spring kneel and pray: we are the more tive on this point, because there is a preserved of "little Master William," being in the family-pew with his great Lady Tabitha, and sadly weary of the Li said, "Aunty dear, will you lend Willy gold nutmeg-grater to play a game of pins with the little boys and girls."

The request, as may be supposed, refused, with a threatened rap from an

## CHAPTER XVI.

## BLANKISLE HALL, IN THE COUNTY OF DORSE

"Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch you world exactly as it goes."

Byrox.

To return to our hero. The London season was over, and the deserted west had assumed its periodical garb of misery; for, what is we wretched as the mournful silence of a lifeless capital? Solitude in the country is like a tite à-tête with one we love; it is the book we most enjoy when most alone; it is soothing precious as the prayer we breathe within ou closet. But to pass from square to street, as street to square, and see the shutters close as if death were in every house; to behold "The Times" marshalled in the window and with its wide-spread sheet preserving, if once, the blind from dust; to see the paper

glorious nibble, it is so natural to his the luxuries which her dear daughters known from their infancy; how "she he they would never marry—it would be st trial, unless, indeed, a change of style uncalled for;" and then, when there con positive and palpable bite from the mou an innocent gold fish, mammas have, by parison, such justifiable demands touce settlements and pin-money. Oh, yes! is nothing like a dash and a splash when tionless daughters are exhibited for sale. would look at le chapeau de paille, a Cla a Rubens, if shewn in Duck Alley, St field—admittance only one penny?

The Marchioness of Blankisle was on those wise mothers who adopted this sys and lived to the verge of, if not a little bey her husband's income. Family pride, true, aided and abetted a course equally g ful to father and mother; and, if the mar sometimes suggested the prudence of savsomething for his dear Helen, this effo daring policy, on the part of the husband quickly overruled byelders—was there a preponderating influshe was, in fact—and we use the simile a highest possible compliment—the unrivulte of society. She could extract a some out of nothing by some happy ingenui mixture; she could make a golden calf tender, or a booby palatable. They all down, they all passed off with éclat; for was brought in and brought out with exquisite judgment and taste, that calboobies, and bores, were made to contra their quota of amusement.

Of all society, there is none to be pared to that of a fine house in the conwell filled; Blankisle Hall afforded former, and the marchioness's skill profor the latter.

It was in the course of a fine Oc month that Melton de Mowbray fulfilled promise, and arrived with his hunters, he dogs, double-barrels, battering-train, equipage complete, of a single man of fas His reception, on the part of the marq evinced the cordial welcome of the old En

cussing those who were born to redeen grosser thoughts, which leads every a conceal from his fellows the signs of a too generally ridiculed as a weakne folly; even the few, whose strength o can rise above common opinion, and confess the refinement due to woma fluence, are the more likely to shudde the sense of profanation, if babbling t could point to the idols which their have chosen from the many.

Of this feeling, Melton de Mowbristrongly susceptible, and still more si was the feeling echoed on the part of Helen; not even the marchioness hersel pierce the sacred veil in which their communing was shrouded. In vai watched their eyes, and strove to restfulness of expression, of which we have deavoured to convey a faint idea, by the of a dark and beautiful mystery. If the sensibility of aught which dared to upon the mirror of their thoughts, heighter happiness when free from obsersuch exquisite reward was purchased be

expected visitors had afforded the sati amusement in which associates genera dulge. Family after family had bee nounced; their dresses, manners, and tions had been criticised and compare prophecies and dare-says; the half hour dinner had passed like magic at Lady ] isle's bidding; the banquet was over, as ladies were bowed out, when, owing numbers, the men gathered into t groups; little gangways were made dessert for the transit of the bottle; an set was amply provided by the watchful The statesmen collected, where they be, at the head; next to these was a of county politicians; and next, some squires and rosy parsons, livers on the and little learned beyond cool port, hotl and a fox's brush. The younger and civilised men, who could read as well a and knew London better than their c town, completed the party at the bot

The London season, neighbouring horses, dogs, women, had each passed

- "you're most censorious. Why, the matchioness is the most correct woman in world: for shame, Duke!"
- "You know what I mean—maternal loss She walked me about like a baby in leading strings, till your letter decided your coming and then she let me run alone."
- "Indeed! I have heard that her ladyship was providential, and generally kept mor strings than one for her bow."
- "And more beaux than one for her line said a young lieutenant of the guards, who was a guest for the day.
- "Her manœuvres would fail if she had n her compliment," said Sir Charles Wiffin ton, with one of his imperturbable sneers.
- "The devil a compliment did her ladysh ever pay me," said the lieutenant, laughing the slight he acknowledged.
- "You she deems too young, my dear at to know the value of her compliments; the are kept in reserve for those who can purch promotion." And, as Sir Charles said this, I full dark eye rested upon Mowbray, to who he owed something like spite and envy sin

ladies first! I propose 'The health of Lady Helen Fawndove, and a gold christening cup for the winner;'" looking knowingly at our hero as he concluded.

Mowbray's soft and sleepy eye woke with the flashing of a tiger's rage, and darted vengeance on the giver of the toast. His lordship recoiled, and looked as silly as a man who is half sobered by a sudden sense of danger. The change startled Mowbray in his turn, and gave him time to regain his selfpossession, and remember it was still the custom to give individual toasts.

"A bumper, I presume, my lord?" he said with cool politeness; "but it were an insult to add more than the name: the winner will need no subscription to add to the value of the prize."

"Lady Helen, and nothing more," said the Duke of Dublin, filling his glass. " I wish, Mowbray, she were not too cleve!"

for me."

"What! dead beat—not placed?" said
Lord Betting, pricking up his ears. "You
remember the long odds, "The said

ladies first! I propose 'The health o Helen Fawndove, and a gold christenis for the winner;'" looking knowingly hero as he concluded.

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are the seed of wrinkles; and wrinkles, tured into smiles, are frightful as a grin monkey. What say you, Mowbray? have not learnt to be of my opinion?"

- "Really, Sir Charles, you have the vantage of me, by keeping a monkey to; feet the study of comparison."
- "Ah, poor Jackomie! But, what broughim before you?"
- "Reflection, Sir Charles. I have not i gotten you once had the compliment of be taken for a porter in Jackomie's cause, and-
- "True, true," said Sir Charles, interruing any further reflections on the past; "I I am sure you must agree with me, and al it is melancholy to see dear Lady Blank smile; and, when particularly gracious, 'tis positively painful: her face is pucket like a powder-puff—is it not?"
- "Now, Sir Charles, you have the adtage of years, and the poet's figurative in is lost upon my ignorance. Is your pow puff a variety of monkey?"
- "Ah," answered the baronet, who some ten years senior to those around 1

" Pray give us the light of your y said Mowbray, compelling his lips to specific he could not command the blood to circum we are dying to hear the penance angel, and tale of a powder-puff."

Others seconded the request with oaths and jokes, which we are willing to

"I was but a boy," continued Sir Che" but shall never forget my poor mother the hands of Mons. Pommade, the grand continued of his day. I think I see her now, seather boudoir à poudre, swaddled in white submitting like a saint to the ceremon laying the first stone."

"The headstone, I presume you made Mowbray.

"Precisely! yes, as the hair was do
to tower aloft, it was necessary to lay a f
ation to build upon."

put out, and repeated, "Then came the immortal architect, with his chef-d'œuvre in hand ——"

- "And what sort of 'chay' was that? I don't speak Freuch. Did it go with one hand or two?" asked the young country squire.
  - " Why! that was his powder-puff."
  - " And pray, what was that like?"
- "Like an old lady's smiles, or a young elephant's trunk. The latter is the better; for though, when wrinkled and puckered, it resembled the painful smiles of an old woman's face, it lengthened, at will, longer than face ever grew."
- "And was it this ugly machine that gave the coup de grace?" asked Mowbray.
- "So thought our mothers, and, with it, they learned the moral of 'dust to dust;' as Monsieur Pommade poured forth flour enough to make a scarcity of bread, and enveloped Lady Wiffington in perfumed clouds couleur de rose."
- "And befitting an angel," added Mowbray to fill up the sentence, and laying a peculiar but indescribable emphasis on the word

"You mistake me, my lord," said Mowbray, once more flashing fire; "when a lady is at stake, I never lay more than a horsewhip: and that is, perhaps, more than your lordship would wish to take, or desire to win. Having drunk your toast, I beg to defer our bets until to-morrow."

His lordship was silent, and not quite knowing how to take the words, he took a second bumper instead—he could not be mistaken there.

Sir Charles had watched Mowbray, and Quietly enjoyed a few pangs which he had seen him betray; it was not quite without malice that he turned the conversation, by saying-

"What a thousand pities that women will attempt a smile when they have passed their climacteric!"

"I don't see why an old woman should not laugh as well as a young one," said an bryo squire, with a heart swimming in the Grape.

" Forgive me, gay juvenile!" said Sir Charles, with his never-changing composure; You are infinitely wrong; smiles and dimples are the seed of wrinkles; and wrinkles, tortured into smiles, are frightful as a grinning monkey. What say you, Mowbray? have you not learnt to be of my opinion?"

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"I forget what mere children of the world you are compared to myself; you cannot remember hair-powder in its highest acme, and, probably, never saw your mammas do penance in a white sheet."

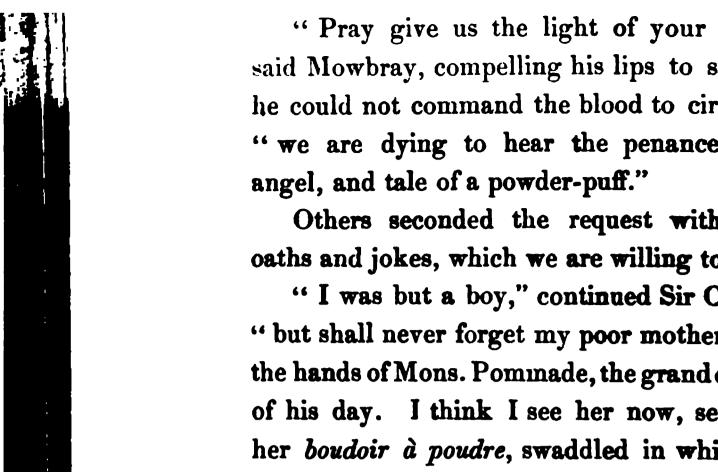
The question was general, but Sir Charles's looks were fixed on Mowbray as the words were uttered; his blood curdled at the simple question, and the spirit of vengeance against the slayer of his mother's honour was, for an instant, turned against Sir Charles. "Did he mean that blow?" he said within himself, as he fixed his flashing eyes upon the baronet: if intended, the bland and quiet expressive face gave no grounds for such interpretation. As Mowbray did not immediately reply, Sir Charles's eye sailed quietly right and left for an answer.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Not I," said one.

<sup>&</sup>quot;What do you mean?" asked another.

<sup>&</sup>quot;D—n it, Sir Charles," said Lord Betting; "I hope your mother was not a—"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Lady Wiffington was an angel—thank you, nevertheless, my lord, for your flattering hopes," said Sir Charles, with a bow which



"Pray give us the light of your said Mowbray, compelling his lips to s he could not command the blood to cir "we are dying to hear the penance angel, and tale of a powder-puff."

oaths and jokes, which we are willing to "I was but a boy," continued Sir C

"but shall never forget my poor mother the hands of Mons. Pommade, the grand of his day. I think I see her now, se her boudoir à poudre, swaddled in whi submitting like a saint to the cerem laying the first stone."

"The headstone, I presume you said Mowbray.

"Precisely! was as the hair was d

put out, and repeated, "Then came the in mortal architect, with his chef-d'œuvre in h hand ——"

- "And what sort of 'chay' was that? don't speak French. Did it go with one har or two?" asked the young country squire.
  - " Why! that was his powder-puff."
  - " And pray, what was that like?"
- "Like an old lady's smiles, or a youn elephant's trunk. The latter is the better for though, when wrinkled and puckered, resembled the painful smiles of an old woman face, it lengthened, at will, longer than face ever grew."
- "And was it this ugly machine that gav the coup de grace?" asked Mowbray.
- "So thought our mothers, and, with it they learned the moral of 'dust to dust;' a Monsieur Pommade poured forth flour enoug to make a scarcity of bread, and envelope Lady Wiffington in perfumed clouds couler de rose."
- "And befitting an angel," added Mou bray to fill up the sentence, and laying a pecu liar but indescribable emphasis on the wor

ceased to discuss the loaves and fishes; havitaken wine enough to drown the former swim the latter, they thought it time to a journ. The squires and parsons followed i their train, having first cleared their throat by "the brush," in a bumper once more. The juniors, with Sir Charles Wiffington at their head, closed the rear; and the men relieve that heavy, protracted tedium, which women sweet flatterers! were wont to complain of i those days.

"And is it ever so?" said Mowbray 1 himself, as he sought the drawing-room, and dwelt on the parting look of his misguide mother. "Can we never be secure of the happiness we build upon? How little did look for misery to-night!"

Music, cards, and conversation, filled the time until the carriages were announced and, in the anxious and expressive welcome Lady Helen's eyes, Mowbray found that opis which alone can soothe the pangs of a suffing mind. A slight cold, or a somethin excused Lady Helen from the piano; and accepted Mowbray's challenge to a game

was pronounced by a man, whose pe muffled up to the eyes, like a race winter.

- "Beg pardon, De Mowbray," said known, turning back the flap of a blat jockey cap, and pulling down a shat cloth to give vent to his words; "be; —eh! don't know me in my body Betting—Lord Betting."
- "I beg your lordship's pardon," sa bray, with a distant bow. "I really recognise you."
- "No, that will never do; there's n beg my pardon, though I wished to be
  - " Indeed!"
- "Yes, De Mowbray; Dublin tel thinks I offended you."
- "Not quite, my lord; I was on you might."
- "Upon my soul I did not mean the marquess's wine is so confounded! that it gallops off with the brains."
- "In which case, my dear lord, the is apt to take the bit between its to run away without them."

:

guests of the house talked over the guests of the day, in which delightful employment we are bound to confess, that Mowbray's halfsatiric tone, and Lady Helen's quiet, playful originality of humour, added not a little to the attic salt with which this supper was rendered piquante and palatable.

"Positively backbiting!" cries Miss Prim, who reads without glasses at the age of ——. A little naughty, we allow, though vastly amusing; but we paint our characters true to nature, and think how lucky it is there is one rule without an exception, "None are perfect!" And, what is more, we fear that, to mere man, mortal perfection would seem most excessively insipid.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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struction, it becomes a question, whether ti sudden death of happiness may not be a light blow than to see it dwindle, linger, and ou live itself. It is not merely in animal an vegetable life that reproduction from decay in perpetual progress. The same occurs in th sources of happiness which spring to-morro from beneath the ruin of our happiness to-day but this is a truth which our hearts are apt t combat, and slow to acknowledge. In the or case, the change is so obvious and constant, the the dullest must remark it. The smoke-drie mechanic sees the refuse of his city-marke sold to insure a future crop; the ploughb spreads the trodden straw to nourish the se which has the germ of life within it; c bodies are consigned to earth, and the ra. grass which springs above the grave, his to the heedless of the transmigration of o earthly portion; the parson's sheep destr the grass; the honoured guests dine with t parson, and destroy his mutton and but we do not wish to prove how innocent men may be cannibals, we are merely anxio to point out that the change from life to d

with the hand of Lady Helen Fawndove, stead of ordaining those trials which w brooding overhead; but the observations n not have been made in vain, if the reader vapply them in the future career of Melton Mowbray.

To be honest, however, while one chap began by noticing that buoyant spirit of yo which hastens to the goal of happiness deems immortal, we were striving to acco within ourselves for the motives which in enced Lady Helen and Melton de Mowbray

How deeply, how fondly, they loved, been confessed by more than the language their eyes; and yet, instead of hurrying ward to the temple of Love, they were conto linger by the way—to sip the sweets twine the flowers of their rosy path. It minates been that, young as they were, the deeper turn of thought had ruminated on misery which mingles within the lot of me that a something in the spirit of prophecy whispered doubts of the future: they spend of the happiness they felt, lest minates should hear the boast and turn to destroy

her part, felt she was wholly and honoural acquitted of plotting with the manœuvrer.

This assurance once established, they cot even find amusement in Lady Blankisle's lit polished way of throwing them together; but ungrateful as they were, they took a quie malicious pleasure, in blinding the anxious mother to the truth; and what added to the weight of sin, they accepted all her kind tentions, and yet, with that mysterious fulne of expression so remarkable in both, they gethe labourer no promise of return for the tof mind and body.

Such was the happy position on the part, and the anxious expectation on the other when matters were brought to a crisis by trifling, but unlooked-for, accident.

The month of November, wretched as sounds when associated with the fogs of Ladon, may still be a joyous month in a puatmosphere: such was the case at the perion which we write, and as, on the morrow Mr. Noble's fox hounds were to draw the manuess's covers, the guests of Blankisle Hadecided upon going to see them throw off.

web was thrown upon the furze and bent beneath the diamonds of the sparkling dew: for horses, dogs, and men, never was there promise of a finer hunting-day.

Soon after breakfast, a string of carriage filed towards the hall-door; some were closed dreaded an autumnal breeze, and were contentate to see less than younger eyes; others wer thrown open for those who could brave anenjoy the invigorating air, and, naturall\_\_\_\_y, wished to see and be seen as much as possibl \_\_e. One by one, each various equipage was started with its precious freight, armed cap-à-pi- =ed with muffs, tippets, cloaks, shawls, and comments. forters; next came the livelier group of groots and saddle-horses, each apparently animat ===ed by the thoughts of the scene they were about to witness; girths were tightened, saddles a....d. justed, bridles glanced at, a ruffled hair lamid smooth, all with quickness and precision, if it were a case of life or death. As to the noble animals, it was beautiful to see the firof the watchful eye, the restless ears catching at every sound, the body trembling with

with life, and freshened by the air of Heaven her symmetry half shewn and half conceale by the flowing habit; her sunny locks playin with the wanton breeze, and struggling t escape from hat or cap, which mingles arch ness with intelligence; the snow-white collar falling like the petals of the lily, and shame by the fairer neck which rises from withinwhen, we ask, does woman look more lovely Can the lace and jewels of a ball-dress vie win this? Can the atmosphere of midnight revel meet with the breath of morn? waltz, graceful, joyous, maddening though be, hold comparison with the springy swiftn. of the glorious horse?—if there be one thinks it can, let him wait "till morn i breaks," and watch the jaded looks of divinity he has worshipped by night, and, the morrow, let him mark the return of who has ridden "o'er the hills and far awes and known the only excitement which lest no lassitude behind.

But, hark to the huntsman's horn in the distance!—how every voice is hushed, and eyes are turned, as if to meet the sound; see

"Thank your honour, I never unlig replied the youth, as cool as a boy on a r ing-horse.

And there he stuck, till the horse ma desperate effort, and brought himself and rider to shore. On his right was his co Jack Fish, who stuck to his saddle as hi lative did to his horse. It was told of and we believe the fact, that intending to the winding of a river, his horse came to a dead halt on the bank that the girths broken by the shock, and, while the I remained behind, Jack arrived safe on opposite bank, with the saddle between legs: from that day he was only know "the flying fish." But we must not tarr details; enough to say, that Mr. Noble the thing in the very best style—had a of from eighty to a hundred horses for hir and suite; two packs of the fleetest fox ho in England, lodged in kennels as sweet drawing-room, and, from the master to deputy dog-cook, the whole appointment perfect.

To look at the staid features of the

springs burst, in the winter months, from mountains of snowy chalk. They were so to find; the knowing ones knew, nay, so artless virgins imagined, if they were a for there they would dwell.

- "Is it not a glorious sight?" said Mc bray to Lady Helen Fawndove, as he nest close to her side, and soothed the impatien of his docile Arabian.
- "It is, indeed!" replied Lady Helen, it eyes and features lit with animation. 'almost wish I were a man."
- "I am glad, dear Helen, that you qual the wish."
- "I do, I do, for your sake," said La Helen, a slight blush recalling the rose who had fled in the excitement of the momen but that woman must have the heart of sto who could not enter into the spirit of a scene."
- "Or feel with the feelings of a man," so Mowbray, with one of his playful tones satire.
  - "Nay, now that is too severe; men because I felt with you, and for you, a

pet greyhound," added Lady Helen, sti with the graceful ease of horse and rider.

They both continued to watch in silent pectation. Though the heights on which: stood enabled them to look down on the pl ations, yet the furze, grass, and brushwe were too high to give much view of hounds. Here and there, a few tails appear above the surface, and, like the pipe of diving-bell, gave notice of a busy body bel Now and then, too, a head popped up, the hound leaped some matted and impe trable bush; nevertheless, independently these passing signs, their progress was so ciently marked by the startled rabbits, wh darting through the hedge, scurried alo and shewed their white scuts as they bo into their earths. Then, again, the timid h took to the fields; and, in more than one stance, was so intent upon the alarm fi which it fled, as to approach the spectators the hill without heeding man, the most structive of animals. One passed within few feet of Lady Helen, whose gentler na sympathised with its fears.

ing about the cover like poachers. I headed the fox, and ——"

- "Sha'n't we see it again? Say yes."
  Melton; say yes."
- "Yes, yes, my own sweet Helen!" an Mowbray, whose hunting ecstasy was ex by that of hearing "dear Melton" first time.
- "And yonder it is!" cried Lady glad to escape the impassioned smile accompanied Mowbray's look of deligh pointing to a fine fox which now broke

The same countrymen who had once the fox, now raised a view halloa, and dred eyes were fixed upon the runaway he went with boldness in his flight; he his country, and took to it as if he kn strength and cunning. No pottering hanging about the cover from which I been so unceremoniously disturbed; but ing the air, to try which way the wind he chose its course, and beat its speed, was the signal for a general move; thands, with their purpled scarlets and

the devil can it be? Well, well, he won lead long. Thank fortune, there 's no gal and they can't lift the hinges."

"Who 's that on the chestnut?" ask. Lady Helen.

"Lord Betting; and over he goes like stag. Bravo, my lord! I forgive you for that Beautiful! again and again. Next is O'Donnel. How I wish the gate were a wall, and you would see his Irish mare touch the top like a greyhound! Come, dearest Helen; I know every inch of the country, and we can see more of the sport from yonder hills;" and off they cantered.

Indeed, it seemed as if the very carriages had heard the hounds, and grown frisky with the sound. They were all in motion, though nothing was heard but the creaking of the springs and leather as they passed along the downy turf. The spectators, with one accord threw aside their passive intentions, and seeme anxious to gain another view.

Lady Helen Fawndove and Mowbray, whad set the example, soon left their corpanions behind; as if they were determine

grounds, and, if we skirt its course, v soon be home."

Once more Lady Helen urged the b Arab she rode, and soon came in sigh river, which, in the distance, wound a a valley of water-meadows, and glitter a silver streamer. The course they we to pursue was immediately above the which here became straight and rapi chalk-hill had lost its usual character, clined abruptly to the water's edge, a shelving base had been carried away flood as it retreated by the vallies fr face of the earth.

Lady Helen was a perfect and is horsewoman, and, when Mowbray point the sheep paths, one of which was their shorter way, and asked if she defollow, her playful answer was—"In De Mowbray leads the dead would for words said to have been spoken on the Agincourt, when his gallant ancestor, a charge the victorious English, challe surviving few to follow and die.

Indeed, Mowbray had galloped alor

The list makes wheres

Laty Heen, for the moment, could only smaller, remain the presents of his hand, and lead her head types has shoulder; and when, after a few sections, she was able to speak and sective him that she was later alarmed, he side contains, but primiting to the heavens above, their full and swelling hearts united in a sleat prayer of gratuatie.

When this has been paid, they looked to the poor brate who had been so suddenly rolled into a cold bath: and, as their eyes glanced at the relative position held by themselves and the two horses, it was impossible to refrain from laughter. To begin with the lower point of the triangle they formed; the gentle Arab having gained a ducking and regained her feet, found little difficulty is getting to land, as the river was shallow with a bottom firm as a gravel walk; once on shore, she gave herself a shake, like a water-dog, looked for her companions, neighed, then

to was, however, effected in safety by Mo bray's gaining a firm rest for his feet—a he for one hand, while the other was extended raise the fallen.

"Thank God that it is no worse!" he criwith fervour, as, having reached the unbrokapath, he once more pressed Lady Helen to his ide, and gained her consent that, on the morrow, he might ask to claim her as his own from the hands of her parents.

"A thousand, thousand thanks!" he exclaimed, when the first meeting of their lips breathed from the heart all that remained unsaid. How true it is, that we know not the value of those we love till danger threatens to snatch them from us!

Moments like these can never perish—they are like the brilliant gathered from the bed of earthly dross; they live apart, treasured, as sullied, and immortal, while baser things distand are forgotten. They are years in existence—by the intensity of feeling, thought, an memory; they are—life,—but, alas! by the figures of the dial, how fleet and transitory!

The cares of this world soon closed up

stopped from time to time to crop some mouth fuls irresistibly inviting.

Having proceeded somewhat less than quarter of a mile, they came to a dip, in a carthly sense, and not the river; or, to more comprehensible, to a shelving hollon caused, probably, by some huge landslip a former days. This enabled Mowbray to descend to the Arab, and encourage it to mount, while "fair Helen" played the page and held the bridle of the other horse. Mowbray some returned; and, leading the two horses by one hand, while he aided Lady Helen to ascend the ravine with the other, they soon gained the summit of the downs.

Having thus left the shorter, but somewhat more perilous road, Mowbray looked with anxiety to the damage which had been done in the revolutions performed by the falling Arab. The pommel had been flattened to the saddle, and one girth was broken; the latter was quickly supplied from his own horse, and the pommel, though broken, was so strongly attached to the skin—to use a surgical phrase

of pockets; and Lady Helen produced a green velvet case embroidered in gold, velowbray recognised as a trifle he had since presented. In an instant, he seized weapon he had prayed for; in another rebel ringlet was pressed to his lips, and the transferred to its promised quarters.

"The ungrateful make no return!" Lady Helen, as she received back the scis and blushed at the reproach she had utter

Gladly, gratefully, was it done a Mowbray proved how readily he had is preted the meaning of her words; and, a presented a lock of his own hair, "Thus, said, "my own beloved, we pledge our famay death alone divide it!"

Lady Helen was too much overcom reply; and the contract of devoted love, w had been engraved by the meeting of lips, was finally sealed by the selfsame in ment.

As soon, however, as she was able to a her lips to the profaner purposes of w "Promise me," she said, "this one req that, come what may, no hand but thine



clasp it in my arms!" cried Mowbray while he thus punished the fair libel whispered what he felt, "that Helen world to him."

"Worlds were not made to stand said Lady Helen, as soon as the ment was over; "indeed, I fear; will be anxious; pray help me saddle."

Mowbray instantly obeyed; and, his hands as a stepping-stone for he foot, she was about to spring to he when, pointing to the pommel, he said-

"Stop! stop! dear Helen! we I gentle with the fractured limb. Let if my pet has forgotten her former less

And, going to the head of his Ara held it lightly by the bridle, and touc handkerchief, assured her all was right; not till then did Mowbray read the grac assurance of continued favour. This reminhim of one important inquiry; he had time to say—

- "Must it be your father? shall I add the marquess first?"
- "Shame on your want of gallan Mamma, if you please. We ladies alclaim priority," answered Lady Helen Fedove, with one of her archest smiles, hastened to her mother's fond embrace.

think of nothing else. As usual, he sat Lady Helen at dinner, but his attentions we1 unusually marked. Lady Blankisle was ecstasies; and, after the ladies had retired she made her daughter give a second edition of her accident, and sought for additions, wit explanatory notes, by such subtle and tend€ inquiries, as — "Was he not dreadfull alarmed? and what did he do? Did yo faint? Did your head fall on the grouncal Did you soon recover? and what did he say Excepting, however, a somewhat unwont brightness in the eyes and cheeks, the anxior mother perceived no new light; so careful did Lady Helen shroud words and feeling which she treasured as sacred.

Even Mowbray, the model of fashionabl indifference, though not exposed to leading questions, proceeded less ably in appearing himself. One moment he forgot to pass the bottle; another, was accused of having a standing bumper before him. He raised an empty glass to drink it off; or took the bottle to add to a glass too full to hold another drop. One man asked him—

At a late hour the gentlemen sought the drawing-room; and once more a game chess with Lady Helen atoned for the tortulof a separation which had seemed an alternative of the played better, nor quicker, that on former occasions.

On the following morning Mowbray arose early; his sleep had been broken, his dreams by night less happy than his thoughts by day. Lady Helen's accident recurred with all the frightful distortions of creative fancy. He beheld her struggling in the river, and his Arab plunging by her side;—he felt the earth break from beneath his feet, and his breath failing as he sank through the air;—he stood by the river, he heard a voice which cried, "Save me! save me! Hear me, ere we part for ever!" He strove to plunge to her relief, but his feet were rooted to the shore. He saw her sinking, her hands stretched towards him, and the words, "Hear me! hear me!" lingered on the waters which had closed around her sinking form. The agony of that momen awoke the dreamer.

" It was but a dream!" repeated Mowbray

wish a "bon soir," or "felicissima without offending.

- "Est-ce que monsieur a bien dormi quired François, receiving no answer first salutation.
- "Ah! François, is that you?" said bray, roused from the contemplation flowers which he had gathered.
- "Oui, monsieur, I vas frightened death to find you not in di bed; I hop you carry yourselve vel to-day."
- "Never better, François; but I cou eleep, I had the night-mare."
- "Ah! ah! c'est cela, monsieur; I ve you had mounted your gray mare, and ge avay."

And François ventured to laugh own joke. He had read his master's expression, and was not deceived in the of an applauding smile.

- "But what is that?" asked Mo changing from gay to grave, and poin a paper on the floor.
- "Dat, sar," said François, going paper, and picking it up from the floor;

## " London, Nov. 18, 1

" Melton, my beloved son, will you forgive your unhappy father? We are ruined! My partner, a villain in wl placed unbounded confidence, has gaml the funds, lost enormously, used the as: the house, compromised the firm, and with all he could collect to America. V beggared, my son; beggared and disg for ever! For myself I care not, but of heart is bleeding—breaking—for you, name is in the firm, and whose prope liable. Can you forgive me? Heaven witness with what pure intentions your was added to the firm—it was but to ai in receiving at my death the wealth for I toiled in my life. Fly to me, my son me you forgive—aid me in this hour of t my strength and sight are failing—my h bowed with sorrow. Your poor father has survived the wreck of home, and p scorned a sneering world, dares not fac withering blow. Hasten, I implore y your affectionate and ruined father,

"John de Mowbe

resented it to his master. It was rec mechanically, crushed and crumpled with vulsive force, and cast away. Without sp ing. Mowbray sank upon a chair, supp his head with upraised arms, and seemed lost in contemplation of the flowers he gathered and arranged.

"Poor, poor Helen!" he said at len and presently, as if a new feeling had a midst the wreck of all his hopes—as i voice of a father's love had called from at the ruins which had fallen on his head, he as "And, alas! my poor father!—yes, you will come; you shall not call in vain."

François began to feel that he was de and, with a delicacy sometimes found i humblest station, was retreating as silen possible; when the sound of a large bell with its iron tongue the approach of bre hour.

- "What's that?" cried Mowbray, st on his feet and looking wildly around hi
- "Di avant courier for di brakefast; François, as he still held the door in his

we add, that Mowbray always formed one the many?

"How shall I meet her?" he exclaimed as, clasping his hands in agony he paced th room, and strove to call forth his innat strength of character. "How shall I part the sneering jests of heartless man?" he asket himself, as he started at his wild and haggan looks reflected from the glass. "But it must and it shall be done!" he said; and, raising the fatal letter from the floor, he restored it, a well as might be, to its original form. H forced himself to read it again; and, softene by the appeal of a father's affection, he kisse the characters which called him "my son," as fell on his knees at the foot of his bed: 1 raised his voice to the Father in Heaven who ears are ever open to the prayers of the sorrowful.

It was no slight effort; but, with featuredress, and manner, composed as usual, descended to the dining-room, the very room in which, but the evening before, he was lead in the reveries of coming bliss — now



in an under tone as they proceeds library.

"Helen—dearest Helen!" said .
the moment they were alone, and
with looks which told at once the
and devotion of his heart—his lips 1
say more.

"For Heaven's sake speak! tell you ill? say what has happened-speak, for Heaven's sake, speak!" or Helen, as she strove to read the calchange so sudden and so dreadful.

"Helen, my own beloved!" said he as he resumed the power of speech kindness, those looks, unman me." avoid the expression which confess deeply he was loved, or, to conceal to which he could not control he turn

- store?" asked Lady Helen with beseech agony, as her fears were alarmed anew.
- "Promise to be firm, and I will t you all."
  - " I will, I will."
- "Promise to meet me after I have spoken to your mother, one hour hence."
  - " I do."
- "May Heaven be merciful! bless thee, and support thee!" As Mowbray concluded this fervent wish he pressed Lady Helen's hand to his lips. One drop had fallen purer, brighter than the gems which sparkled in the ring she wore; another was succeeding; the hand was still sealed to the lips, when a foot step was heard, and the Marchioness of Blanl isle appeared in sight.
- "Your mother!" said Mowbray, relinquisting the hand.
- "How can I meet her now?" asked Las Helen, shrouding her tears within her han kerchief.
- "I will prevent it," said Mowbray, maki an instant effort to repress his feelin "Happy and blessed in sparing you one n

## CHAPTER III.

THE BOUDOIR, OR PARTING SCE

"Famine is in thy c
Need and oppression staring in thy loo
Contempt and beggary hang on thy bac
SHAES

WE cannot precisely say what was pelling force which urged Lady Bl intrude upon the lovers. It certain aberration from her usual course, the the subordinate bodies moved in a with the system she ordained.

It is possible that for once she the anxious looks betrayed by Lady the breakfast-table, and, linking this events of yesterday, thought the arrived for a favourable crisis. Makell as little children, often dread in the dark.

to shew it to you. Did you ever see my clection of butterflies and minerals?"

- " It is an honour I never had."
- "Oh, dear! I shall be so happy to display my curiosities: so few men in the country think of more than their horses and dogs this way, let me be your pilot."

Lady Blankisle's sanctum was up stain; a delightful snuggery at the end of a suite of rooms. They had to pass (that is, her ladyship thought proper to pass,) through the old hall, where divers of the guests were hovering round a large wood fire, whilst two of the party were engaged at billiards.

- "Oh, do come! we are so glad to see you," cried some of the party who caught sight of their hostess upon Mowbray's arm; "you must join us, we have just made up a match between his grace and Lady Jaue."
- "You know, my dears," said Lady Blank isle, "it is a game I do not understand, and Mr. Melton de Mowbray has promised to in spect my collections."
  - "Shame! shame!" cried the good-ten

understands that rule, if she knows noth else."

- "Quite agree, my dear Jane; she is kind-hearted being, and always dying to best her favours on the *poor*; ere long, we she wear them."
- "So, you won't ride?" cried the Duke Dublin, repeating his question to Mowbr when his back was turned.
  - " No, duke! you see I am engaged."
  - " For the day?"
  - "Ay, duke, and for the morrow too."

There was a sudden change—a deep a thrilling tone which accompanied these i words. Lady Jane, on the point of attempt another cannon, dropped the mace, and paut to look at the speaker; others followed example, but they only saw his back, while led the marchioness away.

- "Was that De Mowbray's voice?" as Lady Jane, who seemed to doubt the fact.
- "His, or his spirit's!" answered his gu of Dublin.
- "Then it must have been the latter, for was the gravest sound I ever heard,"

Passing from one object of virtù another, her ladyship took up a morocco cand touching a spring, displayed a superb of brilliants.

- "I do so hope you will admire them," I said with one of her ugliest smiles.
  - " It were impossible to do otherwise."
- "They are of the finest water; but to design—the taste of these sprigs, which be like the waving corn?"
  - " Quite perfect."
- "Indeed! now, I am delighted; they longed to the marquess's great-grandmoth and have been handed down like heir-loom the family, and I ventured, with the n quess's permission, to have them reset. I so glad you admire the style."
- "Could not be better; but, Lady Bla isle ——"
- "Oh, I must tell you of dear Helen's of nacy; she insisted upon my wearing then the next drawing-room, though I told they were intended as a cadeau for her and should never be worn until she ried."

- "I am sure you will feel that a ranxiety for her daughter's happiness n plea for watchfulness; and I do confe I have lately thought—I will add, that observed with pleasure, that your at were marked."
- "It is on this point, Lady Blank this theme that I wish, yet tremble, to you."
- "On such a subject the marquess probably, be deemed a fitter person the self; but my opinions are always harmony with my dear lord's, that, if yo proper to make me the bearer of your will gladly report them."
  - " My only wish ---"
- "Let me add," continued the marc interrupting Mowbray in his attemp plain, "it were now idle to doubt y tentions; and, knowing as I do, the massentiments, I may relieve your mind by no man could seek the hand of Lad; whom we should deem so worthy as you
- "Spare me, Lady Blankisle, sp these words of kindness!"

The marchioness turned deadly partial while she drew herself back in her chargerded Mowbray with a look in which anger, and indignation, struggled for not her whole frame trembled with emotion it was a minute or more ere she counterance to her feelings.

"Sir," she said, her voice trembli passion, "the name of De Mowbi crowned with honour on the field of Ag and has passed without a taint from age

Mowbray could not refuse a slight

"If poverty," she continued, in bitter tone, "fell upon your house, as merce degraded its pride of ancestry still was honour in their dealings; I it would seem, forgetting this jewel wh fathers prized so highly, trust to a trad wealth for insulting the feelings of family with impunity."

"Madam!" said Mowbray, who the early history of her ladyship's life, whose independence I honour for pursued the honest calling of a go might have spared the reproach of outward appearance; the contents will for themselves, they seal my doom," and ing his arms, Mowbray watched in siles effect of a perusal.

The marchioness's attention was in fixed by the opening words; as she proc her countenance changed to wonder as to despair. With her mouth open, the lip drooping, her eyes devoured the and, while they read one line, glanced e at the following; a second time she through, and then, as if the better feel a parent prevailed, she said, "Indee De Mowbray, I feel for your poor fat am, indeed, very, very sorry;" nay, these were accompanied by a certain twink the eye which threatened a tear, thou know not what proportion of this tribi to the share of father and son. tressing, and most extraordinary!" sa marchioness, once more fixing her eyes "Can there be no mistake, no Are you certain of Sir John de Mou hand?"

- "Let the curse be on me alone; I corresign, and not to urge a claim which a were villany to seek."
  - " Do you leave to-day?"
- "Immediately, but I felt the explain I have given due to yourself and the quess."
  - " May I inquire how you travel?"
- "I hope to arrive at Dorchester in t save the mail."
- "Mr. De Mowbray travel in the how truly I feel for your dreadful re Shall I ring for Annette; perhaps you some orders to give?" asked Lady Blawho, having recovered her first shock, to think that the next best manœuvre be, to get her long dreamt-of son-in-law the house as quickly as possible.
- "I will claim your ladyship's ki a little longer; I have yet a sadder and crave your permission to impart to Helen the sacrifice which honour oblig to make."
- "That task will be best entrusted mother's tongue."

- "If Lady Helen joins in the prayer Mowbray, making one more appeal seized the marchioness's hand, and ag plored the boon which he had already a
- "Perhaps," was the doubtful reply requesting Mowbray to await in the Lady Blankisle departed to her daughts

Mowbray, left to himself, needed the of a few minutes ere he ventured to the party in the old hall; the casket liants was still open, his eyes involutived upon the bridal present; he had power to close it from sight, but, rushing the mockery of faded hope, he descend once to the library.

- "Stop thief! stop thief!" cried the Duke of Dublin, as he saw Mowbray he past: "why, Mowbray, one would thin had been turned out of the cabinet, or Lady Blankisle's tower, and were runs with her jewels—is it so?"
- "Shrewd guess, Duke," said Mc slackening his pace, and struggling for possession; "an act becoming a block

As his feet fell upon the carpet it sank lil moss, and returned no echo; around him wer the spirits of the dead, held captive by the w of man: the immortality of thought laid in it winding-sheet—the spotless page—and spell bound by the blackened type; spirits! blesse spirits of the dead, shadows of the living, at sent, and unknown! which come "if we d call," yet wait our bidding - for ever silent i the grave, yet answering our vision with " small still voice," which falls as gently as t air we breathe upon the finer organs of t brain, and is passed in mystery within the po tals of the heart; our slaves, companions, a our household gods—such are our books, a by such alone was our hero surrounded. I something of the solemnity and calm becomi the abode of spirits entered his bosom, as aided by the silent tread, gave the power reflection, his thoughts held communion w himself alone; the host around stood as a co pany of mutes, unheeded and uncalled for.

"Am I not dreaming?" asked Mowbray himself, as he paced the room and strugg in vain to compose his thoughts; " see her "Then what is life?" he said, as he approached the window and the delusion passed if thus we are the sport of fancy, how do we know that we live? What is reality? or what indeed, is life, but one continued dream from which only the icy tomb of death can—!"

At this moment the turning of a door-handle broke upon these visionary meditations; an instant after, an inner door was opened, and it walked one of the marchioness's long London footmen. There is an impertinent and obtractive reality about these powdered six-feet pappies, which is well calculated to call us from the regions of romance.

The fellow entered, and not immediately perceiving the object of his search, he cast his eyes round the room with philosophic pride till they met the advancing figure of Mr. I Mowbray. Having approached within spealing distance, he said—

"The Marquess of Blankisle, sir, reque the honour of seeing you in his study;" a pointing to a door which led from the libra he bowed and retired.

Servants are the mirrors of their meste

or harmans.

These feelings must not be deeme aggeration. Let it be remembered, man knows not the value of weal every want and luxury has been supp infancy: to such a one the first imp treasure must be a something beyond of purchase; it must be a gift hallow hand of love—pure, devoted, and unl such a treasure Mowbray felt that he and was about to lose, lose too, at a when he was beggared in the worldl the word, and taught, for Lady Helthe value of wealth.

Words are but poor agents to the intensity of moments like these; to tarry like the painter's touch, whi

- "Did your ladyship ring?—I mistook "lord's bell," said a servant, who addressed the question to the marchioness, though his lonship's bell had rung.
- "It is of no consequence—nothing now answered the marchioness, who rejoiced at the check which had been given to her lord's therly tenderness.
- "You forget, my dear marquess, that M De Mowbray must leave us ere long, and on awaits your answer to his request."
- "True, my love; and be assured, Mr. I Mowbray, that it is painful—that we do red honour—but that we regret and quite agre that—that—"
- "Forgive me, my kind lord, if I spayou the pain of denying the only favour I cask, or you bestow. Madam," continue Mowbray, addressing the marchioness, summoning courage to know the worst, "he marquess your permission to grant to interview I have implored?"
- "The marquess," replied Lady Blankis agrees with myself in thinking that, have resigned your pretensions to Lady Hele

sake of the being to whom but yesterd offered all that I believed to be mine, I silent on all but my own defence. To j ladyship, and in the presence of the marqui I probably am speaking for the last time, a in justice to myself, let me ask, How hav acted? Have I concealed, for a moment, ruin in which my poor father is involve have I not first declared the truth to y self? have I attempted to deceive you by shadow of hope, or sued for the hand wished to bestow? have I not resigned which to me is more precious than we and sought an interview to set your daug free? Such, and such only, was my hor able purpose; if a mother's voice fail in d that which mine might have effected, the is with yourself."

- "My daughter, Mr. De Mowbray, have no will but that of her mother. will be satisfied with my decision, and he wish to see you more. She says, she begs me—"
- "Lady Blankisle," said Mowbray, stea and interrupting the marchioness in her l

lope, and saw the lock of hair he had give Lady Helen but yesterday.

- "How is this? how—why—are you possessed of this?" he asked, scarcely believing the evidence of his senses.
- "It is yours, Mr. De Mowbray; and have blushed for the error of my daughter is accepting that which she now restores."
- "Lady Blankisle, you try me beyond of durance," said Mowbray, fixing his eyes upon the marchioness as they flashed with indignating anger. "No! thus restored, this is not min and thus (throwing the hair and envelope in the fire) I destroy the evidence which may you blush, but not for Lady Helen's errors. seek not, I ask not to know how you become possessed of yonder perishable lock; wo that my contempt could pass as quickly!"
- "Your feelings, Mr. De Mowbray," replet the marchioness, calmly but contemptuous lead you to forget the respect which is contemptated to the marquess and myself."
- "My dear marquess, forgive me," s Mowbray, extending his hand to the kind h he was about to leave; "and, if my though

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE MOTHER'S FALSEHOOD.

"What heavenly vesture of unspotted white;
What beauty, grace, and power resistless cloth
The word of truth; 'tis like the mirror which
Reflects with perfect, pure simplicity;
Neither distorting, nor enlarging, nor
Diminishing; but shewing all things as
They are in fact; and, like the mirror, too,
If broken once, the charm 's for ever lost."

It was our intention to cast a veil over interview between Lady Blankisle ar daughter, and leave it to the reader's nation.

There is something so frightful in viation from truth, something so rev so ungenerous in the deception of the towards a child who implicitly believe

should have been consulted first: base and dishonourable in him to promise."

- "My mother, my dearest mother! me, if you will; but link not the value honour with De Mowbray. He lo your approval; he is generous, no open. It was but yesterday. Has spoken this morning? has he not as blessing but now?"
- "He has spoken, but only to promuch I have been deceived; and waited for my consent, all might havell."
- "Tell me, I beseech you, tell me t ing of your words. If I have erred your Helen; this harshness kills monce more Lady Helen embraced her and wept upon her neck.
- "My child," said the marchion leasing herself from her daughter "you, too, have been deceived."
- "Not by Melton de Mowbray," (
  Lady Helen, with firmness and
  "No, my dearest mother, I may h

deceived in thinking that he had found favour in your sight; I may have been deceived in thinking my dear father loved him as a son; but for De Mowbray's truth I would stake my life. Say—tell me, I pray you, tell me, has he not honourably sought your ear? has he not told you his noble, generous intentions to her who has no dower but the heart's affections?"

- "Yes, Lady Helen!" said the marchioness, called to her purpose by this allusion, and eaking with the bitterness of wounded pride disappointment; "yes, he has told me l, and declared he is a beggar!"
- "A beggar! De Mowbray a beggar!" epeated Lady Helen bewildered alike by her manner and words.
  - "Yes, my love; and now you see how rash, how criminal you have been, in presuming to answer for yourself. Sir John de Mowbray is ruined, and his son is a beggar!"
  - "Poor, poor Melton! His father, too!" and hiding her face in her handkerchief, Lady Helen indulged in a flood of tears, which neither the presence nor harshness of her

mother could restrain. "And how has acted?" she asked with earnestness, suddenly checking the current of her tell me, what has he said?"

- "He has declared the truth, and requished all claim to your hand."
- "Twas nobly done, and like himsel cried Helen, as her eyes sparkled through tears with enthusiastic fervour; "but," added, as the flashes passed and left the to their deep and melancholy darkness, "ti is too late; he may resign the hand, cannot restore the heart."

These words were spoken more in to tation than aloud; but the quick ears of I Blankisle caught them up.

- "I trust," she said, "that Lady Hardwood will behave with firmness, and the pride which becomes her station."
- "In neither, dearest mamma, will J daughter be wanting: has he not asked see me?"
- "He has done all that is necessar answered the marchioness, evading the quation.

- When does he leave us?"
- "This day."
- This hour, then, dearest mother, I must see him."
- "Must!" echoed the marchioness, sur-Prised and angered by such a headstrong Word from the gentle Helen. "Must!" she Pepeated; "Lady Helen has been rash, and Now must be wise. It is impossible."
- "Say not so, I pray you, dear, dear man ; recall that word; I have promised, and may not fail. Trust to your daughter; she \_\_\_\_"
- "Impossible!" repeated the marchioness, and interrupting Lady Helen. "It is needless impossible; Mr. De Mowbray has remed all pretensions."
- "It cannot be, unless we meet—do not deny e, it cannot be."
  - "It is, my child; and in this sad moment Mr. De Mowbray is the wiser of the two—he cannot wish to see you: I repeat but his words, when, through me, he tells you—'you are free.'"

Lady Helen looked at her mother's face to

read her countenance, as if the sentence were written there: she looked in vain for any character of doubt—she suspected no forgery in the steady gaze; and, overcome by her feelings, her powers failed, and she sank back in her chair, senseless as the dead.

Till this hour the marchioness had never known her daughter; hitherto her every opinion and will had bowed to hers, and of such intensity of feeling she had deemed her utterly incapable. Confounded and alarmed, she hurried to support her daughter's head, and, apply ing some salts, expected her immediate revival She was, however, deceived; and, more and more alarmed, rang the bell for further assistance-The windows were opened, Lady Helen laid upon a couch, and while the anxious mother loosened the ties which might impede the returning breath, she found the small embroidered case (already spoken of) pressed to a bosom, cold as if the heart's fountain had ceased. for ever—as fair, as soft, yet senseless, as the satin which had veiled the stolen treasure

Leaving Lady Helen to the care of others. the marchioness sought the marquess; the obes

dient husband was quickly tutored, and, as the reader knows, the interview was prevented. The discovery which had resulted from the fainting redoubled the fears of the manœuvrer; she suspected, more strongly than ever, that the plea of meeting was for the purpose of renewing their pledge, in some form or other: her alarms overpowered her reason, and she forgot that De Mowbray might, had such been his selfish and dishonourable views, have exacted any promise from the daughter ere he revealed the truth to the mother. The scene in the marquess's study was soon ended, and the marchioness hastened back to Lady Helen's apartments.

- "Quick! quick! Annette, I am quite well now—my shawl and bonnet!" were the words of Lady Helen, which struck Lady Blankisle's as she was about to enter into her bedroom.
- "Lady Helen! my dear—Annette, leave the room—my child, I rejoice to see you are recovered; but what mean these preparations?"
- "I am about to fulfil the promise I gave this morning."

- "It must not be, my love! your spirits refurried, your mind unnerved, you are we and ill,—sit with me, and struggle for composure."
- "Never, my dearest mother, have I deceived you—never, from infancy till now, have I said you false; trust me when I tell you, if you wish me to be free you will not oppose my intentions."
- "You know not what you say, nor what you ask—this is the fantasy of childhood, the weakness of romance; you have been rash for once, but shall not commit yourself again—La Helen Fawndove must not marry a beggar."
- "Oh! spare me these words; you wrome, dearest mamma, indeed you do; confidiration your approval, for once I may have acted rashly in confessing the truth; but let me redeem the promise of this morning. Is poverty the pest? must the unfortunate be shunned, as if smitten by contagion? No, no! My mother, once more I must see De Mowbray, and you shall find that firmness and candour can unite with kindness and compassion."
  - "Do you brave my wishes!" exclaimed the

marchioness, seizing her daughter's hand as she was about to pass to the door; "I command you, Lady Helen, to forego your purpose—it is too late—he whom you so unblushingly seek has declared you free, and at my hand has received the token which you have worn in secret."

Lady Helen's hand was instinctively raised her bosom—the lovely casket, senseless but w, throbbed with the pulse of life; but alas! treasure had been stolen.

"My mother," said Lady Helen, as soon as he could speak, "this is cruel, ungenerous, and—"she was on the point of adding, "false;" but, sinking at her mother's feet, she seized her hand, and, with the rushing tide of passionate feeling, she checked the word, and said, "No—no—you, my own blessed and honoured mother—you could not, would not, deceive your child—you who joined my hands, and taught me to pray to the God of truth—you, to whose words of wisdom, council, and love, I have listened as to an oracle, you could not have deceived me: fears and affection may have led you to be harsh—to rob me of the treasure conferred but yesterday; but tell me not that De

Mowbray sought it—received it—at any hand but mine."

- "My child, he did; from my hand he received it, and to my ears he declared you were free," answered the marchioness with evasive firmness.
- "And is it too late?—has he really left without a wish to meet, to say one kind word at parting?" asked Lady Helen, with a look of innocence and sorrow which none but a heart-less manœuvrer could have withstood.
- "It is too late. Mr. De Mowbray has bidden adieu to your father, myself, and this roof, for ever."

Lady Helen asked no more; but, rising from the position she had still retained, she thre her arms round her mother's neck, and, as she convulsively strained her to her bosom, she implored to be forgiven.

"I have been rash for once," she said, "but I thought not to conceal or disobey: for a few short hours I have treasured a secret—the dream of happiness which to-day I had hoped to share with my beloved parents. Think me not weak; fear not for the future;"—and, after

nentary burst of grief, she continued—
nast shall occur no more—it cannot be;
ne to myself for a time, and you shall see
ur daughter is not wanting in the pride
necomes her sex and name: she will be
it, if sad—firm, if forsaken; leave me,
mamma, till my mind shall strengthen
s, and nerve me for the trial which has
and must be."

y Blankisle hesitated no longer. For asons than one she had feared to leave ghter to herself; but there was a deciding it in the manner of asking to be sich awed the intentions of the mars. She watched her to the couch, on he calmly reclined, and with a passing speated her request to be left alone.

ne might have been trusted," said the oness to herself, as she passed through or room; "it might, too, have been she added, as she paused at the ld. "It is not too late; it were better d met—shall I consent?—confess that No, this cannot be; my words have

rendered this impossible—it is too late." And the marchioness, conscious of the deception she had practised, shrank from the humbling confession; and, ordering that no one should disturb Lady Helen Fawndove's repose, she retired to the marquess's study to listen for a departure which she had figuratively anticipated.

The windows of the study commanded view of the road leading to the stables; the were at some distance from the house, and ere long, Lady Blankisle had the happiness o seeing Mr. De Mowbray booted and spurred and, as if impatient of delay, hastening to wards the stable. It were difficult to describ the anxious delight with which she watch his retiring steps. The guilty listening to \$ evidence they fear; the coward looking departing danger; may, if their feelings we united, image those of the manœuvrers. her eyes, Melton de Mowbray, poverty-stru and ruined, was, in fact, like one smitt by the plague — a thing to be banished avoided.

"Thank Heaven he is gone!" she said within her heart, as, after a short interval, she heard the sound of a horse in full gallop, yet wished the next moment that to-day had been free from frost as yesterday. The clanging horse-shoes rang upon the hardened road.

"What is that?" exclaimed Lady Helen, tarting from her couch, and listening to the ound. "It is, it must be De Mowbray's Arab; it is, it must be Tedmora's springy >ound!" and she flew from window to window to listen to the well-known sound, and confirm the thought by catching sight of the horseman. The sound ceased, the windings of the road were unseen from her windows. "Was it Sincy?" she asked, so suddenly had the sound died away. Still, however, she listened, still the gazed upon the sweeping downs which Me in the distance. "Tis he! 'tis Melton!he had not left us!" she cried in agony, as her eyes caught sight of the flying Arab, and saw De Mowbray bending to the loosened rein. Ince he turned round, and Lady Helen fancied e might have seen her at the window; the next moment the bounding steed darted ward as if the spur had urged it to unea speed. A moment more, and it skirted brow of the hill and assumed a preterna size, seeming as if it cleaved the broad expossive, seeming as if it cleaved the broad expossive, rather than moving like a thin earth. Again another bound, and it say ouce from sight. "My brain, my tort brain!" cried Lady Helen, as she pressed hands to her throbbing head: "can the madness? do my ears deceive—my vision This dizziness, this darkness creeping o'en senses; oh! spare me this, Almighty P dence, and aid me to know the truth!"

With the united efforts of mind and I Lady Helen rallied all remaining power hastened to the library, where she had mised to meet De Mowbray. She sca knew why she sought this spot as the n of confirming the evidence of her senses. could not, however, have decided better: Blankisle entered from the study at the moment; the distracted daughter flew to arms.

"Tell me, I implore you, have I not seen him? has he not left us but now?" she said, fining her eyes upon the marchioness.

Lady Blankisle was at a loss for an answer.

"Come in, my dear child," she said, leading Lady Helen into the study; "you told me you were calm, I fear you are faint again."

"No, no, it is not thus my senses fail; but answer me—tell me, I am not mad—have I not seen him—this moment seen him?"

The marchioness was silent, but the shame of the guilty fell upon her face; she shrank from her daughter's gaze, which read the involuntary confession of falsehood. It was a moment of bitter agony to Lady Helen; she felt that she was inflicting punishment upon her who had borne her to existence. Turning her eyes away, they fell upon the relics of he embroidered case; of the lock of hair which De Mowbray had presented, and which, alf consumed, lay amidst the embers of the marth.

"I have wronged him, my mother!" she id, in a deep, but steady voice; and, point-vol. II.

ing to the blackened relic, "he prom receive it from no hand but this, and his have not been false."

Lady Helen retired to her room; 1 more was said or asked: no expla could do away the conviction of that hour. In outward manner, the respersion a child to a mother was ever conbut thenceforth the sacred and unbeconfidence in a mother's word had cease ever.

## CHAPTER V.

## TEDMORA, THE BEAUTIFUL ARABIAN, AND A NIGHT IN THE MAIL COACH.

Presce de la physionomie de ces chevaux, quand on n'en a pu été temoin. Toutes leurs pensées se peignent dans leurs reux et dans le mouvement convulsif de leurs joues, de leurs lèves, de leurs nascaux, avec autant d'evidence, avec autant de cractère et de mobilité que les impressions de l'âme sur le viage d'un enfant. Nous n'avons nousmêmes aucune idée du dégré d'intelligence et d'attachement auxquels l'habitude de vivre avec la famille; d'être careasé par les enfans, nourri par les femmes, reprimandé ou encouragé par la voix du maître, peuvent élever l'instinct du cheval."—Voyage en Orient, par Lamartine.

Who but a madman would not be conservative? Who, indeed, we ask, when we see the Pest of civilised improvement, and think that we should have lived to be fined one pound one for leaping a ditch on the downs of Dorset! have lived to behold the glorious sweeping

hills of velvet, docked, hedged, and ditched like a cockney's garden? Horrible! most horrible! Blessed happy Arab of the deserming sands can never be enclosed whose condition can never be improved! Flowith us, ye unhappy and accursed ultras! lead us to the sand where nothing takes root, and radicals would perish for want of work. Freight us, ye company of steamers, with coals from Newcastle, and aid us to paddle from this miserable island to Arabia Felix!

Such was our prayer, when a shepherd left his flocks to turn informer, or reformer; and when, rather than suffer imprisonment, we paid the antiquated coinage of a guinea for crossing a spot which, from the days of the creation, had been as free as the winds of heaven.

Our hero lived in happier times—happier, at least, as far as the downs were concerned; as to man, reform itself cannot change the human heart; man was, and ever will be, a thing of passions, hopes, and fears, alternately blessed and wretched in this world of trial.

Yes, in De Mowbray's time, it were pos-

let or hindrance; and a blessed privilege it was: to bound free and unshackled on the face of earth is a glorious sensation; our spirits, feelings, life itself, seems to expand and gain a new existence; we are like a Prisoner unfettered and at liberty, buoyant as the lark escaping from its cage and soaring in the sunny skies. Thus it is, and more than thus, to the joyous heart; and to the heart wounded, bleeding, or unhappy, it is, for the time, an escape from the torture of despair.

As Melton de Mowbray flew on his Arab towards the town of Dorchester, he felt as if he were escaping from himself, and as he clave the rushing wind, it seemed as if the dew of night were falling on his fevered brow. Without turning to the right or left, he descended or rose like a bark upon the billows, and soon, alse! too soon, arrived at the goal, which, unlike the haven that welcomes the mariner to home and happiness, was to witness the renewal of his sufferings.

The sight of the town, and those signs of Population which rise like offsets round a city,

recalled him to the scenes which he had le behind and those which were opening to h future career. Reining in his beautiful pe he stopped about a mile short of the town and, for the first time, looked for his faith groom, already introduced to the reader St. James's Street. Mr. Brown, however, wa not to be seen; and, as Mowbray saw the heaving flank of Tedmora, and the transparent red of her spreading nostrils, he repreached himself for the speed to which he had urged the willing brute. "Selfish that I was," he said, as having slackened the girths he threw one arm over her shoulders and met the full, intelligent eyes which were turned upon him - "forgive me, my poor Tedmora; never, never more shall we speed together, and never more will your gentleness be tried as yesterday!" And, as he conjured up the graceful image of Lady Helen on his Arab, guiding is steps with a touch so light, that it seemed so if her wishes, rather than her hand, were —as he thought of the stranger profaning the seat which had thus been graced, he conceive for a moment the more selfish determin n of shooting the noble animal on which : leant. It was but a moment; again he et the fond expression of the dark and eaking eye; again the poor brute pressed s head against its master's arm, and looked with confiding affection for its wonted caresses. Perish the selfish thought!" he exclaimed, he felt the passing resolution die away; \*\* another may cherish you, love you as I have done: yes, poor brute, you may still be happy, and I may be forgotten!" and, shrouding his face amidst the silkened mane, he kissed the faithful slave which poverty compelled him to sell unto another. And if it be a crime to pray for the animal which loves u, serves us with more than man's fidelity, De Mowbray was a criminal; for he prayed that his Arab might find a mistress as kind, m gentle, as the being it carried but yesterday.

The sound of a horseman, at full speed, interrupted this prayer. "One more kiss, Itemora, and we part for ever! Now for the world, and may it steel me to its heartless world, and may it steel me to its heartless."

- "How is this, Brown? I have bee this half hour, and you knew I was h
- "Lord bless you, sir!" answer Brown, dismounting to relieve his horse, wiping the sweat from his be speaking with that familiarity which is to one who has known the young mass his cradle. "Hurried, sir! but you tell me you were mad."
- "Mad!" repeated Mowbray, flashing fire for the instant. "Yo Brown," he continued calmly but stemm no longer the boy you taught to mow must command the respect demaster from his servant."

Brown sank beneath the reproof, so electrified by the unusual severity ner, that he could only stammer his and sorrow for offending.

- "Never mind, Brown," said Mowl peased as rapidly as his anger had aris forgot your horse was slow, and, I bel pace was of the wildest."
- "Slow, sir!" said Brown as he his hand from his horse's shoulder to

very slow; Black Bob would take the lead of ere a horse in Squire Noble's stud: but if Will Brown hadn't taught your honour, you and Tedmor had never stuck together. It wan't riding unless the devil—that is, it wan't a Christian's pace, asking your pardon, sir."

"Well, well, Brown, say no more, you are forgiven; may you find a kinder master. Give me my greatcoat and the little valise."

"What, sir!" exclaimed Brown, opening his eyes in wonderment.

"Unbuckle my coat, and unstrap the leather case from your saddle; now, do you understand?"

"What does your honour mean?" again inquired the old groom, completely at fault.

"What I say, Brown. Come, be quick, Of I shall lose the mail."

"We shan't be long riding into town, sir."

"I intend to walk in; you must return with the horses to Blankisle Hall."

"What, sir! walk with a greatcoat and 2 F

portmantel on your arm? No, your how that can't be any how; indeed, sir, Will B can't allow of that."

"Obey me this instant—I shall be said Mowbray, with angry impatience.

The servant set to work to unstraptivalise and unbuckle the band which pround his waist and confined his magreatcoat. As he presented the two, he tured another effort and humbly implores his master would enter the town "I gontleman, as he was."

- "Brown, you are faithful, and your is kind," said Mowbray, somewhat unm by his servant's respectful appeal; "b must part. If I am still a gentleman, it without the means of rewarding service yours. Misfortunes have befallen my father and I—we both are beggared horses must be sold, and you, Brown, leave me."
- "Leave you! seek another sarvice sir—never while I lives!" cried the ol vant thrown off his guard, forgetting

respect due to his master's words by an oath which came to the tip of his tongue, and all but forgetting the deeper reverence due to his Master in Heaven.

- "Brown, it must be; you forget."
- "Forget, your honour!" said Brown interrupting his master, while a tear stole down his weather-beaten face: "no, sir, I don't forget. Can I forget how you've rode upon my arms, and used to sit like a kitten on the back of old General? and who but me has ever followed you since your legs were long enough to cross a saddle? No, sir, I don't forget; but old Brown can't leave you in distress."
- "It must be so, I fear it must," said Mowbry, wavering in his purpose: "for the pretent, at least, it must. You are kind to the Poor brutes, and, until they are sold, to you alone I trust them."
- "Poor things!" said Brown, looking first at the Arab and then at his own black steed: "poor brutes! next to your honour, I do love as my children. And that, too," pointing

to Tedmora, "you couldn't have the h sell her, sir?"

- " All, without exception."
- "What! after she has carried that sweet lady, sir, the Lady Helen?"
- "It must be," said Mowbray, t aside to conceal his emotion.
- "Why, look look your honour, poor brute does not ask you to mount!"

Mowbray heard the short neigh which welcomed his approach a thousand times looking to his Arab, he saw that the impanimal had repeated the lesson of yest and lay, like the camel of the desert, to its rider.

"Flesh and blood cannot stand it claimed Brown, as he went to Tedmor caressed the head which was turned be wards the saddle till it touched the mane. your honour, she speaks; she asks your honour, she speaks; she asks your stay, sir, as I do; and, by the blessed pof truth, she is a baby like myself—sh like a child."

And Brown pointed to sundry bright

hich still hung amidst the waving mane, and certainly bore the strongest possible resemblance to tears.

ing that and his valise from his groom's grasp, and struggling to overcome tears which were ready to fall, in sympathy, peradventure, to the gentle Arabian. "This will not do," he muttered to himself; "lie still, thou rebel heart! be steeled against the world. Brown!" he said aloud, firmly but kindly, "you have my orders; meet me in London, in the city, at the bank in Lombard Street."

Without waiting another instant, he hastened to Dorchester. Once, and only once, hen close to the town, and concealed by a tree, he looked back. There were the horses on the same spot; the Arab had arisen, and, with outstretched neck, seemed as if intent upon her master's steps; while Brown's head, shrouded by his two hands, was resting on the empty saddle.

As De Mowbray descended the clear, wholesome-looking street of Dorchester, he saw the mail-coach standing opposite its ap-

pointed inn. Having asked if there were room, and securing the "one inside" which remained, he sought the coffee-room until the horses were put to.

This way, sir; better be quick, sir,' said an unctuous, bustling waiter, who was carrying a fat roast goose, redolent of sagand onions; by your leave, sir," jostliness Mowbray with his elbow, and helping him a stream of gravy which flowed down here coat, and left its foul stain upon the peerlemboot-top.

"Confound your impertinence and clumments!" cried Mowbray, with a look whimmight have knocked a coward down.

"Beg pardon, sir," cried the waiter, usabashed; "better walk in, sir; don't stop to they comes to London; beautiful bird; first the inside, sir, better than the out."

De Mowbray thought otherwise, and communication tinued his retreat to the open air; though is whip had been half raised to punish the wine and smile which had accompanied the waite jest.

The world in which we live is somethir

like the spheres which compose a Chinese ball; there are worlds within worlds, distinct, though emanating from what was originally equal and entire. There is the great world and the little world, with a host of intermediate worlds. Up to this period De Mowbuy was a child untutored, and ignorant of all but the world of fashion — that great, that polished, hollow sphere, on which the proud, the rich, the titled move. He was now about to descend in the scale; and received his first lessons from a saucy waiter, and a goose swimming in gravy. A wiser that is, a more experienced traveller—would have pocketed, or, still more probably, avoided the offence, and followed the waiter's good advice. Our hero, however, was sick at heart; and though he so far profited by the hint as to buy some biscuits or light provision for his journey, he turned with disgust from the smell of savoury dishes, and the sight of gross and hearty feeders.

The bow and respect paid to those who Pay the reckoning of an inn, were, of course,

unoffered to the stylish moustache young man, who could live without nay, the little valise had been tumbed the seat without aid of the porter: the no claims upon—the gentleman.

- "What did he give you, Tom?"
  porter to the waiter, who, having
  through his office, had come for a r
  of fresh air, and was wiping his gravith his greasier napkin.
- "Give me! not half so much as he; I helped him to gravy, and char nothing!" nudging his fellow-servs pointing to the damaged boot-top wit of his napkin.
  - "Some poor officer, I takes it, Tor
  - "Yes, on half-pay."
- "No pay at all, for we neithe arn't seen the colour of his money!" porter, with a horse laugh.
- "Insolent scoundrels! is poverty written in my looks?" muttered A between his teeth, as he partly overhelittle critique.

"Now, gentlemen, time's up!" said the guard, as he bundled his living charge into

Opposite to Mowbray was a female in deep the mail. mourning, ladylike in appearance, and, as far as a long black veil could allow of an opinion, handsome in features. Mowbrar's right was occupied by a fat, jolly farmer, who mixed legs with a thin, pale, shrewd-looking man, with a blue bag, secured by a turn round his arm—one Mr. Lamb, a wise man from the west, with law at his fingers' ends.

- "You have taken my seat, Mr. Warzel; lalways sit with my back to the horses," said
- "Sorry for it, for there is mighty little the Lamb to the farmer. room in my lap, though you be but a Lamb," said the farmer, looking with a gracious smile on the full curve of his waistcoat.
  - "But, Mr. Wurzel, I put my coat there."
  - "But, Mr. Lamb, I put myself there; and that, I think, weighs most. Possession, you know, better than me, is the main point; so, make yourself easy."

The lawyer looked as if he longed to

commence an action of ejectment, but the frame of his antagonist offered no chasuccess; so he submitted to the verdic the best possible grace.

- "Madam," said De Mowbray, ading the lady, "allow me to offer the have taken; I was not aware that it pos any advantage."
- "I thank you greatly," answere lady, still keeping her seat.
- "Better take it, ma'am," said Mr. W "no draughts with your back to the land I would have done as much for Lamb."

The lady repeated her acknowledge and, either to avoid the cold, or further changed seats with De Mowbray, and into silence.

Mr. Wurzel, having a lady by his sic three parts of the seat to himself, ap particularly pleased, and only wanted chatty neighbours to complete his hap there was, however, a difficulty in at this. Mr. Lamb had not forgiven the his seat, and there was a something the manner of his other companions which awed the wealthy farmer; nevertheless, he was determined to beat the bush, and try his luck.

"A very fine day, ma'am," said Mr. Wuzel, addressing the lady in deep mourning. A slight and silent inclination of the head was the only reply.

"Don't feel the wind on this side, ma'am?"
Another inclination.

"Might as well talk to a hearse," said the mer to himself. "Well, poor soul! it may be she has a load of trouble, but a little chat would have made it lighter. Let's try t'other corner."

"Find it cold, sir — a fine frosty air?"

A slight bow acknowledged the remark.

"Umph!" said the farmer, aloud; and, to himself, "Mr. Tom Noddy, I suppose; the lady's son, perhaps: try again, I knows his fac."

"This frost will stop the hunting, sir." Another bow.

"You ride with Squire Noble's hounds?-

Often seen you lead the field; have sir?"

There was no resisting this direct and, probably, there was a spice of which made it palatable; it was a particle which a man's amour propre is more ceptible. De Mowbray acknowledged had often hunted with the hounds in contract the same of the contract of the same of the contract of th

- "Didn't see you yesterday, sir,":
  farmer, pursuing his advantage; "you
  in the field, was you, sir?"
  - " No."
- "Lord love you, sir, you should he there! never seed such a run in all Throwed the hounds into the Blankisle unkennelled a fox as strong as a wolf; head right for the hills; down to bottoms; smack through the village; raced him for the last three miles, an without a check: a thousand pities you there, sir, you'd never have forgot day!"
  - "Very possible: did you win the
- "No, but I was within one; and I been first, if I'd had your black geld:

self: I wouldn't grudge a cool hundred or so, if you'd like to sell him."

- "I am no horse-dealer," replied De Mowbray, with offended pride, and forgetting that be was on the point of selling every horse he had.
- "Beg pardon, sir; no offence I hopes, for I didn't mean it," said the honest, hearty Feoman.
- "None, my good friend," answered De Mowbray, making an effort to humble himbelf to his circumstances.
- "Glad of that; but I had a reckoning with that there fox: I live t'other side of my lord's covers, and the rascal has stolen at least a dozen geese. By the by, sir, that was a lovely bird we had for dinner; pity you didn't eat some."
  - " I was not hungry at the time."
- That's a pity, too, for I saw that saucy Tom give you a taste of the gravy: excuse my laughing, sir, but I know the chap."
- "It was probably my fault for standing in his way."
  - " May be so; but I can give you a capital

receipt, stuff that will take the gre your boot in a jiffey, if you'd like to u

- "My good sir, I am not in the cleaning my own boots," said De M and, thinking he had been schooled for the present, he took a book or pocket and read, or made pretence effect.
- "Noddy's offended," said the farn a chuckle to himself; "let's try the la his own beat."
  - "Good assizes, Mr. Lamb?"
  - " Pretty middling, Mr. Wurzel."
- "They tell me you had all the bes
- "Messrs. Lamb, Fox, and Co. g have their share," answered the attorn becoming modesty.
- "I take it the poor barristers m to you for their bread; eh, Mr. Lan it so?"
- "Our patronage is certainly gre Wurzel."
- "And my neighbour, Mrs. Herriwoman! have you picked her bones?"

- "You mean the great watercourse cause, Herring versus Stone?"
  - "The same, sir; not over yet?"
- "Oh, no! nothing like it, we expect a new trial; and, as one witness against us is pwards of a hundred, another ninety-eight, and the winter promises to be severe, a gracious Providence will, probably, remove them, and we shall succeed."

Watercourse causes are, like the never-failing stream, interminable; we, however, who are fond of change, shall only say that the floods, fields, dikes, wears, levels—and last, not least, the flats who went to law—afforded Messrs. Wurzel and Lamb a theme till night-fall with little intermission. As they Pessed Weyhill, the lawyer was polite enough to ask the farmer the price of wools, and expressed a hope that his sheep sold well.

- "Pretty middling, Mr. Lamb, as you say; but you attorneys make more of your sheep han we farmers."
  - " How so, Mr. Wurzel?"
- Why, you first live upon their carcase, eece them next, and turn their skins to good

account at last; that's more than we can do—so, good night." And, with a merry laugh, the farmer pulled from his pocket the toilet of sleep; the lawyer opened his blue bag, and did the same.

the second second of the second section of the They who neither travel in stages, mer have seen the inimitable Mathews transformed into an old woman, have little ides of the ludicrous figures which grace the night coaches. The red, bluff, coarse features of Mr. Wurzel, surmounted by a Welsh wig. white night-cap, and silk handkerchief tied under his chin, was no bad specimen. The thin, pale-faced Mr. Lamb, garnished with s11 the minutiæ of his wife's providential car was a capital pendant; and at any othe time would, doubtless, have amused the al observant De Mowbray: as it was, he only blessed the night, and rejoiced when the talkers uttered nothing but an occasional snore: he threw himself back in the corner and closed his eyes, but not to sleep.

Bitter, agonising were the reflections of that midnight hour; like the spectre which some have imagined to see at stated times, so did ce of Lady Helen Fawndove revisit his till, as in his dreams of the preceding he heard her implore and say, "Save ar me! ere we part." Then the thousings which had been left unsaid, unand unanswered, arose to mind, and em, the certainty of meeting no more. poor deserted Helen!" he said, as he t of her severer trial—the sad duty of nce, which falls to woman's lot; "yet capes?" he asked himself, as he watched rk figure which was now partially reby the rising moon. The rays of light fell from time to time upon her face, ed to rouse the mourner; for the first raised her veil, and, as if encouraged dead silence of her companions, she orward and gazed upon the moon. Her s were exquisitely beautiful—marked, delicate; her full blue eyes, with singudark eyebrows, and relieved by the s weeds, looked pure and holy as the s they seemed to contemplate. Grief, nd undermining, sat upon her cheek,es, the freshness of youth, had perished L. II.

for ever; and yet, as her lips moved prayer, there seemed to be the moresignation. An involuntary sigh esc De Mowbray's heart. The stranger by the sound, once more sank her covering her eyes with her hands, motionless as death.

"Mine is but the lot of all," th Mowbray, whose attention had been: the being before him; "how many a brain has beat where mine does nov yonder mourner rests her pensive che if this senseless cloth could speak its what varied tales of misery and hope revealed! And shall I, with youth as be less resigned than the calm, mourner before me? Is not the w the coach in which we travel, freighte with joy and sorrow? Is not the brid ber of to-day changed with the morn bed of death—and changed and chang Am I not hastening to a father's blessi not his heart been touched? May not toil be sweeter than the bed of idlens not Helen approve? Will not this re

and need I quite despair? Alas! alas!"—But here the buoyant elasticity of spirits, with which the young can reason and struggle, was interrupted by a something between a grunt and a sigh from Mr. Wurzel.

"Can't breathe — half choked — bad as a court of law," he said; and down went the start on his right.

The clattering of the window awoke the wyer. He shrank from the cold blast; but, thout speaking, turned up the collar of his eat, lifted the red worsted net (Mrs. Lamb's erformance) to his eyes, and only left the adanced tip of his nostrils to inhale the breath flife. The farmer was soon asleep, when a land was stealthily advanced, and the glass was slewly raised half way—a hitch of some minutes—and then the same hand completed the ascent. The farmer, heated by a hearty dinner, and three or four stiff glasses of brandy and water, was again in need of air.

"Hands off! you'll throttle me!" he cried, starting from his dreams, and loosening his neckcloth with one hand, while he lowered the glass with the other. The lawyer was still death; and the farmer, refreshed by the once more fell off to sleep. In due time, with due caution, Mr. Lamb repeated former manœuvre, and with the same reof suffocation.

- "We'll soon settle this point, said A Wurzel, awaking for the third time, and raisi his huge elbow, he poked it through the glature." There, Mr. Lamb, put that up again if youn."
- "Assault and battery!" cried the lawys finding his voice at last; "you must pay that."
- "Six and eightpence will do that, I Lamb—a small bill, too, for beating a lawye
- "We shall all be frozen," said Mr. La in despair; "and you forget the lady."
- "Very sorry, ma'am, for that; but callive without air," said Mr. Wurzel, turn round to apologise; when seeing that the lawas apparently asleep, he wished Mr. Lam "good night's rest," and did not awake at until morning.

"A bad case!" said Mr. Lamb between his chattering teeth, as he surveyed the awful smash; and pulling his nightcap over his face, like a man about to be hung, he suffered the extreme penalty of a cold and killing wind.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### FATHER AND SON.

"Their hearts were full,
And overflowed in prayer to Him who gave
Such sense of happiness amidst their wee.
And first the elder rose, and gave his all—
A father's blessing."

A. Bird

Persons who travel in their own carriage and at their own hours, know not the horror of arriving by the London mail in a cold, darwinter's morning: in its way, there are few things more wretched.

The dim flickering lamps struggle with the yellow fog, and track the way through the silent, dirty streets. A thick, blackened candle, reveals the yawning book-keeper in his office; and the torpid porters, still heavy with sleep, look as lively as the fog they breathe: the guard's horn, and rattling wheels of his

jesty's coach, put something like life into e scene. The door leading to the coffeesom is opened by the unwashed "Boots;" and a half-dressed, shivering waiter stands prepared to welcome the guests who want a bed-or breakfast-when they can get it.

" Would you please to walk in, sir—do you want a room?" said the waiter to De Mowbray, as he stood with his valise in his hand.

"I want a hackney coach," was the answer.

"Get the gentleman a coach," said the waiter, with an air of authority, to the mercu-

"There be'ent ne'er a one on the stand."

"Then find one, or wait till there is; rial Boots.

better walk into the coffee-room, sir," said the waiter, addressing the latter part of his speech

to De Mowbray, and leading the way. There appeared no alternative; and, by the Bid of some dimly burning candles, he was able to survey the scene: it was new to him, and may be so to many a fair reader. In the grate were the blackened remains of an extinct fire; the deserted tables bore witness to the business of yesterday: on some were newspapers, spotted with transparent grease, or soiled with fingentees, and coffee; on others were seen the signs of dinner, supper, or the "traveller's night cap." Amidst nutshells, or the débris of food, were empty tumblers sticking to the stained and dark mahogany. The old and new world, with worlds unknown, were mapped in slope of grog; and mountains of snow were marked by tallow, which had guttered from the candlesticks. Slices of lemon, saved from drowning, with large white vulgar toothpicks, were strewed around. At the end furthest from the fire-place were three pieces of furniture, which Goldsmith describes as

"A chest of drawers by day—a bed by night,"

ing; while the third, still in its nocturns character, but empty, displayed sheets which matched the London fog. We pass all other details, and leave the reader to imagine the united stifled atmosphere of a diningroom, drinkingroom, and bedroom, with no ventile tion save that of a cold chimney, rising in the dense air of smoke and soot.

It may be supposed that our hero waited with impatience for the crazy vehicle which was to transport him to Grosvenor Square; but while he endured the contrast between the impurities around and the luxuries of Blankisle Hall, with its pure elastic air, he felt also for the poor widow whom he had left in the coach. No one had welcomed her arrival; she seemed alone in the world, yet refused all offers of assistance,—and, as if shrinking as long as might be from contact with the busy herd, she had thanked De Mowbray with the gentleness of the perfect lady, yet declined his offers, saying, "she thought she should accompany the coach till it stopped."

"Boots" interrupted these reflections by amouncing a coach, that had drawn up in the rear of the mail which was about to proceed to the city. There was still the solitary mourner as she had remained the livelong night, and De Mowbray's heart bled for one unknown, excepting by the tie of fellow-suffering; so true it is that misfortune makes us feel for others, as poverty awakens the heart to the calls of charity.

- "Is there nothing, madam, I can do! at message I can leave with the porter!" sin De Mowbray, while he raised his hat with every token of respect, and once more addressed the stranger.
- "None nothing I am alone; but, it deed, I thank you, and feel this kindne doubly from one whom the world deems of and heartless."
  - " Madam, have I the honour ---"
- "We have met before; but I find that Mi De Mowbray has been wronged, and I hope h will believe me grateful, though my thought are ——"

Ere the sentence was finished, or De Mondon bray could recover his surprise at hearing himself addressed by name, the mail drove of and the porter called his attention to the hackney which awaited himself and value.

- "To Grosvenor Square," was the order and the crazy vehicle rattled slowly on course.
- "Who can she be?" asked De Mowb of himself, as his thoughts were still occup by the picture of the lonely stranger;

while the last expression of her beautiful features recurred, he almost fancied it was the face of one who, but two years since, had been the beauty of the season. "It must be so," he said, as he traced the circumstances which might have led to such result, and remembered how she had disappeared like a star which suddenly passes from the sphere it adorned. "Yes, she loved, and married one whom "Yes, she loved, and married one whom the was scorned by her offended parents, deserted by those who had profaned the name of friend; and now, perhaps, unforgiven, and widowed, she has to struggle with sickness and sorrow."

As these possibilities flashed across his mind, he reproached himself for having allowed the mail to start without offering lowed the mail to start without offering substance more substantial than the mere courtesy of good breeding: then, again, his courtesy of good breeding: then, again, his own destitution arose to mind, and with it, own destitution arose to mind, and with it, the thoughts of Lady Helen, who, had her the been united to his, might have been reduced to similar trials. This, at least, she

had been spared, and he thanked Heaven the curse of poverty was on him alone; taught by the example of a meek and g woman, he kissed the rod, and prayed th might suffer, and submit with the streng man.

While these prayers and meditations passing, the daylight broke; that is to darkness became sufficiently visible to wanthe belief that the sun had risen somewithough its light and life were shrouded by London atmosphere.

- "There is a bright side to every the says some sage or other, and the coach contrived to make darkness a capital after ignorance.
- "Vitch is the house, your honour? the no seeing the numbers," said Jarvie, a pulled up his coach, hitched up one of front windows, and let it down himself.
- "Yonder! the large house with the pand veranda."
- "That ere vun?" asked the stupid de pointing to the wrong house.

- "No-no-the fifth from this."
- "Vitch?" asked the man, attempting in in to count so far.
  - "Five from this drive on!"
- "Is that it, your honour, with the large ers pasted in the vindows?"
- "Yes—yes—you are right now," said Mowbray, faintly, as his eyes glanced on notice of "This House and Furniture to be d."
- "My poor father!" he exclaimed, as he ight of all that his taste and wealth had icted, and which now was about to be iered by the fiat of a salesman's hammer.
- 'Shall I knock, your honour?" asked the hee, in doubt how the announcement was made.
- ' No no you may disturb the family: ne out."

The man obeyed, but, as he let down his ing step, said, with a knowing look, at he didn't think there was much of a ly there."

Without heeding this surmise, De Mow-

bray sprang from the coach, and, hastening the door, was, from habit, on the point forgetting the caution he had given; the fe however, of disturbing his father recurred time, and, relinquishing the knocker, he rat the area-bell. There was no reply: again I rang, but with no better success. He the ventured on a single knock, and, as the som echoed through the silent hall, he felt li the humbled beggar who doubts the welcom he may receive on the property of the ric nay, as his eye involuntarily fixed on the grand staring head of the lion which held in mouth the ponderous knocker, it seemed frown upon the bold intrusion.

"Can the house be empty? is it actused to another?" he asked himself, and a debating whether he should drive on to city, when an old woman, whose voice ar from the area, asked

## "Who is there?"

Upon hearing De Mowbray's name, made what haste she could to the hall, a presently her feeble hands were heard wi

drawing the bolts and chains; and, lastly, accompanied with mumbling imprecations, in turning the stiff lock of the door.

Heedless of the unpaid coachee, of the old woman whom he had almost knocked down in opening the door, De Mowbray rushed towards his father's bedroom. The single knock had been sufficient to arouse the sleeping baronet; he had reckoned on the bare possibility of his son's arrival, and was prepared to receive him; but, while he strained him to his bosom, kissed his forehead, and lavished the full tide of a parent's love, he said,—

- "My son, my son, this is more than I expected more than I deserved!"
- "Indeed—indeed, my dear father, you have wronged my heart if you doubted my instant answer to your affection and appeal," said Melton, struggling for utterance, while he returned the touching welcome of his father.
  - "And am I forgiven, Melton? can you Pardon the dotage of a father, whose too con-

fiding trust has involved you in his ruinyou?"

"My honoured, my beloved father," Melton, sinking on his knee, while he ki with reverence and love, his father's h "speak not thus; rather forgive your who, till now, has disowned the holy tie w links us: be mine the forgiveness, and it, my dearest father, your blessing."

"Bless thee — bless thee, my son!" the agitated father, as he raised De Mowl and again and again pressed him to his he "and blessed be the mercy of Heaven, continued, with looks directed to the Almithrone. "Me — I am not beggared — I not poor! If the treasures of the world lost, am I not rich? — blessed and enrich thousandfold in the son whom I have for in the love which I knew not till this ment?"

While the stern, the haughty, and unbing Sir John de Mowbray as a father-distant, proud, and independent Melto Mowbray as a son — were mutually awak

to their true and better feelings—while poverty and misfortune united those whom fashion. wealth, and the world, had kept apart — while Nature resumed her right in the outpourings of flial and paternal love, all minor considerations were forgotten; amidst these, the miserable and unpaid vehicle which had brought them together, and its equally dirty-looking driver. Though the morning was rainy and cold, for some time the love of gain induced the man to stump the pavement in his wooden shoes, like a sentry at his post; then he halted, cursed the gnawing at his stomach; then Tapped first one hand against his ribs, then be other, but all his efforts to resist the chill-& air were ineffectual; till, at length, the il spirit of gin prevailed over every other usideration, and, bent on a gill of the poor an's cheap poison, he rang the bell, and told e old woman to go and demand his fare.

A slight knock at the door of Sir John de owbray's dressing-room, recalled both father d son to "things of the earth, earthy." here was little occasion to inquire who was ere, since the old woman who had opened

the hall-door was the only servant to support the place of the large and thorough establishment which was wont to be in attendance.

- "What do you want?" asked the barone endeavouring to resume his usual dignificatione of voice.
- "I beg pardon, Sir John," said the ol woman, "but the coachman says he's a tire of waiting, and wants to be paid his fare."
- "The fellow must wait!" said Sir Joh: with something like irritation at what termed an impertinent intrusion.
- "The fault was mine, my dear father, are you must not be angry," said Melton, attempting to soothe the parent, whose pride had not as yet learnt to bend to plebeian necessities." It was thoughtless on my part," he continued, "but I forgot all but the words whice called me to your side."
- "Say no more my child, my all that left on earth!" said Sir John, as he returne the pressure of De Mowbray's hand: "bes with my temper awhile; the sapling may bo to the storm, but I—it is too late, Melton, m heart may break, but I feel it cannot bend!"

"We will brave it together," said Melton, touched to the quick by the melancholy tone in which his father had spoken.

"Well—well—Martha, come in,—what is the coachman's fare?" said Sir John to the old woman; while he answered his son by a nervous pressure of the hand, and a look of fervent gratitude.

Both father and son opened their purses at the same moment, to discharge the demand which had been made. The hands of both were extended at the same moment towards the servant's hand, which was prepared to receive the amount. She looked from one to the other, as in doubt from whom she was to take the proffered money, till age seemed to decide the point; and with a respectful cour-

tesy she received it from Sir John. Neither father nor son had spoken, though their eyes had met. When the servant's back was turned, and once more they were left to

"It matters not!" said Sir John, with a deep-drawn sigh; "alas! Melton, our interes themselvesand means are now but one—and that of poverty and ruin."

"Let us hope," answered Melton—as yet ignorant of the position in which placed;—"let us hope, my father! w and health, I will not despair. But not told me you were rich; I too, have I not a treasure, purer than the metals of Yes, my honoured father! rich in the af of your love, I will brave the world, and gle to atone for the heartless past by d for the future."

"If I had but my sight," said Simulth reviving energy, "we might, per but I fear——"

"What? tell me, what?" asked I who, recalling for the first time the allahis father's letter to the loss of sight, he in his face. The pupils were brightwith the swelling tear, which, alas! e blind can shed. "I can see no char father, except they tell me you have son."

"Thank God! I have, and gratefi

that the power has been given to behold my son; but, clear as they may seem to you, there is a veil of darkness between the blessed rays of heaven and the powers of vision; it may be removed, but if——"

"Doubt not, my dear father, it may—it must be, and your sight shall be restored."

"At least it shall be tried, my son; but if the nerves be spent—if, like the mind when overwrought, they are dead within the living body—then, Melton, there is no hope, no refuge, but—the grave. I feel I shall bow my bead in darkness—say, 'Thy will be done,'—and die!"

"My dearest father!" said Melton, taking father's hand affectionately between his is not like yourself; for my sake ou must not despair; you told me you could bend."

To man and the world I never will; but, my Father in heaven, the children of woe—he strongest, and proudest—must bow their head. At this moment blindness is to me like night, when the storm is raging, and the vessel



пот деврыг.

We leave the reader to pictus proofs of kindness, duty, and de followed the burst of stronger feel to, the father and son had floated stream of life, held apart, as it powers of repulsion. The stors they had been driven within the traction—had rushed heart and other, and met—to part no more

If this idea be too philosophic must picture the anxious father a rest and worldly wants needed by must figure the grateful son, strithe spirits of his afflicted father-footsteps, and tendering the serviful servant to him whom return

### CHAPTER VII.

# A VOYAGE FROM THE WEST TO LOMBARD STREET.

"'Stand back!' cried Reformation,
'The Church is in my way;
Obedient to the nation
St. Dunstan must obey!'

He took the hint, and made his bow;
Yet, feeling somewhat sore,
He rose again with loftier brow
Than he had worn before."

Travels in the East.

are now about to bid adieu to the halls and castles of the county Great—to Grosvenor Quare, St. James's, and the haunts of rank and fashion: we are, fair reader, about to ansport you to the heart of the filthy, smoky ity, the haunts of money-making men: but not cast down; there has been a reaction in bricks and mortar.

What a capital word this "reaction" is—the

happiest that a routed ministry could hit a its application is so pointed, yet infinite. § there is nothing new under the sun, the w is greatly indebted to a man who gives a turn and fashion to a few old-fashioned let What gratitude is due to the mouth w uttered-" untoward," and, by these three lables, backed out of a scrape which volcould not have explained away! How I of us, in a great predicament, jump at happy phrase! What thousands praise pious Sir Andrew Agneau!—(if the spellir wrong, we plead the excuse of its being a p name.) What thousands praise the word secrate!" How gladly is it echoed from E to Dublin! How, with its aid, are the cha rung upon the sins against the Sabbath Church, and the revenues thereof! How b it enables Sir Andrew to frisk, like a lam fore a storm, and do mischief in its inn way!-for, be it said by the way, lamb only harmless in poetry, and a tame she the most mischievous of pets. Now, with "desecration" in his mouth, it sounds go close the poor man's oven on the Sabbath

let the rich have their banquets—to let the Bishop ride to Church, and —; but, leaving Sir Andrew to his good, but weak intentions. revenous à nos moutons.

Since the genius of Crnikshank gave us the picture of "London walking out of town,"—if the haystacks and trees, to which he gave life and legs, have not walked back again - London has, in some measure, come back, like the blood which returns to the heart. If " Northumberland House" be not restored to the lanes and country in which it formerly stood. it once more breathes with expanded lungs. St. James's Park once more smiles beneath the hand of a royal master; and ducks, swans, black and white, with geese without and, grace the waters as thickly as in the days The King Charles; and though, for lack of Sirths, his most gracious Majesty may fear to exercise his "cheval de bronze," yet may we see that the horse, which a certain Alderman styled the "Statute at Charing Cross," has become a "Statute at large," since the plebeian dwellers upon earth have retreated to a

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most respectful distance. Nay, were Meltode Mowbray still living, young and joyous a when first introduced to the reader, we firm believe he would have passed his old boundar of Carlton Palace, and left a card with he Grace the Duke of Northumberland in he cab, or on the outside of a horse, instead of the inside of a carriage, hermetically sealed for fear of the smoke of the city."

Thus, fair ladies and gentle swains, whope to have gained one step in our advancement let us add, that the reaction has extende further. The once narrow Strand has expanded to receive you; there is no longer the chance of being eaten up by wild beasts, as startled by the giants of St. Dunstan's.

The saint and his church have recede and the iron men who rudely hinted at the flight of time, have themselves, with the bear and other strange animals, flown to the Regent's Park.\*

<sup>\*</sup> The figures of St. Dunstan's clock were purchased by Marquess of Hertford, and removed to his villa near the Ellogical Gardens.

Thus far ye cannot he sitate to bear us com-Pany: and if, alas! the bloody shambles on which many a wise and many a calf's head has been exposed, still oppose your path at Temple Bar, we beg to assure ye that the rains of heaven have long since washed away the stains of blood; and the once warlike citizens Te now too gallant to close their gates on any but the king and his frightened troops. This barrier passed, as a further enticement, we can quote the precedent of peeresses and bridewho still will venture to Rundell and Bridge. and risk their carriage at the door; still do we occasionally see the silk-stockened coachman, with the coroneted carriage waiting, like a gold fish in a gutter, and expecting, with Patrician nerve, to be crushed by a coalheaver's waggon; still do we sometimes see six-feet footmen standing at the door, and, like the gilt salmon over their heads, looking down with contempt upon the passing cits.

But we, fair readers, will not tarry by the way; ye shall run no risk from the rough

have visited St. Paul's, the Bank, and In-lia
House, ye will not, we humbly hope and problem desert our poor and sorrowing hero when takes up his abode—in Lombard Street!

To have said thus much is a relief; we have told the worst: in doing this, we have et in deavoured to pave the way, and encourage the most sensitive of readers: our labours, which trust, have not been in vain, and we are fair to believe that all will survive the shock.

After this, we should not be afraid to describe the time-hallowed banking-house of Messes. D'Aubigny, Mowbray, and Co.; but the task were idle, as there are still in existence fir ans of the old school to whose mud-splashed windows we could point as a parallel; we still know some with their low, dark rooms, with ceiling, wainscot floors, and counters blackened with the breath of Mammon, its washed haunt for centuries and centuries to these we could point for resemblance ere entered the dark, narrow court, which lead to the dwelling-house, where Mr. D'Aubigny, the

rich banker who sheltered the exiled Eustace de Mowbray, lived until he died; and where now Sir John de Mowbray and his son were about to take up their abode.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### BLINDNESS.

"Shut from the living while among the living!

Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world.

Ah! once from business, and from pleasure barred,

No more to view the beauty of the spring,

Nor see the face of kindred or of friend!"—Tate.

SIR JOHN DE MOWBRAY, building on the possibility of his son's arrival by the mail, had repaired to his splendid mansion in Grosvenor Square, and directed the old woman who was left in charge, to prepare his bed. The command was obeyed; but sleep, that precious balm to the breaking heart, refused to visit the anxious and distracted father.

To active minds, the approach of blindness falls like the shadow of death; it seems like a shutting out from the busy world before their time; it closes on their energies like the

Their doom while the pulse of life is strong; such, at least, is the first impression when this heavy affliction arrests the schemes, the ways, the restless occupations, which, from habit, have become identified with life, a very part of existence.

Again, and how forcibly, might the word reaction" be used, when Milton arises in thoughts as a proof how, in some instances, elasticity of the mind can recover from the ock of blindness, and live in the inward ht of the soul's imagining; but Milton, one in the age he distanced, alone in and ove the millions of succeeding ages, stands rward rather as a brilliant exception to a eneral rule. Milton, moreover, was comaratively young when he lost his sight; and bought - deep, intense, and heavenlike ad been, from boyhood, his busy occupation. The worlds and glories of creation, which he had seen and worshipped, were known by heart; and when the film of darkness fell upon his eyes and excluded for ever the sunny mys which light our earthly vision, he felt,

exquisitely felt, yet battled with the blow; he mourned with resignation, yet rose a comqueror, like a giant refreshed by sleep; he awoke to mightier deeds, and soared on high where none of woman-born had dared to treat. His soul trimmed her lamp anew. Apart, and shrouded from the glare of worldly things, it burned in solitude with brighter, purer, holier flame, and led his immortal genius to gaze on heaven, to paint the glories of Almighty God, and sing the mercies of redemption.

This is, however, as we have said, rather an exception; there are few, indeed, so trained so fitted to endure the trial; fewer still amids the mass of men so gifted with the powers of mind and spirit as to make unto themselves; second nature, and commune with the mine alone.

And when, as in the case of Sir John d Mowbray, blindness occurs as the voyage c life is drawing to a close, at the moment when the harbour is in sight, yet the storm arise when the reef, undreamt of in the chart c life, wrecks the pilot who slumbers at th held, and casts him headlong, to buffet with the dark and troubled waves; then, indeed, is the affliction doubled a hundred fold; the ength of the swimmer can avail him noting; he knows, or thinks, that he might saved if he could but see; but, deprived sight, he feels that all exertions are vain, that it is better to sink at once than perish like a strong swimmer in his agony."

Such were the melancholy thoughts which ressed upon Sir John de Mowbray's mind, , day by day, the powers of vision failed, and he trembled at the want of success which ight, perhaps, attend the act of couching. n addition to these, the expected interview with his son conjured up a thousand anxieties, Cloubts, and harrowing recollections of the Past; he felt that, as a father, he had been stern, if not forbidding; his child, his only child, had not replaced the wife he had adored and lost; the innocent babe which the mother had deserted, was, in some sort, blended with her crime. As the child became a boy, the boy a man, the father hailed him with a father's pride, and said within his heart, "He is

worthy of the name he bears," and prayed that De Mowbray's line might live in him; but the softer touches of affection were seared; the companionship and confidence of love existed not; there was in the son such marked resemblance to his mother's beauty, that the father involuntarily shrunk from reposing in one to whom his feelings yearned. Often and often, when the floodgates of the heart were opened by the charms and graces of childhood's winning hour, there was a look, a smile, a word so like to her who had wronged his passionate devotion, that the unhappy father started as if an asp had stung his bosom; the rushing tide was curdled; and the floodgates closed. "Her very image!" he would say within himself, struggling to repress or moderate the measure of love which he dreaded, yet longed to pour upon his son.

The distant coldness of an elder, soon teaches the young to shun their society; thus, the manners of the world and Melton's independence continued to widen the breach, if such expression may be used to mark the division between father and son, who had never ex-

changed an angry word or thought. While such was their relative position, Sir John had but one wish, one point in view, and that centred in his son's aggrandisement and welfare; it was this alone which induced him to add his name to the firm for the twofold pur-Pose of entailing an heritage of wealth, which, in the character of partner, he might dispose of to advantage, or continue to reap a golden harvest for himself, if such were his inclination. The villany of the man who had gambled, bbed, and absconded, not only destroyed these dreams of wisdom, but, making the inependence of Melton subject to the debts of the house, the son was involved in the ruin of the father.

"How will he meet this loss? may he not pbraid my weakness of implicit faith? will be judge my intentions rightly, or, looking to the sad result, condemn me as the author of his undeserved misfortune?"

Such were the reflections which added their torture to the worldly and bodily afflictions which had smitten the unhappy father; and, as the hour of meeting approached racking force increased.

While Melton de Mowbray snatch ments of troubled sleep in the whirling Sir John tossed beneath the canopy splendid couch, with the sleepless rest of the fevered mind. "My poor chi ruined, my injured boy!" he exclaimed as he raised his head from the downy which seemed to mock the repose he voked. "And will he forgive me? do can he love me?" was a fearful inquir arose again and again, as he looked ba the icy barrier which had divided the from the son. Again and again the wa raised to the doubtful ear, and struc hours and quarters were counted, as i at least, had learned to slumber in the night. At length the dark and weary de of a winter's day was slowly sounded gold repeater; and Sir John, springir his bed of wretchedness, felt it a r dress, to watch and prepare for the

The meeting has been given to the reader; we have only to add, that in that moment both fither and son found a happiness unknown till then. The hidden tears of filial and paternal love had been awakened by the voice of nature. Hitherto they had slept like the pure, undreamed-of drops concealed within the flint; but now, in the hour of trial, they gushed from their strong prison, which opened like the rock when softened by the Prophet's rod. For a time, all other thoughts were forgotten,—all sortows absorbed in the intensity of that sacred joy.

"Come—come—Melton, you must be weary d in need of rest," said Sir John, forgetting own condition and the sleepless night he d passed: "come, my dear son, and see that either your welcome nor wants have been regotten."

With these words, Sir John took his son by the hand, and with little difficulty led him to the door of a bedroom adjoining his own. It was in vain that Melton declared he felt no fatigue; and when the door opened, and he saw

spread with the toilet—the steaming with all appliances to boot—when his pointing to a pair of furred slippers, and said—"Now, Melton, my dear b must let me be your valet, your nur what you will; and I fear "—brushing tear which had started from his eye, and r with the smile—"I fear your once stern has been touched with the weakness of w When Melton heard this, he could o upon his father's neck, and submit with tude to all those little nothings—those offices of love—which speak to the h once, and laugh to scorn the offerings of

"No, no, my dear father, you must you shall not wait upon me," said Meltaclining as gently as he could some prassistance; "that is a duty, a happine to yourself from me. And was it your ow which thus has provided for my wants?

"Idleness, Melton, is a curse to the mind, and action a blessing to the wr Till this hand had pressed thee to my h

knew more joy in these humble details than it had known for years; and, to confess the truth, I slept but ill."

"How selfish I have been!" exclaimed Melton, as he drew back and read the haggard look which was cast upon the handsome features of Sir John; "promise me, my father, to seek the repose you recommend, and I will Promise to obey in all your love ordains."

There was no resisting this bribery. The artious father, while he returned in silence the Pressure of his son's hand, allowed himself to be conducted to his own room.

"Let us pray, my son," said Sir John in a low, yet solemn tone, using that simple invitation of our liturgy, and pointing to the bedside by which they stood. Their hearts were full to rerflowing; there needed no second appeal; both father and son sank on their knees, of covering their faces, in silent, fervent layer they called upon the Saviour's name, and communed with their God.

Sir John was the first to arise; and placing is hand upon the head of his son, while yet in

the attitude of kneeling, he repeated a father's blessing, by saying—"Bless thee! bless thee, my son! and above all, may the Father who is in heaven bless thee, watch thee, and reward thee, when my voice is in the grave!"

Melton was too much overcome to speak, but tendering the first duties—which, next to his Father in heaven, he had vowed to his earthly parent—he aided Sir John to his couch; and, while he yet watched the exhausted sufferer, was rewarded by seeing his eyelids close in the depth of slumber, which during the lingering hours of night had flown the silent chamber.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE PICTURE.

" Like best is ever there; but still the best, proper thoughts in lofty language dressed, proper thought to shade descending plays, not strives, by degrees, and by degrees revives. Parious parts a perfect whole is wrought, pictures think, and we divine their thought."

DRYDEN.

Melton de Mowbray gazed upon his sleeping her, and listened to his deep-drawn breath, could not but remark the change which riety had wrought within a few brief months. here was still the proud and haughty sternness of character which had ever been the marked expression of the face and forehead. On the latter, it appeared to hold its undisputed empire; but, on the cheeks were written traces of mental agony. The mouth, usually compressed and close, was slightly open, and corners bent downwards, as if in sleep; at least its firmness had been swayed by the weal nerves which had sunk in furrows by its side. At times, too, a heavy sigh escaped, or the under lip quivered with some passing convalsion; then again it closed, with a look of resolute defiance, till the deadness of slumber fell upon the dreamer, and once more the muscles relaxed to the softer expressions of settled grief.

There is something touchingly impressive in watching the strong in mind—the mighty in the day of battle—the man of stern, uncompromising spirit, as, steeped in oblivion and yielding to exhaustion, the senses recruit their expended force, and the strength of body, helpless and unguarded, is levelled to an infant's power. There is a something irresistibly attractive in speculating upon the thoughts and feelings of the busy brain, which wanders uncontrolled, unconscious of our gaze;—"there lies the thing we love," or the being at whose glance we have feared or trembled, or, it may

be, the one whose deeds have stung us to hatred and revenge. We live, and feel that we do so, while those we look upon are bound in living death. How forcibly has truth been taught at such a moment!—how characters have been betrayed, by one starting tear—by sigh, or word!

While Mowbray was still standing by the bed, he could not but reproach himself for ring wronged his father's heart, and lost sers of happiness which could never be relied. While renewing, within himself, the esolution of atonement, his name escaped the reamer's lips, accompanied by another which never passed them from that hour when he who bore it left her home for ever.

- "My Julia! my wife! look upon our bild!" exclaimed Sir John, starting from his billow, and awaking with the vivid fancy of some passing scene.
  - "My dear father!" cried Mowbray, taking the hand which swept the vacant air, as if it sought the touch of substance.
    - "Melton," answered Sir John, at once recognising his voice and touch; "are we not

alone? I thought—I dreamt—it matters no—.

This is not kind, Melton, you promised to — \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

tire; I ask it as a favour."

With something of the feeling of one who has unintentionally intruded upon the prival of another, Mowbray arranged his father is pillow, and obeyed.

"She, too, my poor unhappy mother! he she also dwelt within his memory, her nambeen linked with mine?" asked Mowbray himself, as he vainly endeavoured to recall the slightest allusion by his father to her, whom he had named in his sleep.

Lady de Mowbray, had she been numbered with the dead of ages past—as little known as the mummy unswaddled to the curious—could not, to all outward appearance, have been more completely rooted from remembrance; her flight had made no change; she passed away as if she had sojourned for a while in an age and sphere to which she did not belong, and then had returned to whence she came. Her books—her ornaments—her flowers—all of the thousand trifles which might have been supposed the sources of sad associations—all

were suffered to remain; they seemed to have neither the power to wound nor please; the injured husband took no steps to punish the men who had robbed him of that which nothing could repay. The shrine was profaned, Polluted, broken, and nothing could restore nothing replace it: he neither sought to btain a divorce, nor gild his sorrows by the ousands which the laws might have decreed; e stood alone in the strength of his pride, and, with the exception of a settlement which ould insure the guilty from want, neither by eed, by word, or thought, was Sir John de Mowbray ever known to betray an allusion to he woman who had wronged him - no - not even to his son.

Under such circumstances, it may be readily imagined how the sound of his mother's name, bursting, as it were, from the grave of hidden thoughts, fell upon the ear of Melton de Mowbray. If in sleep there be something awful and mysterious, it is doubly so when the dreamer's mind breaks forth and bursts the fetters which the living spirit has imposed for years and years; bitter, galling, and wretched,

were the reflections conjured up by the namethe Christian name—of her who gave him birth, by the father's appeal in favour of his son to the wife who had deserted both "Oh! my poor deluded mother," said Mel -! ton aloud, as he gave vent to the feelings of his heart, "could you have heard those simple words—could you have looked upor us then—could you have witnessed our meet ing but now, and thought how we had beer ===== estranged for years, how deep had been you - ur agony—how scalding the tears of your repent ====== ance — how" — he continued wildly, as hier his thoughts darted to a darker channel, and maddened with the spectre which crossed his path—" how you would have hated, loathed, bed, and execrated the villain, the tempter, the wretch, whose hardened heartstrings I could sold tear asunder! Yes, my father, your wrongs shall be avenged; I have sworn it a thousand times! I have panted for his blood, as the gasping pilgrim prays for the sight of water. I have prayed to look upon the serpent which has stung us both, and sworn that the reptile shall be bruised, crushed, and trampled under

foot. Yes, if we meet, the man shall die, and I will feast my eyes upon the writhing agonies of him who spoiled me of a mother, and robbed thee, my poor father, of happiness, home, and hopour."

Such was the deadly resolution of revenge which Melton spoke or meditated, as the image of his mother's seducer haunted his imagination. It may be remembered that, in the earlier pages of our tale, we alluded to his one dark spot which lurked in a heart amed by nature for kindly feelings to all mankind, to every living creature.

It were difficult to say, whether it were the ivid impression made by the loss of his nother, or the babbling tongues of attendants, which planted and fostered this evil feeling. Be this as it may, so early had it taken root, and possessed the mind, that it seemed to be identified with the first perception of memory—with the dawning of thought and determination.

The parting scene of his mother, while yet she lingered to gaze upon her first-born, her only child—her start, her agony, the burst of



upon the tender tablets of his brai previous impressions were crased; as if the voice which called his mother home, was ever sounding in his sports and spirits of childhood's he could not drown its lengthened eche and oft he has turned from his fellow of the mother who, untwining the authe had flung around her neck, fled braces of a villain. "Oh! how I was thirsty prayer which formed within ing heart, and blanched the young is spoke it.

As Melton advanced in life, the h of the world, its heartless modes and did much to quell this revengeful sp Indian's chivalry; he felt that the wo There were also holier feelings which influenced his mind; religion taught him that vengence belonged to the Power above, and he would pray to be spared the trial of the meeting which he had so long and so intently wished for; but, on the other hand, there were moments when the smouldering embers were kindled in an instant, and burst with such ungovernable flame, that the shafts of ridicule and voice of religion fell before its rage.

Such was the moment which we have ex-Posed to the reader's view, when Mowbray's houghts had been so unexpectedly turned to the image of his mother by her name, which had mingled with the dreams of his father.

Faithful to his promise, and anxious to prepare for the trials which awaited his coming, he laid his head upon the pillow, and strove to forget, in sleep, the stormy workings of deadly and embittered memory. He struggled to subdue the demon of revenge, by praying for the spirit of peace, and placing before his eyes the holy task of tending his helpless and stricken parent. The effort was not in vain: he gained a short interval of broken rest; and then arosensubdued, calm, and comparatively happy.

Independent of the luxury in a morning toilet to the weary traveller, Mowbray felt a melancholy pleasure in the kind arrangement which his father had prepared: how true it is that "trifles make the sum of human happiness!" and alas! in another sense, how true it is that trifles can strike the chord of deepest woe, and make the strongest heart vibrate with the note it wakens!

Dull, cold, indeed, must be the reader who thinks that the image of Lady Helen had passed, like a forgotten dream, from the mind of our hero. No: we might almost say that it had never been absent; but he felt that it was an image on which he dared not dwell; he knew that to do so would unman him for the sterner duties to which his destiny had called him: still, however, as if her spirit hovered around his path, to watch, to bless, and cheer him in the hour of trial, she seemed as ever present; the portrait was shrined within his bosom; its influence, its rays, were felt, though clouds had intervened; and if, but

he seel again the milder influence of her who shone in purity and gentleness.

Melton de Mowbray had all but accombished the refreshing task of his toilet, when, order to complete it, he sought some trifle om the small valise which had formed his revelling equipage: the contents were quickly displaced, and with these the letter from his father.

In the moment of excitement and despair, he had forgotten whether he had or had not received it from the hand of Lady Blankisle, and he now hailed with pleasure a paper which, however melancholy its contents, had spoken for the first time with the sacred voice of parental love. Once more he unfolded the ruffled pages, and, as he did so, the winter flowers which, but the previous morning, he had plucked for Lady Helen Fawndove, fell at his feet.

"Emblem of our hopes!" he said aloud, with a sigh, as he collected the relics which he

had unconsciously preserved; "but yesterday blooming and bright, and now withered like the grass which is mown. Alas! my Helen, my own beloved, even thus it is: my own, though mine no longer, in memory of thee these shall be guarded like a chaplet on the tomb, as sacred to the hopes which are no more." And as these thoughts were passing in his mind, the leaves, the buds, stems, and blossoms, were gathered together with the fervour of a devotee. The image of Lady Helen, thus unexpectedly forced upon his mind, held for the moment undivided possession. There was something so poignantly sad in the sight of the offering which had faded ere it was touched by the hand intended to receive it, that Mowbray could not resist the temptation of pressing to his lips the lock of hair which he treasured: in his bosom—the unfading emblem of a passion cherished in secret, but unchanging and uncer changeable.

This weakness, if such it might be called was followed by an effort to master its in fluence; the relics were hidden from sight and he returned to his father's room. Having

OPened the door with noiseless hand, he crept to the bedside; and ascertaining that the dreamer slept profoundly, he retired as lightly as he entered. Whither should he go?—how employ his time to wile the moments which, left to themselves, centred, like rays of thought in a bright and distant star, the lovely and deserted Lady Helen? He determined to visit Once more the magnificent suite of rooms which had so often been thronged with the highest and the loveliest of the land. How striking was the contrast now! Not a step, not a voice was heard upon the magnificent staircase of stone -the splendid gilding of the banisters made them look doubly cold—the carpets, rich with the colours of an Eastern loom, were piled upon the landing, and labelled with the numbers of the lot they formed. Melton entered the drawing-rooms, where all remained in their usual, or in something more than their wonted order; one by one he opened the shutters, and was almost startled by the noise of the falling bars, where, but a few months before, words were scarcely audible amidst the buzz of a fashionable world. On all things was the brand of misfortune — figures which told that they were about to pass to the hands of the highest bidder—that the riches, which one man had heaped together, were about to be scattered abroad. "And that one man," sighed Mowbray, "is my generous and noble father!"

With a determination to change or divide the one deep current of his thoughts, he continued to gaze, for the last time, on the countless objects of virtu familiar from his boyhood. What volumes recorded in the past did they open to the mind! What endless associations arose from the abyss of departed days—from the wreck of the few bright years which had been taken from his span of life! Once more he looked upon the fossils or gems which had first awakened his attention to the wonders of nature, or the ingenuity of man. There was the insect, exquisitely fine, embalmed in amber, not a limb, not a feather of its wing disturbed. O, mockery of Egyptian cunning—the wonderful but ghastly mummy—what stores of knowledge and research had sprung from this! -how richly had it fed the infant appetite of learning! Beside it was the moss and sea---- weed, with not a fibre bent, enshrined within its tomb of light, the peerless and eternal crystal!—how often had he listened to his father's voice, which told of God's creation and the changes of the world!—how often had he begged to be lifted in his arms to look upon man's masterpiece of art—the ship of war! there was still the model formed in spotless ivory, the yards were manned, the shrouds crowded by the climbing sailors, as when first they caught his infant wonder; and there were still the real brass cannon, which, when older, he had so longed to steal and fire.

From these cabinets, filled with all that was costly or rare, he passed to a room hung with pictures by the first masters. As his eye was ranging from one to the other—now soothed by the solemn stillness of repose which Claude inspires, or now strengthened in endurance by the calmness of divinity, which beamed amidst the tortures of the suffering Christ—his attention was attracted by a picture reversed, unhung, and leaning against the wall. Moving it round, he immediately recognised it as one of the happiest efforts of Sir Joshua

Reynolds; in which, indulging the wild and poetic fancy which often inspired his hand, he had represented the lovely and commanding Lady de Mowbray as a gipsy: her superb, dark, and dazzling eyes, the marked profile of her face, the length of her glossy raven locks, and her commanding height, admirably fitted her for the character. Sir Joshua, struck, it would seem, by the high and noble daring written on her brow—reading the aspirations of a mind above the many—felt that the subject was worthy of the master, and determined to burst the tame trammels of passive resemblance: the portrait was embodied, but the painting was a picture for posterity.

The scenery was lone and desolate. In the background and on the right, the dark tints of a gipsy encampment were blended with a stormy horizon; in the foreground and on the left, stood one solitary tree, blasted, withered, and bent by the winds which threatened to strip the few branches which clung to life, and lived amidst decay; in the centre stood Lady de Mowbray, pre-eminently beautiful, and invested with the wild dignity of one who could

e stars—the priestess of futurity; the own gipsy hat had been cast aside, e unheeded by the blast; her forehead, expansive, and uncovered, shone with th of intellect, while her glossy locks, ed by the rays of heaven, seemed like stream of stars. A scarlet cloak waved a meteor, and bared a neck which rose as lumn worthy of its temple. No ornament, hing foreign to the fancied character, was troduced, excepting a black, smoke-dried, zel rod, terminating in three irregular forks, d resting on the fortuneteller's arm. The tkery of art was not there; and, exceptthe symmetry of form, the small and ered figures, there was nothing but the inlectual beauty of expressive features, which ld a proud pre-eminence though clad in the rb of poverty. Opposite to this striking we stood one, the type of gentleness and re, hope and fear. A being slight, young, d exquisitely fair, had submitted one hand the divination of the priestess, while, with e other, she retained the ribands of a bonnet

formed from the simple straw, light and spo less as herself. A profusion of hair, bright # burnished gold, fell upon her shoulders, 20 partly concealed the rose which trembled or the cheek; eyebrows, finely arched and com paratively dark, gave a depth of expression E the blue-veined brow: the eyes, all but veileby the falling lid, were intently fixed upon the mysterious lines of her fairy hand; and, thoug I the long dark lashes completed the shroud either the small blue veins upon the foreheac the robe of white, the sash of blue, the puris of tint, or look of innocent simplicity—a somthing, in short, aerial and angelic—told tlspectator that when the lids were raised would gaze upon eyes of heavenly blue-1 colour was felt, though veiled from sight The group was completed by a magnifice dog, which watched its gentle mistress; whi our hero, decked in the tattered garments of gipsy boy, shocless and unstockinged, stood its side: one foot was thrown across the back had vainly endeavoured to stride; and, as rested an elbow on the shaggy neck, he arc mocked his mother, by pointing, with the finger of one hand, to some pebbles which, in lieu of money, he held in the palm of the other.

Such was the composition of which we have endeavoured to convey a faint conception to the reader, and which, of course, was instantly revealed to De Mowbray. The last time he had looked upon it Lady Helen was by his side. Some hoped-for sketch, some flower, trifle for which he had sued in vain, was spin requested, as they contemplated the figures on the canvass.

"Will you never cease to be a beggar?"

Lady Helen's playful answer, as she pointed
to the wild costume which Sir Joshua's fancy
had bestowed. How forcibly did the words
recur to mind which then had passed!—how
well he remembered his saying in return, "that
he feared he was born to be a beggar, and that
she, of all others, was born to make him feel
it!"

"And is not the dress irresistibly becoming?" he added, in his light and sportive manner.

"With Sir Joshua, or Murillo, for a - Menundoubtingly. What a pity you are ri-ch! I fear I should never resist your petitions, if poor; but that can never be, so cease to importune me," was Lady Helen's answer, as she paused to take another look at the graceful begget boy; and then left the boy, who had become a man, to fulfil her promise to some favoure partner for a dance.

Now that these words recurred, he felt they had been uttered with prophetic force; and by one of those coincidences — which, whether chance or not, strike with the force of truth—they received additional weight. He was still musing on the recollection of the past, when, on the tattered trousers which imperfectly concealed the rosy leg, he read "Lot 1791."

"This very year!" he exclaimed, as by an involuntary association his thoughts passed from the lot which had overtaken his career, to the date in which it had befallen.

"This very year!" and he added, "alas! how like the fate which is pictured on the canvass! my poor mother, an outcast from the

World-my father, still in the strength of manbood, smitten like the oak by the hand of Heaven — I, the beggar I was pictured. Helen! my beloved Helen! where shall I turn to hide me from your image? How can I atone for the misery I have caused, by linking your fate with mine? and how divide the thoughts which rearn to dwell with you alone? But it must not-it shall not be!" And Mowbray strove to buy his imagination with the insight given to his father's character — he tried to figure the current of his father's reflections, while meditating upon these portraits of his wife and child. Did he wish that the picture should be saved from the gibes and jeers of heartless bidders? Was it his hand that had turned their faces to the wall, and attempted to tear off the "Lot" attached to the canvass? Had he, too, read the fulfilment of a fancied prophecy? Had he, too, like himself, wandered alone through the silent rooms, and raised the visions of the past? Such were the questions which Melton asked, and attempted to solve. Thus it was that he strove to fly from one too



De Mowbray only tarried to picture to the position in which I it. In doing this, a stronger light principal figures; and he was actu by the pallid hue which seemed, o to have fallen on the noble fea mother. Was it fancy? He once the picture against the wall, and r distance at which he stood but not looked, and his mind, once again the point, was again convinced; eyes wandered from his mother to perceived, or fancied that he saw hues pass from the cheeks of tl gipsy boy, as if the senseless canv the withering hour in which his perished.

he rosier tints of life had not already to the hues of death, they were apning but too rapidly to that untimely which has been accomplished in these our . Alas! for genius! how perishable are works of man!

## CHAPTER X.

Mr. Alderman Skinner, Auctioneer, and so forth. One of his lots knocked down before its time:—

Going! going! gone!

In attempting to give the reader an insight to the recesses of Sir John de Mowbray's heart, as also to the deeper feelings of our hero, we have certain misgivings. If observation has taught us that the strongest characters are more frequently betrayed by trifles, we have also learnt how difficult it is to give importance or interest to these finer shades.

This is a spirit-stirring age, and all things wanting in depth, in breadth, and force, are unpalatable: in other words, we fear lest we may have been noted dull, prosy, and mawkish.

Our love of honesty has wrung from us this confession. We authors are but a company

of spinners and weavers; and, as there are black sheep in every flock, so are there some amongst us, who, being paid by the yard, are apt to spin out their thread at the imminent risk of breaking down with the reader. Now, we disclaim the imputation; we have no such intention of writing fine with a vengeance; and, if charged with an offence so solemn, we prolest our innocence, and declare the accusation to be unfounded. No: our intentions are honest; and if our unskilful hands have failed in weaving the finer texture of our tale—if the more delicate materials have baffled the attempt of our clumsy fingers, there is the fault, and thus far only are we guilty. Bear with us a little longer, most gentle reader: we shall Presently return to work of a rougher cast—to Patterns of the human heart, as bold, as rough, and varied, as the veriest of radicals could wish.

"How have you slept, my dear father?" said Melton, as he entered the dressing-room; and taking Sir John's hand, pressed it affectionately to his lips.

- "King Richard is himself again!" replied Sir John, as he drew up his fine figure, and a something of his wonted sternness mingled with the smile of affection. "What a poor, weak thing is man! How soon are the strongest humbled, who taste not the food of rest! My nights have been sleepless lately; and the frame which I deemed of iron, has trembled like the aspen:—but tell me, Melton, did you not visit my room while I slept?"
  - "About an hour since I entered."
  - "And awoke me—did I not answer?"
- "No, my dear father, you slept profoundly."
- "Profoundly!" said Sir John, echoing the word, and looking fixedly in the face of his son: "I have dreamt much—the impression is vivid as reality; did I not speak?—did I not see you?"
- "Not then," replied Melton, with something like hesitation in his manner, as he found that the words which had been spoken were partially erased by the profound sleep which had ensued. He felt also a something

of that habitual awe, which had ever imposed silence upon the theme that had escaped from the dreamer's lips.

"When was it, then, Melton? I perceive that it is not altogether fancy; you awoke me— you have been here twice."

"No indeed, my father; I staid by your side until you fell asleep, and, as I watched, you spoke."

"Her name," said Sir John, in a deep and hurried under tone, while for a moment his lips appeared to quiver with the agony of feeling. "I thought it was so," he continued, in a calmer voice; "and did we not converse? What did I say?"

"I left you immediately; it was thus you requested."

"Yet, wherefore should I?" said Sir John Part, and sighing deeply. "It matters not, letton; she was your mother, and the name I med must be as sacred to you as to myself. Ome, come, we must strengthen the inward litan: I hear old Martha's footsteps with the breakfast."

The quick eye of Melton had already

glanced, with something of surprise, at the servant's preparations; but, fearful of wounding his father's feelings, he ventured no comment on the subject.

The service of the table was certainly not in strict accordance with the splendour of the The cloth was coarse, and common, abounding in cuts which had been darned, and many which gaped from more recent gashes. The cups, teapot, basin, et cetera, were mismatched, and various; the once white plates were chipped, cracked, and turned to whitvbrown; some lumps of sugar were piled in a blue saucer; a pound of butter, garnished with a stray cabbage leaf, overhung a small dish; and (horror of horrors) large blunt, rusted knives, with yellow semi-transparent horn handles, lay in a heap beside a loaf of exquisite fineness. On the fire was a black teakettle, big enough to start a bateau à vapeur; and, by the side of the tongs, the provident Martha had put a toasting-fork, worthy of becoming Neptune's trident.

"How is this, Martha?" asked Sir John, whose attention was turned to the teakettle

and feeling, at the same moment, a volume of the warm vapour which burst from the spout and played against his back. "How is this? why have you not brought the urn?"

"Mr. Alderman Skinner, the auctioneer, Sir John, told me that you would not sleep in the house again."

"But having done so, why have you brought this unsightly kettle? why not have given us the urn?"

"The water's sure to bile in the kettle, Sir John, and there's no making tea if it don't; and the urn's in the butler's pantry, and there so many jimcracks with it, I doubt, Sir hn, if it warn't beyond my capacity," said artha, determined, if possible, to evade the ue motives for her conduct.

"Well, well, never mind;—you, Melton, ust attempt the task of tea-making, according to Martha's rules: wheel the table to the fre, and let us profit by the 'biling' water."

As the table approached, there was a something glaring and unusual in the arrangement, which struck even the dim perceptions of Sir John; when, immediately under his eyes, he became sensible of the incongruous medley which, in truth, was more worthy of the scullery than kitchen, and most unworthy of Sir John de Mowbray's room in Grosvenor Square.

- "How is this, Martha?" asked the offended baronet with anger, as he raised one of the plebeian knives; and, disgusted by touching the handle, rough with relics of some boorish feast, threw it again on the table. "How, why is this, woman?" he repeated more sternly; as he fancied, for the moment, there had been some intention to insult.
- "I ask your pardon, Sir John: indeed I'm very sorry, but indeed I didn't know what to do;" answered the terrified servant, with stammering hesitation.
- "Not know what to do! Have you lived sixty years and upwards in my family, and not learnt how the heads of that family are accustomed to be served?"
- "It warn't ignorance or want of thought, Sir John," said old Martha more boldly, as she felt how undeservedly she had been accused,

Your presence, the mouths and the stomachs too, should be served, for I watched for hours last night in the passage, because I thought you looked ill, and might want something warm in the night; and when I heard you stepping backwards and forwards in your room, I Presed, Sir John, that you might lie your head on your pillow and sleep; and I thought, too, of my young master's head a banging all night in the mail, and how hungry he'd be, and it's all the fault of that great Alderman Skinner, the auctioneer."

Martha, like the kettle, had boiled over; and her words, like the steam from the spout, one warm from the heart; a tear or two seemed to have sprung from the same source; for, as if they scalded her cheek, her apronumoved them in an instant.

"And pray, Martha, why is Mr. Alderman Skinner to be blamed?" inquired Sir John with kindness, and seemingly appeared by the garrulity which he had tolerated.

"Why, Sir John, he came here with a set

of saucy wretches, and handled ever about, and pasted on them bits of pap said you were never coming here agai he ordered, and he spoke, as if the ho his own; and he said it was as much as was worth, if I touched any thing the marked."

The eyes of father and son met as the done when they mutually pulled ou purses to pay the coachman; but the there was a something ludicrous mingle the sadder thoughts which had been re-

"I see the poor baronet has no chan a rich auctioneer, alderman of London, forth," said Sir John to his son, with smile, which softened the sneer upon his and then, addressing the obedient Mar assured her that her life should be though she opened the housekeeper's roc brought a more fitting supply for their t

Martha was delighted to hear the corder from the head authority, and rein the shortest possible time with plates, and knives, which accorded better witaste and elegance of the surrounding fur



As if to spite the hateful alderman and auctioneer, she selected napkins and tablecloths of the finest damask. Melton aided the old woman in the preparations; and matters shortly assumed a very tempting look. While he was engaged in helping himself from a supply of cold meat which Martha's providential thought had prepared, she, with a delicacy of feeling, worthy of that refinement which education fosters, contrived to snatch away the plate which he was about to replenish, and substitute another. Her eye had detected on its rim one of those "nasty bits of paper" which the Odious alderman-auctioneer had ordered to be Put upon all things; and, judging from her Own ideas on the subject, she thought it would by no means add to the appetite of her dear Young squire.

"What's the matter now, Martha?" asked Melton, as his eyes partially glanced at the plate which disappeared.

"Nothing, sir," replied Martha, as she adroitly placed the substitute; "only the mark of a dirty hand on the top plate, which I did VOL. II.

not see in my hurry until now. I'll fetch some more with the eggs."

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Under the cover of this plea Martha hurried off with the condemned plate, and she had left the room something less than a minute, when a violent smash was heard on the stairs.

- "Poor Martha! I fear she has fallen down stairs," cried Melton, as he hastened to the door. "Martha! I hope you are not hurt?"
- "Not me, sir, it was only the dirty plate; you shall have the eggs directly, sir;" and, kicking aside some of the fragments which stood in her path, she continued her descent, and muttered to herself, that, for her part, she wanted neither "Lot" nor "Lot's wife;" she knew well enough how to season her dishes without an alderman's help. "I wish them people would stay at home, and not poke their noses into other people's kitchens. Oh! how my fingers did itch to pin a dishclout on the tail of Mr. Alderman Skinner and his meddle-some men."

Poor Martha's tongue was, happily, a sort

of safety-valve, which, being let loose, soon relieved her inflammatory nature, and restored the kindlier feelings of her heart. By the time the returned with the eggs, her blood had sunk from boiling heat to temperate.

We leave the father and son to do what justice they can to the humble preparations of a faithful servant, and enjoy, as they may, the first meal that they had ever taken in the form of a tête-à-tête.

As was natural, the conversation turned pon the details of late occurrences, which were as yet unknown to Melton. The theme was melancholy in itself; but, like the potes of some touching melody which mingle Pleasure with the pain they impart, so did a thousand little proofs of love, devotion, and sympathy, relieve the dark and sombre views of that which had been, and must be yet.

It sometimes happens, that, when the mind is intently interested, the body works mechanically; at the end of half-an-hour Melton looked down upon his empty plate, and for the first time felt or fancied that he had made a good breakfast.

## CHAPTER XI.

A short, but necessary chapter of business, or the various ways of making money, taking money, and the mysteries of banking explained.

As Melton de Mowbray, so far, at least, as words were concerned, did little more than listen during the repast to which we have seated the father and son, we shall drop for a little the style conversational, and communicate, as briefly as may be, the pith of their discourse, or rather of the information conveyed by Sir John de Mowbray.

Time out of mind it had been the custom in the banking-house of Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co. to add to the firm by selecting clerks who had served with fidelity; such, as usual, were the working men.

One Thomas Steel, and a Henry Bettison

had thus been raised by Sir John to this envied distinction: both were men of ability; but one, unfortunately, united the character of villain to the talents he possessed. Thomas Steel, once installed in the dignity of partner, took upon himself the management of the cash department; and, having a head which Napoleon that have envied for assistant, the funds of the house were for a time admirably managed. The spirit of calculation having begotten the love gambling, he speculated largely in the funds. In cases attended his efforts: he soon became in mensely rich: and this, for a length of time, as done with means which were fairly at his win disposal.

By degrees, avarice or ambition led him to older stakes, and he added to his own the money of the house. It is possible that, at first, his intentions were so far honest, that, had he succeeded, the unpermitted loan would have been replaced, and with it, perhaps, a fair proportion of profit. From this moment, however, ill luck defeated all his calculations, and his talents were thenceforth employed in hiding the deficiencies he had made, and in

devising the safest method of supplying the sums which he continued to venture: how ruinously, and yet how cleverly, this can be done, has been but too well instanced in the case of Fauntleroy and others. Steel, however, wearied with the task of concealment, and gradually hardened in dishonesty, absconded with thousands of the many thousands always within his power, and fled to America.

Henry Bettison, a frugal and saving man, had pursued a wiser and more honourable course; he put by his honest earnings, and multiplied the large profits which, even as a junior partner, came yearly to his share.

Having thus accumulated wealth, and purchased an estate in the county of Wiltahire, he retired from Lombard Street, to enjoy the otium cum dignitate of a country squire. Though scowled at for a time by the aboriginals of the land, and treated much as if he were a criminal, for daring to breathe the same air as themselves, yet his riches gradually produced a change: when in want, they condescended to visit his house and borrow:

at public elections, his power and interest gained him the honour of a nod from my lord, and a hearty shake of the hand from the candidate. Moreover, through Sir John de Mowbray's influence, he had been placed in the commission of the peace; neither did his fortime stop there; in the following year he was \*Ppointed receiver-general for the county, and, the crown of terrestrial glory, one of the three old and ugly daughters of Lord Bubbleton—co-heiresses of poverty—condescended to accept his hand, and spend his guineas. In short, the humble clerk had become a great man; and, having the wisdom to deport himself as a little one, he was respected by the mass, countenanced by the great, and courted by the needy.

Another general rule in the house of Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co., was, that every retiring partner should allow a portion of capital to remain at interest for a certain time, a rule which Mr. Steel had thought proper to reverse, but with which Mr. Bettison had gladly complied. To say truth, an honest man could not have done better; he not only

received interest upon the remaining capital but there was also a sum, little short of on hundred thousand pounds, which was kep apart, and petted like a nest-egg. At the end of the first month, the interest due upon this was cast up, and added to the total; at the end of the second month, the interest was cast again, and also the interest upon the interest added at the end of the prior month, and so on, to the end of the year. This interest upon interest will, we fear, sound very like usury to uninitiated ears, but Mr. Bettison "was an honourable man." At first, we confess, that we ourselves were startled, but from the inquiries subsequently made, in our character of author, we are led to believe that such doings are strictly lawful, when mutually agreed upon by the contracting parties; at least, we can vouch for the fact: and Sir John de Mowbray's liberality towards the man he had made, won his ready consent to the arrangement. Mr. Bettison was a favourite, and no Jew, so that the proposition, on his part, appeared by no means usurious; and the generous baronet was glad to find that he could legally gratify one who,

though bent on retirement, still hankered after extraordinary profits.

The weak point of Sir John de Mowbray was the ambition of passing for the richest man in the city of London: he paid somewhat learly for this flattering unction; independently of the sums required to meet the current existencies of the bank, he always kept a large amount positively idle, and useless to himself; but he felt a pleasure in being able to assist his neighbours, and a pride in the knowledge of the fact, that he was always able to do so. He could, at any moment, put his hand on a hundred thousand pounds or more, and many and many a tottering house he has saved from ruin.

Mr. Steel had long had his sorrowing eye pon this unemployed capital, and, with the pirit of a man of business, he determined to Put it into circulation: together with other funds, it disappeared when he departed for America.

Such was the position of affairs when Sir John de Mowbray was informed of his partner's flight: at first, it sounded like an impossibility, but a slight examination revealed the

delinquent's villany, and confirmed the port.

Sir John, thus robbed and left to hin was obliged to turn his mind and energies t affairs of the house; he who had saved so n was now in his turn compelled to ask a ance, and doomed, alas! to find refusal w his claims were strongest. He managed, I ever, to meet all immediate demands, by taining discounts on bills which had spared, as useless, by the scoundrel \$ This provision being made, the next ster to examine into his actual state: the r was, that if the losses of the house coul hushed, and time gained to convert secu and property to cash, all might yet be v if, on the other hand, the public were alar. and a run upon the house ensued, there w be only the alternative of suspending payr for the present, and winding up at a sacı so enormous, that, though the creditors n be paid in full, Sir John de Mowbray and son would be left pennyless, or poor, at be

The prompt measures which had taken, together with the long-established

Putation of the firm, succeeded for a time in Preventing doubt or panic. Sir John, with Perhaps stronger decision than judgment, determined on the sale of his house in Grosvenor Square. This occasioned some whispering and wonder; the evil tongues of those who had refused assistance doubled their base ingratitude, by betraying the request; the extraordinary circumstance of Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co. obtaining discounts through the Bank of England, also transpired; whispers were raised to reports, reports to actions. Then came symptoms of withdrawing certain balances, if not of an actual run upon the house.

Amidst these alarmists, the weakest and lost unreasonable, was one who ought to have been the best and steadiest friend at such crisis; it was the fitting opportunity for him ho owed all to Sir John to repay his kindness. But Mr. Bettison, though an honourable man, and kind-hearted withal, was unfortunately unfitted for great and trying events; on such occasions, he lost his head, and without a head, it is inconceivable what mischief a

man may do: battles have been lost, ere now, by one of these headless beings; and, to descend in the scale of illustration, well we remember the lives and limbs which were lost, when one amongst the gods of Drury Lane (whose sight was obstructed by the rising curtain), cried "Higher! higher!" and some weak mortal, catching the sound imperfectly, bellowed "Fire! fire!" lost his head, and ran away. So easy it is to cause a panic, and create a run; and whether it be on the field of battle, upon a house, or from a house, the consequences of a run are usually fatal.

Mr. Bettison was immediately informed by Sir John of what had occurred, and his support requested. By the same post, some underling clerk wrote an exaggerated report: the ci-devant partner trembled for the nestegg which had hatched his monthly guineafowls, as well as for the capital at simple interest. He drew for an immense sum, which, as receiver-general for the county, he declared to be indispensable. This was paid; an interview followed, in which the baronet demon-



strated to his late partner, that he would most effectually secure his own interest, by not ruining that of his patron.

While under the immediate influence of Sir John's good and strong sense, the alarmist took courage; and if he felt not gratitude, he saw his real interests. Having asked, and received a still further amount to confirm his resolutions, he promised to leave the remaining capital untouched for the present, and returned to his country residence.

Here, however, his temporary firmness failed, and fear once more mastered his reason; he insisted upon having his whole capital at once. Sir John, in reply, represented the impossibility, nay, the injustice of a step which would place the principal creditor in a better situation than that of others; and this, too, in a house where, as partner, he made his whole fortune. He pointed out the cruelty and madness of a demand which was fraught with ruin to his patron, and danger to the creditors; he reminded him of the solemn promise he had made upon receiving the last amount, which he himself had declared was enough to dispel

anxiety, and open his eyes to the wisdom of forbearance. In conclusion, he mentioned his determination to suspend payment, if such demand were insisted upon; in other words, to be a beggar, rather than be unjust. To this letter an answer was expected on the morrow or next day. Sir John, warned by the weakness and vacillation of the man he had to deal with, penned the letter to his son, which is already before our reader. At one time, he had hoped to conceal the tidings of misfortune until there was also the prospect of repairing the evil; such chance now appeared hopeless, and doubly so, when he felt that, day by day, his eyesight failed.

Ladies and novel-readers are, of course, about as conversant with the mysteries of banking as our hero was, when he changed his quarters from Blankisle Hall to Vine-tree Court, Lombard Street. It may, therefore, be well, for our mutual understanding, to add a few words on the subject. Don't be alarmed, dear gentles of either sex, we are not about to put you on a high stool, with four sides like ladders, crowned with fourteen inches square

To black leather worn to brown; we are not about to defile your fingers with ink, nib a pen upon your nail, and weary your eyes by poring over a ledger heavier than a dozen folios of the fathers. No: in one page we hope to make you sufficiently learned for our purpose.

At first sight, it may appear but reasonable that if Mr. A. (not meaning an ass, thereby) intrusts fifty or a hundred thousand pounds to Mr. B., the banker, Mr. A. may, without notice, draw at once for the money thus intrusted: we hope to prove the contrary, and shew it would be most unreasonable to do so. If bankers Were to put all the money intrusted to their Charge into a strong room, and do nothing with it, it is clear they would not only gain nothing, but their labour and risk would be rewarded by a positive loss. Bankers are every instant employed in re-issuing fractions of sums paid into their hands. Every transaction is entered, and doubly entered, in the huge ledgers to which we have alluded. A large establishment of confidential clerks, house-rent, servants, and stationary, must all be paid for before the partners receive any remuneration for the time and

oil which they have devoted to the affairs of their—what shall we say?—"customers?" it is such a horror of a word!—we have it— "of their confiding friends." It follows, therefore, in order to meet these expenses, and earn the fair wages of their labour, that a large portion of the money intrusted to B. B. and Co. must be sedulously planted out before a golden harvest can be reaped. In other words, they may invest it in the funds or government securities, on which interest is paid; they may oblige the merchant by advancing the amount of a long bill, and oblige themselves by charging interest upon the months and days which the bill has to run before it will be due: on the same terms, they may lend money upon estates. though this is rare with London bankers. Then again, some of Messrs. B. B. and Co's. "confiding friends" may keep a balance on the wrong side; that is, instead of confiding a thousand pounds to their banker's hands, they receive that amount into their own, upon giving security and paying five per cent for the loan. Now all this, done to oblige a confiding friend, can only be effected by a tacit agreement,

which binds every man to leave a certain sum in his banker's hands always untouched; and thus, by enabling the banker to use to advantage a certain capital, he pays him for the trouble of paying his cheques, and keeping his accounts. Were it necessary, we could make this more apparent, by alluding to the fact of Country bankers allowing two or three per cent On money deposited for a certain time, on which, of course, they must make a larger per Centage, or be losers; but without this, we bust we have made our idle readers sufficiently earned in the art of making money, to convince bem, first, that every man is bound in honour keep a certain balance always at his banker's; condly, that if all the confiding friends join weir foolish heads together, and run headlong pon the bank, they are guilty, at least, of :lo de se, and of "maining with intent to estroy" the poor banker; thirdly, that if Ar. Bettison should insist upon withdrawing is capital, and more particularly his nest-egg, he very most charitable construction will be, o liken him to the man who destroyed the cenerous goose which, day by day, produced

him a golden egg. In the next chapter shall probably read his decision: the pr we conclude by a fervent wish that every r may have, and keep, a good balance a banker's—a pleasing necessity, which we endeavoured to prove to be nothing but r proper, and convenient, to all parties.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A CITY MARSHAL.

"All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
Without respect of richesse or reward."

Spenser.

Ature for specific professions. It is a thing of to be mistaken: divinity is written on the ow of one man; Mars on the front and bearg of another; law oozes from the tongue of third; physic dwells upon the palate of a ourth; but it is not every one who finds his roper sphere, though the laws of nature are red, perfect, and unvariable. The lot of man eems, to our weak perceptions, to be cast at andom; the ups, and downs, and jumbles of he world, are beyond our comprehension: we ally know that it is so; and, while we see and that that station of life to which it has

pleased Providence to call us, is opposite to that for which we were palpably intended; we must allow there is no remedy, and have only to make the best of a bad match. The word is apposite; for, as in the cases of matrimony, how rarely can we say that he or she are wedded to this or that station, and exactly suited to each other. Some men, with thirty thousand a-year, were clearly never meant to be gentlemen—title and wealth cannot make them; while others, with scarcely a penny in their pockets, never cease to be otherwise: their lots have been palpably miscast, but how, we know not.

Thomas Bowman, alias "the sergeant-at-arms,"—for thus was he styled by his fellows—a faithful and valued clerk in the house of Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co., was a striking instance, amidst the many, of such out-of-place beings. There was no looking at the man without seeing he was born for the army; soldier was written in his features, air, and carriage; piercing eyes, and aquiline nose, spoke of the eagle's daring; a spare and wiry form told of energy and endurance fitted

for the warrior's chequered life—of one intended for the smoke of gunpowder, instead of that of London.

Not all the drudgery of the desk could destroy this cast of character, or round the flattened shoulders. Still, if he drew a pen from behind his ear, he did it with as much dignified precision as if the pen were a sword, and drawn to salute his commander-in-chief. Judging from his name, and knowing how the traits of our ancestors appear in after generations, it is more than probable that the forefathers of Thomas Bowman were distinguished amongst the archers bold of merry England; though we are bound to confess, that there was neither authentic record of the yew-tree which supplied their bows, nor of their family-tree bich supplied the archers. It is mere surise, suggested by the name, and the warlike Characteristics so indisputably bred within the POAD.

Unluckily for Mr. Bowman, he was born before phrenology, or strongly-developed bumps of pugnacity might have influenced

his parents, and made him the Wellington o his day. As it was, he became a banker' clerk; and, while he sighed to handle a sword a pike, or bayonet, he was compelled to limit his ambition to a quill, penknife, or pocker book.

The clerk, however, was a man not to be overlooked. Sir John de Mowbray had bee struck by his commanding mien, and notice him with favour. When, as sometimes had pened, young Melton was brought by his fatheto the city, Thomas Bowman was always selected to attend upon the young heir, to she him the wonders of the strong room, let him dabble his little fingers amongst the hoards obright guineas, or listen to the magic of Abraham Newland, whose touch could stamp the value of thousands on a bit of silver paper. The predilection of the father was thus imbibed by the son. Thomas Bowman and the little squir became the best of friends.

"But what are these?" said the clerk, on day, as he scooped up a shovelful of nev guineas, and poured them back with a sneer o inestable contempt. "What are these to the polish of warlike steel? I hope, Master Melton, you will be a soldier."

- "I should like it," answered the little Melton, with the spirit of a true boy, to whom the ideas of lace, scarlet, a sword, and big horse, are irresistibly fascinating.
- "And the drums, and the fifes, and the bugles, don't they make your little heart beat, Master Melton, don't your ears tingle with delight?"
  - "I love them dearly."
- "That's a man, and a brave one, and I see You'll be a soldier," cried Bowman, with enthusiasm, as he lifted the little hero in his arms and kissed the young proselyte. Little did he think in after years that his words might eventually come to pass.
- "Do they make lace of these guineas?"

  \*\*Red the innocent boy, who then knew nothing

  \*\*The value of money, and thought the hoards

  before him would supply the whole army at

  least.
  - "They are fit for nothing else!" cried the clerk, in the first burst of warlike spirit; and

then, recollecting himself, he condescended to explain how soldiers were paid and lace manfactured.

- "And to-morrow you'll meet me in the park, and take me to hear the band, and tell me again all about marching, and charging, and wheeling their eyes right about."
- "Their bodies, you mean. But, hush! Master Melton, there is Sir John, or somebody, coming;" and, as the clerk heard a footstep approach, he was painfully recalled to the true sense of his station in life.
- "Do promise, do, pray, dear Mr. Borman," said the boy, who read the melanchor expression in his attendant's face.
- "Yes, yes, to-morrow, as usual, at the Horse Guards—I promise, if possible," replied to Bowman, in a hurried tone, and then answere Sir John de Mowbray, who came to inquire for his son.

We have given this peep at a meeting which had occurred in Lombard Street many years since, as giving an insight to the character of a faithful and devoted being, who, in the midst of all his military dreams, stuck to the

desk, and honourably did his duty to Sir John instead of the king. It was the same being to whom Melton de Mowbray now looked forward as a friend and adviser; their intimacy, his kindness, and affection of former days, had never been forgotten; the observation of later days assured Melton that to him he need not fear to confess his ignorance—alas! his gross and total ignorance—on matters of business; he knew he should be instructed without being secret at, and scorned as a fool in all things, because he could say neither multiplication nor Pence-table by rote.

We need only add—and, strange though it may seem, we are, as usual, speaking but the ct—in explanation of the rendezvous appointed for the Horse Guards, that for years and years it was the custom of Thomas Bowlan to attend the morning parades in St. I ames's Park. To do so was probably culpable; but so far his bellimania was irresistible; and, though wishing to hasten our sketch, we must pause to say that this slight deviation from his appointed path was the sum total of vol. II.

offences which could ever be charged a this worthy man.

Day by day, when he started from the on his western circuit, he flew like the until he reached the Horse Guards, the spot where he looked and felt at home. huge leathern pocket-book, filled with bil acceptance or payment, was worn as a b plate beneath the coat, which was butt à la militaire, up to the chin; knee-bre and long gaiters, which fitted close to the shewed to advantage limbs as straight neck, and completed his invariable cos One thing, however, we had nearly forge and as, for aught we know, it set the fa for the present age, we must not omit a stock, above which a narrow rim of whi peared, as if to hint there was a plain : cloth beneath.

We have mentioned his striking and tary cast of features; this, together wild daily appearance, made him acquainted all the drill-sergeants of the guards.

"Why don't you join us?" they said,

they had satisfied his thirst of knowledge as to some manœuvre.

"Better come to us," would cry a man like 4 giant, with cocked hat, jack-boots, and blue coat crossed with broad buff leather belts for sword and carbine, a specimen of the old Oxford Blues. Poor Bowman would shake his head with a sigh, think of his widowed mother who depended on his pen for support. There needed nothing to back the invitation but a sense of duty, and sense of pride kept him to the station for which nature never meant him. He had no funds to obtain a commission, to which his father's rank would once have entitled him, and he could not desert his mother, or break her heart, by enlisting as a private. As he could not enter into particulars, his usual mode of answering such requests was to turn to the right about! face!" and march off. When out of sight, his double-quick time made up for the minutes he had lost.

By means of a little plotting with Sir John de Mowbray's butler or steward, Master Melton was frequently taken to St. James's Park; and gratified by meeting his favourite, Mr.

Bowman. A banker's clerk may appear a sin gular tutor for military tactics; however, it this case, it answered perfectly; the happy an delighted boy listened to his explanationslearnt the word of command to go through the manual—how the squares were formed, an men fired over one another's shoulders-anin the end, he began to think what capital fuit must be to see cavalry charge, and be spitte like geese, on their bayonets. Then, too, got the best place for seeing and hearing t band (for Bowman, as amateur, was as wknown, in his way, as the privileged pie-mas who sold "hot Banbury cakes," was in his way To crown the happiness of Master Mowbres he was noticed by the officers; had occasional the delight of holding a naked sword; ar looking for the blood of the men it had killed and, now and then, of sitting on a war-hors with all its equipments.

Stolen pleasures, they say, are always the sweetest. These were happy moments for the enthusiastic clerk and ardent child. In the latter it was a passing passion; and, having persuaded his father to give him a sword, gur

cocked hat, and drum, it gradually subsided, after he had disturbed the whole house by beating to arms, broke some dozen windows, one large looking-glass, and three vases with marble bullets from his musket, and wounded two men and one maid with the point of the sword. In the former, however, it was apassion, and as much a part of himself the sap is to the tree—it flowed in his Veins—it was bred and born there. Even when a higher station in the house confined him to Lombard Street by day, his evenings were devoted to reading such works as bore upon his beloved theme. The life of Frederick the Great he knew by heart—the feats of Alexander, Hannibal, and Henry the Fourth, were at his fingers' ends— he would name every battle, and give the numbers of killed, wounded, and hors de combat; they came as pat as twice One are two. Thus far, at least, he had made his mania subservient to his arithmetical practice.

As this predisposition to the articles of war Save a singular turn to his mode of expression, we have thought it necessary to say thus much

unnatural. In conclusion, though foreign to our purpose, we cannot but tell of Thomas Bowman's exquisite delight, when subsequently Napoleon's threatened invasion turned "the nation of shop-keepers" into an armed and warlike population. In those memorable days every clerk was compelled to turn soldier, and handle the musket or pike. Bowman was at once appointed to command—he was in his element and glory—a very giant and general amongst the City volunteers—and his morning and evening prayer was, "Oh! that the Corsican would dare to land!"

## CHAPTER XII.

THE CITIZEN'S ABODE OF FORMER DAYS; HIS GARDEN, OR CHURCH-YARD.

The Wembwells and Politos, who to-day

Fore Fashion's mixed menagerie—and then

They neither aped nobility, nor blushed

To own their honest mart—and courtly trace

Of this their noble pride may still be found

In many a street and lane—high stately rooms—

With width of stair enough to yield a pass

To be hittington's state-coach; with all which won

The bonours due alike to wealth and worth—

Medici of London."

A. Bird.

our intention to dwell upon Melton de Mowbr y's short and sombre career as a man of busi ess; we merely purpose to present to the reader such leading events and anecdotes be likely to interest or amuse; but as

these will cover a space of time, though short in point of years, long, sad, and lingering to our hero, it may not be amiss to give a slight picture of the gloomy sojourn where his father breathed his last, and where he, a poor volutary prisoner, lived without breathing, until he had paid every man to his uttermost farthing.

The windows of the banking-house, facing —but much too dirty to look into—Lombard Street, were divided by a low, dark passagewide enough to admit a man who was not inordinately fat. A wrought-iron gate, worked with some skill, and representing a grim black smith's notion of fleur-de-lis, tendrils, and grapes, closed this entrance by night, and wa chained back to the wall by day; a mat blackened with the first-fruits gathered from the muddy stones, was chained to a staple in the opposite wall; and, if this hinted at the dishonest industry of some wandering citizens—if the chain on the gate betrayed the dread of city Sampsons, they also told that the passage was private, and belonging to some man of substance within—it led, in fact,

tree Court, to the domicile in which rable D'Aubigny had learnt to live on and vegetate to extreme old age; and i, in their turn, Sir John de Mowbray son had now retired.

le living at the West, and accustomed ames's—unworthy and despicable as lding is—have little notion of a court ty; we mean one of those cul de sacs very inch of ground is of so much at an English hop-sack would almost length, depth, and breadth.

e candid, however, Vine-tree Court
ter a favourable exception; it was not
in its narrowest part, to stand at opndows and shake hands across; it was
tved; there was still a precision about
told of the departed old bachelor;
or five steps leading to the private
gether with their landing, were daily
shed, to receive the daily showers of
the large brass knocker and plate
jularly polished; a strip of earth, borjularly polished; a strip of earth, borjularly polished is a strip of earth, bor-

door, and were monopolised by two vine-trees, which were sparingly trained on a cobwebby trellis. Poor D'Aubigny! never did the anor patriæ of man hit on a more melancholy device to soothe his recollections, to revive his 17 dreams of la belle France and her sunny vineyards. If one thing be more wretched than another, it is to see the graceful, blushing vine struggling into life in the tainted atmosphere of London; to mark its shrivelled, puny, blackened leaves—its stunted shootsits blossoms, with the mockery of grapes-the bone without the flesh—the withered vestige of a palsied hand; —this is, in truth, a piteous sight! Why, the pale-faced, sickly child within a factory, is merriment to this: the child can see the sun, and smile sometimes; the blanched and orbless skull had been a happier memen Poor Yorick had had "his jibes and jest and they lived again in the grave-digge memory, as he handled the jaws which "we wont to set the table in a roar." Nay, sallow and coarse-clad monk at Rome, as pointed to the skulls which formed the wal of his chapel, and said, with a smile, " Quan

te hanno mangiato," doubtless had some asurable recollections of a dinner;—but the e-tree in London is the emblem of perfect ery—of blasted hopes—of the broken heart ch pines for death, yet may not die! The rooms which faced the narrow ence to this court had a more cheerful ct, they looked at the back into a church-, or rather a bit of garden, for church e was none; and time had levelled the bs and mounds which had once been ed in this consecrated spot. One large robed in the blackness of a mourner, imental inscriptions and devices inserted igh crumbling walls, were amongst the relics which told its former purposes; of , most were broken or defaced; the surs, who had inscribed the name and virof the dead had, in their turn, perished the living. The ties of blood, love, and wed recollections, had either sunk in ob-, or been lost in succeeding generations. 'Old Mortality" had come, from year to to retouch the record of departed names, : tales of sorrow, praise, pride, or pomp;

with scarcely one exception, all had fourthat dark equality which befits the grave.

Still the view from the bed and sitting. room which Melton Mowbray had selected, was comparatively cheerful. Though half of the burial-ground had been covered by an aciditional office for the bank, there was—sm ~ke and fog permitting—room to see the skies of Moreover, the windows opened the leads on which the late bachelor, Tr. D'Aubigny, had contrived, after the manne of the Maltese, to raise the ghost of a hanging garden. As we shall have occasion to refer these localities, it may be well to mention the in the centre of this flat roof was a large stary light, and immediately under this were the trap-doors leading to a subterraneous stro room, secured by double doors of iron: remaining half of the ground was, as we have said, converted to a bit of garden, in which the last of a generation of sextons had lo officiated as gardener. His office, to be was somewhat changed, from the apprentices ship he had served to his father; but when the old church was pulled down, and his

ere no longer needed in the profession learnt, he gladly accepted the offer of a inder the wing of the kind-hearted rny. He clung to his humble room, d, his shovels, and pickaxe, like the in to his cottage and hearth on the site Katherine's Docks;" he hallowed the residence attached to the mournful rhich he and his family had so long ed, as the cottager valued the spot oded by the Thames, swept from the the earth, and traversed by the proud our merchants. It may be the reader, , has watched the formation of those land basins,—like us, has marked the , preserved with honest pride, from age still telling of the fields which once re,—like us, he may have seen it alone changed, amidst the changes around; d by the noise of busy thousands, of moving like magic by the power of of depths daily increasing, and building like monsters from the slimy banks iver:-if so, the reader must have remarked the solitary dwelling, spared while yet it might be, and heard, as we have, how the last of an honest and humble race died brokenhearted, when driven by the almighty act of parliament from the land of his fathers. It was even thus that the old sexton loved to cling to the churchyard.

"And after all," he said, as he handled his spade, and was changing the features of the ground; "there arn't so much difference neither, for flesh be but grass, and man but the flowers of the field; and whether they holds up their head as pert as my crocus, or droops like the snowdrop, it all comes to one; they lives, and they dies, and nothing can't save them from that—so, a fig for the pomps and the vanities, say I." And, so saying, he gathered together sundry fragments of marble and stone, to build an edging for his borders, while other bits were converted to sparrowtraps. And when the strong room and office encroached upon his bounds, he consoled himself by returning to his old habits of collecting the bones which were brought to light; and,

with the philosophy of Roman monks, he fringed many a pretty circle of "candy tuft" and "Venus's looking-glass" with the mortal remains, whose fate he compared to the flowers they enclosed.

At length, in extreme old age, the sexton-gardener was himself gathered to his fathers; and buried, at his own particular request, in the earth which his shovel had so often turned over.

This event occurred some years before Melton de Mowbray's arrival, at which moment the garden was a wilderness, if not of sweets; for was the richness of soil imparted by the contributions of the dead, that vegetation protributions of the dead, that vegetation protributions of smoke, and nearly concealed the only remaining signs of a grave.

We have but to add, that the old wall embraced three sides of the garden; and on the facing the banking-house were built lofty erooms, principally of wood, and which for ed, of course, the backs of houses looking nother street.

Melton de Mowbray had risen early, he

awoke with the feeling of oppression o chest; for, as yet, his lungs had not been r ciled to the sulphureous heavy atmosph the city; he opened his window for relief when dressed, it was a consolation to tres small limits of the leaden roof, and inhi air which he fancied purer, when, by lo upwards, he could hail the heavens. Alth its history was unknown, there was a t thing, too, of melancholy interest in the g beneath his feet. "It seems as if all a me were travelling to ruin and decay!" h within himself, as he looked on the crun walls, the broken tablets, the leafless bre of wild and drooping shrubs, together v rusty spade and pickaxe, which lay amid stems of withered weeds, by the side solitary grave.

Whether the memory of his mother—to the world, to him, and his father—wh the sufferings of the father he had found image of her, the pure and gifted being h lost,—whether these—his own and a fate, the final destiny of all on earth,

brought to mind and woven in the musings to which the scene gave birth, we leave to the reader's imagination: time presses—we must to business.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAN OF PASHION'S FIRST LESSON IN COUNTS, AND FAREWELL TO MOUSTACHES

"Multiplication is vexation,

Division is as bad;

The Rule of Three does puzzle me,

And Practice drives me mad."

Author unknown.

In reading of the punishments of old, we often thought what a very unpleasant sense it must be to have one's ears nailed to a pill and yet, as all happiness is comparative, would be positive delight compared to the ings of regret, agony, and despair with we we should look upon the said ears if a from our head. It is easy to imagine the fering which a young man, in the prid health and beauty, would endure upon se

head, or the hand which had been stricken his wrist; or, in case the illustration appoverwrought, let the reader figure the ful mortification of the noble stag, when ends to the mirror of the lake, and sees elf for the first time since fate had robbed of his antlers. With some such feeling lelton de Mowbray look, first at himself, glass, and then on his peerless, inimitmoustaches, which lay on the dressing-

He had, however, more than the conon of the stag: he knew that they would
again, in case he should like to escape
his prison, and purchase a commission in
rmy. As this thought suggested itself,
oughts wandered to the gentler sex, and
ared a sigh for those who are too often
elled to take the vow of imprisonment till
—the wretched nun who, in the days of
, loveliness, and passion, is deprived of
ong and glossy locks—an act which typinut too well, the fate of one cut off from
ving world. "Well, well," said Mowbray
unself, "this need never be my fate; I

need neither turn monk nor sluggard; and the fault will be mine if this right hand cannot win my way in the world."

Fortified with this reflection, he descended to the bank to take his first lesson from Thomas Bowman, the friend of his boyhood. It was yet early, the appointment having been made for an hour previous to the commencement of the general business of the day.

"Ah, Bowman! good morning, my kind friend," said Mowbray, speaking with familiate ease towards an inferior whom he both like and respected.

Thomas Bowman was standing with back to the door, upright as a larch, the holl of his right foot fitted into the ball of his left his arms hanging down and hands crossed after the fashion of a military "stand at ease." When roused from his reverie by Mowbray's voice, his hands dropped flat to his thigh, and heel was joined to heel with mechanical amartness and precision.

"What! Bowman dreaming of the Horse Guards and our former days?" asked Mowbray with a smile, as the eccentric being before him

donce more placed his feet "as you were!"

Id faced to the right about. "Did I think

ghtly?" he added, as he extended his hand
the old comrade whom fate had led him to
join.

"In truth, sir, I was thinking what a pity was you didn't take my advice, and turn oldier."

"You augur well from my punctuality this morning? it is the very moment you ordered my parade," said Mowbray, pointing to a clock on the point of striking eight.

"Ah, sir! soldiers meet to do a nobler duty than awaits those who muster here; it makes my heart sick to think about it."

"Bowman!" said Mowbray, with something of that deep, sad, yet silver tone which had fallen on many a female ear, and never been forgotten, "we must not forget my poor father; can there be a nobler duty than to that as a shield between a parent and the hafts of misfortune."

"Halt there, sir!" cried Bowman, using a Ourite exclamation. "You are right, sir;

for never was a more noble heart, or one more worthy to command."

"Well, then, let us to business, or, spealing in the language after your own heart, teacing me the manual of those books which are pilessaround us."

"It's a thousand pities though," said Bow-man, looking steadfastly at Mowbray's upper lip, and shaking his head; "but I never looked at your moustaches without thinking of Henry the Fourth of France. I have read that one of your ancestors was his intimate friend, and always fought in his cause;—am I right?"

"Even so," said Mowbray with a sigh, as he thought how the mighty had fallen; and then recovering, or rather forcing the lighter current of his artificial spirits, he added—"I hope, Mr. Bowman, you intend no slur upon the female escutcheon, by linking the likeness and intimacy together."

"Halt there, sir!" cried Bowman, with stern and ancient gravity. "I had rather pluck out my tongue by the roots, than be the first to allude to your poor father's case." Mowbray started, as if a serpent had stung

1. He gave one piercing glance, to see if companion had purposely misinterpreted allusion which he himself had made. Such ughts had never entered the guileless head him who had spoken as he felt. The fault with himself, so dangerous it is to play hedged tools—to speak lightly of sin, ause committed ages since—or slander se we never knew, and know not to be lty.

"I am sorry to think I have destroyed the ag picture of your favourite hero," said wbray, struggling to obliterate the expression of fierceness which had clouded his feasis; "but you will allow that moustaches do quite accord with the character and trade banker."

"I can't say they do, sir, to speak with mon sense, and I am glad to see you have courage to adopt the peaceful uniform of a ten."

"It did require courage, to say truth.
en I gave my old pets their last curl on the
I thought they writhed with agony and

of living flesh."

"Halt there, sir!" said Bowman, who can centhusiasm or romance never led his fazzed astray, excepting when they touched the chord of his bellimania.

Having entered the office, which afforded ample materials for the novice's lesson, Thomas Bowman entered upon his duty, and explained divers of the mysteries of discounting, protesting, accepting, day-books and wastebooks, bill-brokers, stock-brokers, et id genus omne. If this learned lecture was larded with some few military phrases, it was neither the less comprehensible, the less heavy, nor less forcible, on that account.

Up to this moment Mowbray had, for the most part, listened with silent wonderment, and, consequently, passed for a very promising pupil. When, however, they entered an office more particularly devoted to book-keeping, Mowbray took upon himself to open one of the many huge ledgers bound in Russia leather.

"Why, how is this?" cried Mowbray in astonishment, as, in turning over the leaves, he

w-'Dr. John Merriman,'-'Dr. Thomas ailey,'-'Dr. Joseph Higgins,'-'Dr. Willm Wiggins,'-and a thousand other names, which 'Dr.' was prefixed. "Why, Bowan, it would seem as if all the Doctors in ondon banked with my father!"

"Halt there, sir! I don't understand you,"
wered Bowman, with a stare of much greater
stonishment than that which his pupil had
vinced.

"Not understand! why, don't I read Dr. is, and Dr. that, on the head of every page?"

"Sir, what do you mean?" asked Bowin despair, as his eyes wandered altertely from Mowbray's face to his finger, ich continued to point to page after page.

"Mean!" cried Mowbray, repeating the rd, and half angry, "I mean to ask you iously whether this huge volume is devoted physicians and divines?"

Bowman was slow to take a joke, but a wand resistless light had fallen on his es; indulging in another stare, in which e comic strangely predominated, he asked,



with deeper gravity.

There was no withstanding committed the first hearty is was ever known to have been there was no stopping; he I sides ached, and the tears ca closed eyes.

" Mr. Bowman! Mr. The exclaimed Mowbray, astonish offended.

"I—I—beg—pardon—y
in—in—indeed—honoured;
very sorry——" stammered
gling to check the convulsi
but he could get no further
"sorry," before another and
of laughter obliged him to le
the desk for support, while

the pupil's turn to make the same estimate of his master; seating himself on one of the high stools we have described, he folded his arms and awaited his opportunity of speaking.

- "When you are a little composed, Mr. Borman, you will, perhaps, oblige me by explaining the cause of your mirth?" said Mowbray, as he saw the paroxysm was passing.
  - " Indeed, sir, I deserve the cat-o'-nine tails," said Bowman, suddenly recovering himself, and wiping away the tears which had
  - "I think you have cried enough without trickled from his eyes.
  - "Will you forgive me, sir? but, indeed, them to-day." I first thought you were jesting; and when I ser w you look grave, had I been to be shot, I could not help laughing. And were you really im earnest?"
    - " Decidedly why not?"
    - " And you didn't know that Dr. stood for

Mowbray nodded his confession, instead debtor?" of saying such was my ignorance.

.. And they really did not teach you thus

much at Eton?" asked Bowman, almost incredulous.

- "The rod only taught me that Dr. stool for doctor, and that is a lesson which Dr.
- Lignum wrote in red ink pretty often; in future, my kind friend, I shall know how to write my 'debtor,'" said Mowbray, with a laugh, which he could not resist, though ashamed of his want of useful knowledge.
  - "Well, I hope you forgive me, sir?" asked Bowman, who, this time, checked the laugh he felt inclined to renew.
  - "With all my heart!" replied Mowbray, extending his hand, and adding, while he held it; "your lesson, Bowman, is worth a thousand of Dr. Lignum's; the impression will not pass; I never shall forget it. Come, come, pity my ignorance, and help me to redeem the time I have lost: explain these mysterious pages."
  - "Nothing so easy, sir," said Bowman, opening the ledger, and passing his hands right and left to flatten the pages he had opened: "Dr. Charles Parr, as you would call him, sir," pointing to the name before

them, while a slight twinkle of the eye accompanied this parenthesis, "is, on one side, made the debtor for all the payments made for him; and, on the other, he has credit for all the monies paid into his account. These two sides are what I call the adverse parties; and if you will just add up the rank and file, you will see which is the strongest side — just try it, sir."

"I could not, if it were to save my life!" confessed Mowbray, with humility.

"Eh!" exclaimed Bowman, as he involuntarily opened his eyes and looked the
teptic for an instant. He saw it was a true
bill; there was no jesting; and the next intent he added, "never mind, sir, you'll soon
learn; there is nothing so easy."

Having held out this encouragement, he book a pencil and piece of waste paper, and Pointing with the forefinger of his right hand, he ran up one line of figures, down another, fored the result of each, and, having finished the additions on either side, he placed the lever sum beneath the other.—" There, sir,"

he said, addressing Mowbray, who had watch ed with amazement the rapidity of his movements; "now, if you will subtract the one from the other, you will see which gains the day: in accounts, the battle is always to the strongest—just try the result."

Mowbray shook his head.

- "What, not know subtraction?"
- "Too true, Bowman."
- "Is it possible?" said Bowman, with sigh and, dropping the pen from his hand and equations—and decimals—square—ot—vulgar fractions—practice—and——?"
- "Halt there! as you, my master, would say. To sum up the roll of my knowledge in figures, I just know how to draw a check spend the money; in my pence-table, I just know that twelve pence make one shilling; and that twice one are two in the way of multiplication, man and wife always expected."
- "And that, sir, is only when one is cipher, and which, being of no value by itself, can add to the value of the figure it is joint and

to," said Bowman, without the least intention of a joke; and, after a few minutes' hesitation, he added, "and pray, sir, the commander-in-chief, with his big wig, and all his great officers, with cocked hats and gowns, is it possible these heads of our public schools are all as—as—as—."

- "As ignorant as I am, you would ask?" said Mowbray, as he saw by the hesitation of his present master, there was some fear of offending by speaking his thoughts.
- "A something of that sort I wished to inquire."
- "You need not have feared to speak out; I, at least, have given you cause to doubt; but, to answer your question, I will hope they have gained from others the wisdom I hope to equire through you; all I know is, that when I was a boy, they kept all such knowledge to themselves; and if the tradesmen spoke truth, there were some who knew little more in accounts than how to run tick like the boys."
- "Halt there, sir! what's that? even I never heard of that rule in arithmetic, yet it

sounds like a fraction of the word—is it difficult?"

"No—no—it is quite easy, as you say it is only buying without paying, the easies of all rules; and if 'to tick' be a fraction of arithmetic, it is far from a vulgar one, and more practised in high life than elsewhere."

"You astonish me, sir!" said Bowman, not a little horrified at the mention of such a dishonourable rule; for he, faithful and honest creature as he was, knew nothing of the world beyond a peep at the Horse Guards, the business of a banker, and his own little library of warriors and wars.

They were now interrupted by the muster of busy clerks, and Mr. Bowman declared he must snatch a mouthful of breakfast before he took the command for the day.

"Just tell me before you go, have you a cricket-club in Moorfields?" asked Mowbray, while he detained his tutor with one hand, and pointed with the other to a large bundle of hazel rods, regularly notched as boys score their runs.

"A cricket-club, sir!" said Bowman, spurning at the idea; "why, those are tallies from his majesty's Exchequer!"

"And pray is that the plural for tally-ho? do his majesty's hounds ever come there?" asked Mowbray, with provoking gravity, while he laughed in his sleeve at Mr. Bowman's indignation.

"This time, sir, you are affecting ignorance, or aiming at quizzing my attempts to instruct you."

"Upon my word I do not understand you, and I beg you to explain," said Mowbray, in his natural tone, when he saw that the honest clerk was hurt and offended.

"Well, sir, they are what I say; that is, these sticks or rods are called tallies, and are given by government as receipts for money paid into the Exchequer."

It was now Mowbray's turn to exclaim, "lait possible?"

"Perfectly true, sir!"

"Well, then," said Mowbray, "I do think these rods might be better applied. I wish Dr. Lignum had to do with such wooden-

headed people; and I trust when the Whigs come in, they will do away with all such Tory tom-fooleries."

"Halt there, sir! I have great respect for good old customs," said Bowman, who was, in his day, a stiff conservative; and would have thought the country in danger if the Exchequer ceased to issue notched sticks for receipts,\* lord mayors to count hob-nails, or the army to wear their long pig-tails.

Had he lived until now, he would, doubtless, have called his fears prophetic when the Houses of Lords and Commons were burnt down by firing the condemned tallies, and have dreaded lest the Court of Aldermen should set the Thames on fire, when their hobnails are returned to the forge. We have no such fears, and rather rejoice that the country is likely to have a senate-house worthy of its high and mighty fame; but, to keep to

<sup>&</sup>quot;A taille, or tally, was a cleft stick, both parts of which were notched according to the sum of money advanced, and of which one part was given to the creditor, whilst the other remained with the debtor; hence the Tallier of the Exchequer, now called the Teller."—Franc's Chrenological Notes.

our purpose, we have only to add, while Mr. Bowman evinced his respect for good old customs by eating his breakfast, Melton Mowbray sought the bedchamber of his father.

Thus ended the first day's lesson.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## PATMENT SUSPENDED.

Saving hanging, Brother Scarlett, methinks this is the worst of all suspension acts."—Montagu's Letters.

MR. BETTISON'S reply did not arrive so soon as was expected: we hasten to lay it before our readers with the least possible delay.

It was addressed to Sir John de Mowbray, Bart.; a large "private" was in the corner, and, as if to distinguish it more decidedly from letters of mere business, it was folded less like a bill than usual, and bore in red wax a flaring coat of arms, quartered with those of Lady Mary Bettison, his wife, in an escutcheon of pretence. It ran as follows, though we must presume that the habit of the clerk so far prevailed as to put the words of "Saveall Castle," the dates of the month, year, and address of

"dear and honoured sir" so high in the page,
that it seemed to be in danger of falling over
the edge of the paper.

"Yours of the 10th instant arrived in due course; and was immediately forwarded by Lady Bettison, my dear wife, who ordered a horse and groom to be saddled forthwith.

"I was from home at the time, employed in magisterial duties, and Lord Bubbleton, my venerable father-in-law, was sitting by my side on the stool—I mean the bench—when Jour letter was put into my hand. My ideas are so confused that I scarcely know how to reply; my alarms, my fears, of dear Lady Mary, of being reduced to poverty, and my children, unman me for this trying occasion. Indeed, my dear sir, I do not forget how much we to you for the high station I hold in the world. I sincerely grieve to hear of the large liabilities incurred by your confidential partner, the runaway rascally Mr. Steel; and I could shed tears for your sad reverses, which have placed me in this trying position.

"I allow there is sense in what you say;

but, fearing to trust my own judgme in strict confidence consulted my fath Lord Bubbleton, who you know banked with your house. He was shocked, and declared he should im draw for the small balance in your h then advised me, for the sake of my children, to do the same. What am my dear sir? I was afraid to confest sum still in your hands; I should be follow his counsel, or reject it entishort, you will see by my letter of addressed to the house, that I have middle course, and hope to feel my n easy when it is attended to. Prayin pity the dreadfully nervous agita which I write, and wishing you well your difficulties,

" I subscribe myself
" Your humble and faithfu"
" HENRY BE

- "To Sir John de Mowbray, Bai "Banker, London."
- " I prepared you, Melton, to expec

more," said Sir John, who had listened with calm attention while his son read the letter.

- "The selfish, ungrateful coward!" muttered Melton between his teeth, giving vent to the feelings excited by the perusal. "And is this the man, my father, who owes every thing to you?"
- "Be calm, Melton, reproach or abuse will avail us nothing: we must act; and that, too, with firmness and decision."
- "But one so deeply indebted! I can scarcely believe my eyes," said Melton, speaking in the spirit of youthful inexperience, which is slow to believe the cold and black ingratitude which besets the world.
  - "Melton, my son, do you forget that lesson which has touched us both, and wrecked my happiness on earth? It is not the head on which our greatest benefits are heaped, nor the heart in which we trust the most, that always Proves the most worthy of our gifts. Your mother—was there a thing that I withheld, one drop of blood that I would not have shed to win her hapiness?—But let it pass.

No living eye has seen me shed the tear of agony I feit—no ear has heard me utter reproaches, which, alas! if merited, could avail me nought: and if, then, I could command myself, shall this upstart minion awake the idle wrath of a De Mowbray? No, no, Melton, we will be calm, and act with honour, if all be sacrificed but that."

Melton took his father's hand between his own, and pressed it in silence to his lips: he could find no words to answer to the deep, stern, melancholy chord which had been struck: the little act of affection which he had tendered was, indeed, the best and only answer needed.

"I understand you, my dear Melton; and now we will proceed to act upon our decision: oblige me by seeking Bowman, and let him bring the letters of the day."

It was not many minutes before Melton, accompanied by Bowman, returned to the room. They found Sir John standing by the fire, slightly reclining against the high mantel-piece; and with calmness, ease, and dignity expressed

in every limb and feature. Melton, however, remarked a handkerchief which had fallen to the ground, instead of being returned to the pocket, and was about to restore it to his father, when he fancied that he saw the traces of tears, and desisted from his purpose.

"Well, Bowman," said Sir John, addressing himself to the clerk, "any thing of importance to-day?"

"Not much, Sir John; there is only one letter which may need your attention."

"From Mr. Bettison?"

"The same, Sir John; shall I read it?"

A slight inclination of the head was the word of command, which the well-drilled Bow-man obeyed by reading as follows:—

## "GENTLEMEN,

"I see that Exchequer bills have fallen; you will therefore purchase forty thousand pounds (the latest bills you can get), and debit my account for that amount.

"On Monday, the 18th, pay twenty thoupounds in my name to the tax-office, Somerset House, for which sum you will debit my account.

- "I remain,
  - "Gentlemen,
    - "Your obedient Serve
      "HENRY BETT
- " Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co.,
  - " Bankers, London."
- "P.S. Let the first halves of the Exchibills be remitted by to-night's post."
- " Is that all, Bowman?" inquired baronet.
- "Not another word, Sir John; and, deference, I think it is more than enough, sidering that Mr. Bettison knows that a has deserted with the strength of the hour
- "Bowman!" said Sir John, without ticing his remark, "you will pay no attent to that letter—leave it with me."
  - " Yes, Sir John."
  - " Has the business of the day commend
  - " Yes, Sir John."
  - " I'm sorry for it," said Sir John, half!

Bowman stared, but said nothing.

"You must," he continued, "set apart the receipts of to-day; they must all be returned."

"Ye-e-s, Sir John," as, despite his habits of obedience, he hesitated at a command so unusual.

"And to-morrow, Bowman, the house must stop payment."

"Sir John!" exclaimed Bowman, smartly drawing up his spare form some inches higher, like wire which is suddenly lengthened.

"Yes, Bowman, I mean what I say; toy it is too late, but to-morrow the firm of
essrs. D'Aubigny and Co. must suspend their
yments. This letter, pointing to Mr. Bettin's on the table, compels me to the measure;
ad, having thus decided, from that moment
were dishonourable to appropriate the monies
aid in, or mix it with the assets of the house.

Is it possible, Bowman, that you don't understand me?"

"No, Sir John; yes, Sir John; oh! yes, perfectly. But you can't mean what you say, Sir John?" replied the astounded clerk, as he gradually recovered from the shock.

- "I do, I do, Bowman," said Sir John, in a firm, yet melancholy tone; "and to you, whose fidelity and zeal I have known for so many years. I intrust the painful task of imparting this intelligence to all who come on the morrow."
- "I will obey, Sir John, but 'twill be of no use."
  - " How so !"
- "It will never be believed, Sir John, never, never!" repeated Bowman, as he shook his head and sighed.
- "Well, at least it must be done; and let the shutters be closed, as if there were dead within the house, as soon there may arkness is now but the fitting emblem of my self. I feel the coming storm, though, also I may neither see nor face it: I can but abide it here, and perish. But, Bowman, for my sake, and still more for the sake of my dead son, I call on you to aid me in this hour of peril;—you, too, will not desert me?"
- "Desert you, Sir John, my kind, my best and only benefactor!" exclaimed the faithfu Bowman, as, touched by this appeal, he seize

nd of his blind and helpless patron:

r, while this hand can wield a — pen

l' was on his tongue) — never while I

n an honest penny, or have a penny of

s you have conferred, will I desert my

"

nough, enough—I will not doubt it," : baronet, suppressing his emotion with ty: "were I to die to-morrow, it would consolation to know that my dear Mell one by his side, honest in heart, yet nced in the ways of the busy world." ly father-my dear father," said Melton, therto had been a silent, but deeply inl listener, "let me lead you to the sofa: z the film before your eyes may be reand sight restored; but you must be and prepare the chances of success for ning operation. Leave to Bowman and to meet the storm. What say you, in, we will fight the good fight, and conquer in the end-shall we not?" he addressing himself to his destined comnd speaking as cheerfully as he could. Ve will be true to the cause, and do our best," answered Bowman; and then turni Sir John, he added—" as yet, Sir John, I not done enough, and I feel I never can. that I had accepted your generous offer, enlisted in the firm! I might have state sentinel on that guilty deserter, Steel, fought, with the fitting weapons, the man now drives you to ruin without benefit to self. He should not have touched one pe until I bound him by agreement to be He should not have suffered, neither shou have destroyed; yes, in self-defence, I whave bound the enemy I meant to spare."

Nothing short of Melton giving a milturn to the conversation could have excite warm-hearted and precise clerk to a speathis length, as he paused with something wonder at himself. Melton asked his fat permission to allow Bowman to read the priletter: this, of course, was granted.

"It appears to me," said Melton, seein honest clerk return the letter to the table a sneer of contempt, as he glanced on the red seal, "there is a marked contrast but the letter of business and that of friend

Bettison, if mad, has a method in his mada: I detect no vacillation, no nervous agition, in withdrawing an additional sixty nousand pounds, in defiance of his promise to the contrary."

"Right, sir," said Bowman. "I could have fought that man, had I first been in command. I shall never forgive myself; but I felt I was not born to be a banker."

"You had honesty and honour," said Sir John, speaking kindly, "and those are the most important requisites. I do indeed wish that I had had the aid of your advice; but the disis cast; that which is done cannot be received: nothing remains but to await the consequences."

On the evening of that day, poor Bowman had a foretaste of the sorrowful duty to which was appointed for the morrow. The doors I the bank being closed at the usual hour, an her was issued that every clerk should assemble, previous to departure, in an office appointed the purpose.

Though the extent of Steel's delinquencies



orders for payments-nis desire 1 remove even his golden nest-egg, to a few amongst the seniors. coupled with others-such as Lore drawing for the last fraction of balance, and many drawing more usual --- had given rise to floati amongst themselves. They saw something wrong—a something w irregularity in the hitherto boundl of the house; and when they me ance of the general order which ceived, they anticipated some unu. alarming, intelligence. Many 1 Steel had been taken, and th were to be examined; but, among not one was prepared to hear the

It must have been remarket

Noisy Naples, from the Court to the LazzaNois, have watched the creeping torrent of burnig lava with breathless stillness. Is the reader
young, so happy, as never to have followed
the friend to the grave? if so, indeed, he may
not have observed how even those assembled
for form sake speak as if their voice could
wake the dead who lie in the adjoining room.
Such, on the present occasion, was the silence
reserved; so much so, that Bowman, who
waited their arrival in an adjoining room,
which is their tongues.

"Are we all present?" asked one of the miors in a whisper.

Yes;" and he took upon himself to enter with a same time opening the door with the other, he surprised Bowman at his desk, both elbows buried amidst books and papers, and both hands shrouding and supporting his forehead and face. The knock had been so sentle, and the lock turned so quietly, that you. II.

neither had roused him from his fit straction.

- "Mr. Bowman, sir, we are all in a ance," said the clerk.
- "Right, Sir John;—eh! it's you, Tason? be with you in a moment," replicated Mr. Bowman; and burying he for a moment, and rather more, amid papers, he appeared through the door had been left open; and, after one of hems!" addressed his brother clerks as follows—excepting, nevertheless, the ceeding "hems!" which filled up sundre tating vacuums, and which we beg the to supply ad libitum.
- "Sirs, my dear friends and compethis is the saddest roll-call I ever with Steel, you are aware, has turned out a drel."
- ("I told you it was so," whispered another, of those who had foretold the entheir meeting.)
- "You already know he has robbe house, deserted, and now—and now—

- "He's taken," said one.
- "They've nabbed him," said another, under be cover of two or three hems!
- "And this, with other reasons, has decided I John de Mowbray—and I am commanded orders issued by our chief——"

Thus far Bowman had proceeded in his sual eccentric style; thinking, probably, that he truth would be thus broken with more digity, and his feelings more securely mastered; at a certain choking in his throat warned him hat his powers of oratory were nearly at an ad. Changing at once to a hurried and fabiliar manner, he addressed the clerks as his fiends and brothers in misfortune—told them hat their kind and generous master was all the truined—that, on the morrow, the house must stop payment!

Having with these ill-omened words conleded his duty, he hastily retired to his private on, and resumed the position from which he led been disturbed.

The clerks, to do them justice, thought, in first instance, of little but the dreadful blow hich had fallen on the head of the house.

That Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co. sho that Sir John, their beloved patron driven to bankruptcy, were thoughts ing and overwhelming, that all else time forgotten. If, ere the night when fathers looked upon their h wives, and children—sons upon the helpless parents—if then they though selves, and felt how fearfully the linked with his to whom they had helpless parents—if the service of an honest heart.

On that night—that sleepless was one in whose heart these were deeply echoed. Sir Johr had ever felt as a father to 1 fed from his hand: he had fel how truly the debt was mutu he owed to those who served h "And those," he said within have built their hopes on watched me as a rock on w! burned, will see the light ext

rock itself sink and be swallowed up in misery and darkness."

As these thoughts pressed upon his mind, he sought the surest refuge in the hour of trouble, and prayed to the Father in heaven to have mercy on those whom he could no longer succour. Ah! how little does the heartless world think of the details of suffering and wo, when they glance at the outline of misfortune! The titled, whose honours are gatetted—the soldier, who reads his promotion;—how little do they heed the varied tale that the same gazette could tell—the annals of the broken-hearted bankrupt—of the branches which perish with the stem!

If Melton de Mowbray, a stranger to those within his father's house, were less alive to the painful reflections which kept Sir John wake, he had his trials on the morrow. Like Bowman, he was at his post, to answer for himself and helpless parent.

Poor Bowman! he blushed like a boy of fifteen when the first check was presented for Payment, and he had to say, "The house has stopped!" he blushed as if misfortune were a crime, and he himself the first of criminals.

The news spread like lightning; and, when we say that, had St. Paul's stopped—meaning thereby its clock—it would have caused much less sensation; some thousands upon thousands would, in the course of the day, have stared and thought it possible: but, had the mighty dome, the pile itself, fallen and crumbled into dust, it would scarcely have occasioned such astonishment as fame reported, with her countless tongues, "Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co. have suspended payment!"

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE MEETING OF CREDITORS.

## Dramatis Persone.

Mr. Garris, a briefless barrister.

Mr. WILLAIN, a cunning accountant.

Mr. WILLIAM MINIMUS, a budding lawyer, brother to the above.

Mr. Berrison, a country squire, ci-devant banker.

Mr. SAVAGE, a working jeweller.

BLUSTER, an ironmonger, a Radical of his day.

MR. PLASTIC, attorney to Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co.

LAUNCELOT CAPPULET, a barrister, an old friend of Sir John de Mowbray.

E . Bowman, an honest clerk, alias " the sergeant-at-arms."

Es. MELTON DE MOWBRAY, the victim.

me above were a few amongst the many who seembled at the chambers of Sir Launcelot appulet, some few days after the suspension as announced. The corps de ballet who, also, anced attendance, would, though no ladies rere admitted, fill up a chapter; but, as the

names which we have given embrace the extremes of good, evil, great, and little, they will be sufficient for the first act of our tragedy.

The scene may be imagined in Lincoln's Inn; the room large, but low, in every sense of the word, being on the first floor, down one pair of stairs; or, in the language of the vulgar, looking on the walls of the area, which gave admittance to the den of business of the celebrated barrister, Sir Launcelot Cappulet. If the situation startled the uninitiated Melton de Mowbray, it also gave an appropriate hint that he was doomed to go down in the world, and that the kindest friends are not always to be found in the highest station.

A few words upon such of the characters as are strange to the reader. We have said that their names have been given as comprising extremes, not altogether for their worth, but, as the busy gadfly can madden the mighty bull, and yet escape his vengeance, so, in our contact with the world, there are creatures—little, despicable in themselves, yet able to drive us almost mad ere we can brush them off, or crush their insignificance. At the

head of such was Mr. Gabble, barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple.

"Gabble" is an unfortunate name for a man who is a goose, more particularly when that man is bred to the bar; such, however, was the name and profession of this very little creditor, his claim amounting to something less than two hundred pounds: of his person we say nothing—il ne vaut pas la peine.

Mr. Willain, accountant, was a creature Of mother calibre, though quite as gaddish, and somewhat more wicked in his ways. was creditor to a large amount; for, having Professionally a constant supply of money in his hands which belonged to others, he was able to gratify his pride of passing for a great man by keeping a large balance with his banker. This man's name was, also, unfortwate, especially in the haunts of cockneyism; where, owing to a common, but vulgar error, be was frequently addressed as Mr. Villain. This sleight of tongue, which changed the W. into V, was awkward and distressing, the nore so as he passed for an excessively shrewd man, if nothing worse. None, however, are totally bad; and he possessed, at least, the merit of brotherly affection.

Willain, the youngest of a host of brothers, was one of those limbs of the law who live by trampling and squeezing to death such of their fellow-creatures as have fallen by misfortune and to this brother Mr. Willain, the elder, furnished the ample means of such existence. When employed to arrange a bankrupt's ac-= counts, he immediately raked together everoverdue bill or bond; and, placing them i his brother's hands, he was wont to say wit. an indescribable chuckle of the eye, " I think. brother, we can make something out of these. On what terms this brotherly compact was made, or how far they were mutually benefited, we know not; but this we know that the expression was so often repeated and overheard, that it passed into a byeword; and the accountant was often twitted, if not comvicted, by the words out of his own mouth. I is but fair to add, that, from the arrests are actions immediately commenced, a somethicum was, doubtless, squeezed from the poor in the pockets of their tormentors, and, now arme-

then, to the benefit of the bankrupt's estate. But the gripe of the law, though fatal as the bowstring on whomsoever it presses, is slow to make any return; the harvest is deferred till they for whom the seed was sown, perish or despair; and the day of reckoning with lengthened lawsuit is one of darkness and This man is worth a sketch: he tall, thin, pale — and with eyes so large and prominent, that they looked as if they vald look through a guinea, though they wunk from the gaze of an honest man; tour he had none, excepting from the aples which blossomed on his forehead and eeks, and which, it must be owned, exbited a rainbow variety, according to their rious stages of maturity. His brother was ; dumpy, unctuous, very young, and always re spectacles—a bad and suspicious sign in uth—it is a veil upon the index of the mind. As to such of the other characters which w make their first appearance, they need introduction, and will speak for themselves due time; we must, however, make an ception in favour of the kind-hearted barrister, in whose chambers the meetir been convened.

Sir Launcelot Cappulet was a thin man, who drank nothing but water, and upon cold bacon; but even this chilling men, pursued for years, could not quer enthusiastic fire which sparkled from t of genius. He had still the remains c beauty with which he was pre-emigifted in his younger days. Were we v a romance, instead of the dark realities what a beautiful volume might be sha from the wild, yet godlike visions of his young and dreaming days! With v he was resistless — worshipped; they upon his honeyed words, and listened, were, to a tone of melody which they to break by speaking themselves — a v more mighty than that of Orpheus, who t the oaks and elms to dance, yet never, th heard of, put silence on the tongue of w But we said no ladies were admitted, so f us this digression, and may we atone b necting it with one fact to the purposethis honeyed eloquence, this winning por

Speech, was subsequently applied to the services of the law.

Genius, like the butterfly, is fickle and eratic; now fixing on some treasure in the East, and anon the wings are ordered, and it is " off to the West" in search of others; One while it basks on earth, and sucks the rectar of its flowers, and then again it meets the sunny rays and soars to heaven. In some Sort, such was the restless and unsettled mind Of Sir Launcelot Cappulet when young; gifted with a thousand fascinations, but never likely to settle on the summit of one given pinnacle. If, however, he could not make a great man, idolised the greatness of others; if, within mself, there were not originality or depth, he loved it when he found it. In literature, he andered in the regions of departed fancy, Colled created wonders, and was content with-Out creating; he turned the pages of the dead, and gathered the sweets which time had buried; is touch revived them, and sent them forth all the freshness of their native beauty. If, in the language of his brothers, he was not a good lawyer, he was a better thing — he was

a just and kind one; his voice was raise against our bloody codes, which panted a tiger for the punishment of death, and slabe its fevered thirst on human gore; he crico for mercy on the sins of erring man, and his country heard the cause he pleaded without a fee! If not a wise man, in the worldly sense of the word, he was a good man, and that again is a better, if less profitable, thing; his heart yearned towards his fellow-creatures; he would, had it been possible, hav blessed and wrought the happiness of all; ar if he could not fulfil all the kind promis which his heart meant, and his mouth utter life is too short to do half which the t resolve upon; and, had he been stuck w hands like the porcupine with quills, his me must have beggared his wishes. Some r are all talk, and nothing more; if Sir Le celot talked much, he also practised wha could.

We have dwelt upon his character, be he lived and died as a being apart from "herd he loved." To meet him in the l of selfish mammon-making man, wa re, and a well in the desert — the very was refreshing. Most lawyers in practice but their briefs; they breathe but the phere of law; Sir Launcelot, however, time for nobler studies. "The life of he was wont to say, "must be measured : hours he has lost in idleness or sleep." is standard, verily, his life was long in rtion to his years; he laboured late in ocation, and rose with the lark; his st hours were devoted to divines, philors, and poets; their thoughts, their ne and pure imaginings, fell upon his like the morning dew of heaven, and e day-spring from on high, guided et in peace, and gave him light amidst irkness of the grosser world. Poor Sir elot! deeply did the gifted being who thy nobler studies, who moved, as thou wont, alone in the orbit of her sexr did she mourn thy irreparable loss, lessed the hour which set her soul at to join thee in a brighter sphere. But, resaid, no females were to be admitted, business and matter of a sterner cast.

Sir Launcelot was well known to the conmercial world, from having written a bo expressly devoted to its interests. There nothing like writing a book on one point when the population is dense, and the subject admits of division. The medical world begin to find this; and, ere long, we shall have a surgeon express for every joint, a physician for every ache, each being an author in his way, and able to quote chapter and verse to the point. The genius of Sir Launcelot saw this years ago, and reaped the benefit. If, in the hard-headed criticism of his brothers, the book was not a good one, it answered the purpose; and, in the easier judgment of men of business, it was an excellent work; the author was sought and inundated by the fees of the citizens. This brings us to the meeting, and shews why he was the most useful of friends to a man in Sir John de Mowbray's situation: and last, not least, it proves the value of that time which was gratuitously given, and the kindness of the man who could. say, "Come, Mowbray, when you will, and consult me as a father."

"Well, gentlemen, are you all assembled?" inquired Sir Launcelot, arising from a low-elbowed and high-backed chair; and adding to the pyramids of papers by which he was surrounded, the brief on which his attention had been fixed in the midst of bustle and arrivals.

"I think, Sir Launcelot, we have all that we are likely to muster," said Bowman, as he Blanced at the well-known faces which were naked around; and, pulling from a green bag a bundle of letters from half the nobility I London, he explained that "lord this," and lord that," had expressed their confidence Sir John de Mowbray's honour; and that, wile they lamented his misfortune, they were proposed for his benefit.

"And what's nobility to us?" said Mr. Bluster, with stentorian lungs; "them sort of People don't work for their bread, or they wouldn't be so easy about losing their money: The people finds them in that for nothing."

"You're right there—that's true enough!" said some half-dozen at once.

- "In my opinion, an act of bankruptcy already been committed," cackled the go Gabble, while others were speaking.
- "Halt there, sir!" cried Bowman, 1 heard him; "pray what do you mean?"
- "Mean, sir, why I called at eight the after the stoppage; and both Sir John and Melton de Mowbray denied themselves, the law constitutes that to be an act!"
- "Halt there, sir, if you please!" said Boman, with anger: "it was nothing but act of necessity; my honoured master is blind to see any one, and too ill to be see Mr. Melton was with his father, and, as bank never open until nine, we did not expect to any gentleman would disturb him."

Gabble did not understand this appeal the gentleman, and cackled something about the goodness of his own opinion, which, he ever, was lost in the confusion of matongues.

"Before we proceed further," said I Bluster, in a voice above the others, "let ask you, Mr. Bettison, if you ben't a t gatherer?"

"Sir!" cried Mr. Bettison, bristling up

"No offence, I hope, sir!" said Mr. Bluster, with a smile and a nudge for his eighbour, for he was at bottom the reverse ill-tempered: "pray, sir, don't you collect taxes for the county?"

"I am the receiver-general for the county
Wiltshire!"

"So I thought; and what's that but a holesale tax-gatherer? So much the worse; the more gold as slips through the fingers, the more dust sticks to them."

"I don't understand you, sir," said Mr.

"I knows what I'm about," continued
Bluster: "before I agrees to any thing, let
me ask, do you, as tax-gatherer—I beg pardon,
receiver of taxes—do you mean to put in
sovernment extent, and sweep all away before we can cry snacks?"

"What do you mean?" asked one.

"Has he the power to do so?" asked another.

"Yes, to be sure!" answered many.

- "Better be a bankrupt," suggeste voice.
- "I think the act is committed, cackled Gabble.

While others said one thing, and another, each for himself, and scarceling Mr. Bettison the opportunity of the creditors that he had no intention on a government extent, as he had no hand, "That's a wonder, too," or Bluster, with a sly laugh, which was a by remarks and comments from another.

While this first ebullition of sore feeling was finding vent, Sir Laun sumed his brief as he stood by the perience had taught him, that after the comes a calm. He now thought it fitting time for himself to speak, and up the brief, which was luckily a shinto the form of a baton, he raised right hand as if to command silence with a smile and a voice, whose silve might have lulled the angry waves, dressed the creditors. His words we

but, as we have endeavoured to explain, there was an expression in his eyes, a smile and weetness on his lips, a melody in his tone, which charmed, and often conquered where it could not convince.

"One at a time, if you please, gentlemen," he said, with an arch look, as he waved his baton from left to right; and then, pointing to Bowman, whose eccentricity was well known, he added, "as our worthy and faithful friend would say, attention!"

The word of command acted like magic, sience was obtained. They who were lucky cough to find seats, sat; they who could not, continued on their legs, but prepared to listen.

"I am delighted," continued Sir Launcolot, "to see so many of my friends amongst you, for it leads me to build upon that kindcons of feeling to which I can bear the testicony of years."

Here some of "the friends" put their and into their pockets and fumbled over their guineas, while they thought of the fees they had paid, or were yet likely to pay.



to wealth or honours by his was a brother-citizen more sympathy in the day of trou

"I won't sign nothing nothing that," said Mr. Savage, half pered the same advice to his 1

"In my opinion ——"
who always put in a foolish w
the least opening.

"Let me ask one question without waiting for the proffe

"Just tell us ---" cri many, who, on these occasion to speak at once.

"I pray you, silence, g Sir Launcelot, preserving his t of these interruptions; " as I at a time if you please. gen ish a sweet puritanical smile, as he stood is a sweet puritanical smile, as he stood is a sir Launcelot, with a large roll of parchent under his arm: many did so, and smiled their noisy folly.

"And if," continued Sir Launcelot, withat noticing his second, "you will but hear first, and that, too, but for a few minutes, venture to prophesy we shall get on like ock-work, and that all will be wound up your satisfaction. I am aware it is my rovince to persuade, rather than to regulate, our movements; but I feel that little permasion will be necessary, when I assure you hat, with trifling forbearance on your part, wery man will receive twenty shillings in the round."

"D—n it, that's to the point!" cried Mr. Blaster, who could not restrain his satisfaction.

"Hear, hear!" cried a city M.P., proud of the language of the house.

The faces of most brightened up; but, with the perversity of human nature, many who came repared to jump at the certainty of fifteen shillings in the pound, now began to asklong they were to be kept out of their mo how they were to get it, and so forth.

"A few words will explain," said Launcelot; "we have prepared a dee trust."

At these words Plastic advanced a held out his arm, and unfolded the parchi with all the dignity of a dumb show. this I shall beg you to set your hands; the partners, thus secured from arrest, wi able to collect the assets of the house equal justice to all."

- "If the partners sign that deed, it wi an act of bankruptcy," cried Mr. Gabble, always sought to parade his little learnin the law.
- "Indeed, brother Gabble!" replied Launcelot, "we will find a remedy for they need not sign until all the creditors done so."
- "I must take it to my chambers and it, before I give my opinion," persisted Gabble.
  - " First, let us hear it, and give our opini

others.

The deed was accordingly read, approved, und signed by nearly all present.

"Mr. Savage," exclaimed Sir Launcelot, "I hope you will follow the good example of others, and sign the deed?"

"I won't do no such thing," was the surly reply.

" May I beg to inquire your reasons?"

"Why, because I never meant to do it when I came here."

"Then you might as well have staid away."

"That appears but a singular reason; do let me hear your objections, and try to remove them," said Sir Launcelot, with his most per-masive tone.

"Why then, I won't; because I know Sir John always did as I'm doing, and made the best bargain he could for himself; he once got rispence in the pound more than I did, and his Pride will be the better for being pulled down bit; he once met me and Mrs. S. at Tun-

Ì

bridge Wells, and wouldn't speak to his customer, and I havn't forgotten that yet."

"Let us hope it is at least forgiven," said Sir Launcelot; still trying to propitiate the man. "Sir John de Mowbray is at this moment all but dead to the world; and his son, my young friend on my left, has never offended—"

"That's nothing to me; I won't sign, and never meant to sign; and I only came to see how the proud old gentleman would hold up his head nowadays." So saying, Mr. Savage left the room; planning, in his malignant mind, how he could best revenge the imagined slight which he had received years ago from Sir John, whilst surrounded by lords, ladies, and "big folks."

Had such a man been capable of feeling reproof, he would have blushed at the scornful looks which fell upon him, ere he turned to the door, and have sunk to the earth, beneath the contemptuous flash of anger which shot from the eyes of Sir Launcelot. This expression came, and passed like lightning: ere the =

door closed, his kindlier feelings had returned, and he said, within himself, "Poor miserable man! what wretchedness to himself and others may that creature work!"

It was not long before the signatures of all others were obtained, with the exception of the briefless barrister.

F.

"Come, come, brother Gabble," said Sir Launcelot, with a smile; "you need not fear to sign."

"It is utterly impossible, until I have permed the deed," replied Mr. Gabble, with as much pomp as a goose could command.

"Why, you have heard it already; mere loss of your time," suggested one.

"That will be no great loss," whispered

"And pray, brother Gabble," asked Sir lancelot, when he saw no argument would prevail; "what, let me ask, is the amount of low claim?"

"One hundred and eighty pounds nineleen shillings and threepence!"

A look of astonishment passed amongst the many who claimed thousands, and had signed

without hesitation; and Sir Launcelot of that though his many children made hi he would pay Mr. Gabble at once, a the debt upon himself, since Messra bigny could shew preference to none.

This made even Mr. Gabble blu offer was, however, refused.

- "That cannot be," he said, with so fusion; "for, to say truth, the mone my own, and my ward is not of age; my opinion, the law"——
- "Well—well—brother Gabble, to deed to your chambers, and let us he opinion in writing."
- "Allow me to make one declaration Gabble, as he stood prepared to depet the deed under his arm: "Whether I or not, I give you my word and honour will take no measures against the hor firm."

Hitherto, Melton de Mowbray he to the vow he had made of maints silence becoming the victim: it may, he be easily imagined, how difficult was the how often his blood had boiled with

indignation; but when he heard this gracious climax of Mr. Gabble, barrister of law, &c. &c., elimax of Mr. Gabble, barrister of law, &c. &c., bis feelings boiled over, and, with one of those bitter, cutting tones of irony, which, in happier days, had so often cauterized the meanier days, had so often cauterized the meanier of the great, he looked through his mighty ness of the great, he looked through his mighty creditor, and said, "The word of a gentleman creditor, and said, "The word of a gentleman words were followed by a slight bow; but the look and emphasis which accompanied the title look and emphasis which accompanied the sense in

Mr. Gabble himself was the first to interpret it aright, and he slunk away, as if he felt how lowly he had demeaned the rank and profession to which he had aspired.

To have done with this little man's littleness, we have but to add that, at the end of a
week, the deed was returned, with the addenda
of his red ink interlineations from beginning
to end; and, to crown all, his objections were
somed up with a refusal to sign, as he had
summed up with a refusal to sign, as he had
some doubts whether his own improvements
one doubts whether his own improvements
had made the deed complete. Others, and
bad made the deed complete. Others, opi-

nion; and they neither adopted his suggestions, nor troubled him any more on the subject. Good humour was now the prevailing sentiment, and many a kind and flattering wish was expressed on behalf of our hero. The creditors were about to separate, when the Mr. Willain, the younger, suggested the necessity of an accomptant, and proposed his for the occasion, who thought five hundred personant would not be too much for his valuable.

- "Mr. Villain," said Mr. Bluster, commits and ting a vulgar error (it might be on purpose)
- "My name is—Willain," cried the accomptant, with asperity.
- "Well, sir, "Willain," or "Villain," all one to them who knows you; I say no accomptant's necessary: as there are honest clerks in the house, and plenty of them, is will be more charity to retain them for time."
- "I honour your feeling," said the kind hearted Sir Launcelot; but, alas! he had no voice on the subject. Mr. Willain, moreover

the means of obliging many present, not excepting Sir Launcelot himself; the appointment and salary were consequently voted by a large majority. Men are ever prone to be liberal with another's money; especially so when there are assets to pay, first, the lawyers, and, secondly, themselves.

When, with the exception of Melton de Mowbray and Bowman, the chambers were cleared, Sir Launcelet took the former by the hand, complimented him on his courage and forbearance, and cheered him with all the lindness of a father for his son; but when, Professionally callous to the term of "bank-ptcy," he urged that measure as the wisest tep, in case men, like "the Savage," continued hostile, Melton de Mowbray recoiled from the thought, as, in days gone by, the honest labourer would have shuddered at the boughts of the workhouse.

"No, no!" he said; "any indignity but that. Why seek the cloak of the law? why let its harpies pounce upon that which I shall sther to divide and pay where it is due?"

- "My dear Melton," said the more perienced barrister, "remember you are = ject to arrest by those who will not sign."
- "Impossible! When they see me slaw to be honest, with no wish but to pay the the uttermost farthing, they would not be heartless and unjust."
- "We will hope so, at least," said Launcelot, again taking Mowbray by hand, as he added, in a mournful tone, " you know not how base a thing a man sometimes be."

Our next chapter will, probably, affithis proof; to conclude this we must me tion, that when Melton de Mowbray ascent the area steps, he saw a flashy-looking coriage at the edge of the pavement, with coronet and profusion of plaiting on the haness of the horses, and a coachman deck with a cockade, much scarlet, and narr gold lace.

"Mr. Melton de Mowbray, sir," cr Mr. Willain, the elder, as he thrust pimply face from the window,—"happy give you a seat in my carriage." 'I feel flattered by the offer; but prefer the arm of Mr. Bowman," answered Melton, proudly, as he shrunk from the well-matched rulgarity of the accomptant and his carriage.

"Eh! a seat for Bowman, too, sir, if you like to ride with your clerk. Coachman, git down and hopen the door," added Mr. Willain, hose purse-proud and familiar impertinence as unabashable.

- "We prefer walking," said Melton, with stant hauteur; and was turning to depart, hen Mr. Willain craned from the carriage-indow, like a turkey-cock's neck from a op, and said, in a voice of discord,—
- "Bowman! Bowman! Mr. De Mowbray

  op a minute—shall visit the shop to-morrow

  put your accounts square; and, tell me,

  Plenty overdue bonds and bills, eh?—ay,

  thought so: put those into my hands—fetch

  them to-morrow."
  - "Halt there, sir!" cried Bowman.
- "What do you mean?—we shall be ble to make something of them," said the comptant; and he gave a sly pinch on his brother's arm, as he used his favourite words.

"I tell you what, Mr. Villain — Will I beg pardon, sir," said Bowman, correct himself, "though I am but a clerk, I honoured with the trust of a partner; I tell you candidly, you won't touch bills: for, if you can make something them, I know we can make something m Good day, sir; the clerk is much oblifor the ride you offered — good day, sir."

"Well, well, good day—we'll see to—good day. Bowman, you're a clever low," said Mr. Willain, with an attemplaugh, as he drew in his head, and felt once the shadow of shame.

Melton de Mowbray smiled at the has hit which his faithful "serjeant-at-arms," made; and, leaning on his arm, he suffi himself to be guided through the unknown mazes of the city, while he pondered his present fate, dreamt of his future dest and thought, with many a sigh, of her willock of hair lay, like an amulet, against sorrowing heart.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE ARREST.

"The mother may forget her child,
The child its hour of play;
But never can the record pass
Of that undying day."

A. BIRD.

of business. When, without the pern of his majesty, the civic king, we need our gentle readers through his e gates, we promised they should not de attachés to a city court, and stuck, lerks, to the stool, the desk, and the

e months of Melton de Mowbray's career man of business will, at least to the , be shortly told; and the irksome of his new and arduous duties shall told at all—let them be imagined.

If any thing were wanting to profleeting changes of the world in who breathe our span, we should point world of fashion—we should tax the roof those who have watched this hot society, and seen how its brightest or has sprung up, blossomed, perished in and passed from the memory of man.

Marriage, misfortune, the prison, grave, it matters not which, either thing which withdraws the bright s fashion from their dazzling sphere, them as dead and forgotten to the remain to sport their wings one other dead and unknown to those who rise morrow, and the morrow, to perpetukingdom of ephemerals.

The spring returned, parliament met ters and the season opened; carriage knockers rattled, the grass withered I the ceaseless din of wheels—all w bustle, confusion, and delight. Lond full; and Melton de Mowbray, absent a gotten—forgotten by all except a few, few. His absence had, like the births, lays' talk. The sale of Sir John de Mow-Dray's collection of paintings, books, and furniture, had proved an exquisite treat, a charming lounge for the opening season; and, as to the objects of virtu, the unrivalled china, and the cabinets of curiosities and gems; the young and heedless were in ecstasies, and all the old dowagers in arms, to possess them.

"Oh, it is such a love!" cried one, taking up some bijou. "Coûte qui coûte, I'll have t; for years I have longed to possess it, but lever dreamt of such good fortune."

"With this," said another, handling some bject of her envy, "my rooms will be comlete. Poor, dear Sir John! how glad I am has decided upon selling all his things! was really very honourable—I am so ad!"

And thus, while some "of all the world" ere viewing things they never meant to purase, others measuring things they wanted, thers thinking where they could put the hings they wanted not; in short, until the

last lot was put up and knocked down, the name of De Mowbray was faintly remembered through the medium of printed catalogues and, by the time the house was re-opened the Marchioness of Newman, her name eclipse all recollections of its former possessor wholly as it did that of her loving lord master.

But we must make one of the few excitions; we are fain to hope that, in our human efforts to paint the world, and draw to the the main-springs of the human heart, we know excited some interest in the welfare of principal characters. Avoiding, as much may be, the mere pounds, shillings, pence of life, which, from the beggar to prince, is a wearisome necessity, we see follow our hero in his reverses; and, throw the medium of a few chapters, present his at intervals, during his banishment to Vi-tree Court.

Have we a reader so heartless as to say nay? — is there one who will refuse to accorpany our visits, or, presented with the mest

of vision which our pages offer, shrink from looking in upon the wretched? We will not believe it: for, in all ages, and all places, the human heart is the same; and whenever and wherever its trials are heard, a sympathy, or interest, or, at the least, a curiosity, is echoed in the bosom of even the happiest and most unthinking.

It is not our intention, but we could multiply our proofs to shew how the same passions which degrade or dignify the man in high life, are to be found in the man of business. It matters little whether the titled gambler cheats and robs his equals in the haunts of fashion, whether the duke upon the turf wins by bribery or poison, or whether the tradesman deceives by double-dealing or dishonesty—gold, the all-corrupting Mammon, is the tempter in either case, the want of prin-Ciple is the same in each; and if, in our Preceding chapter, self may have shewn its hateful form more bluntly than in the circles of the great, it is not, though less apparent, the less constantly at work in dowagers, who drive a polished bargain for their dan or in courtiers, who seek their ends by ing, with a graceful bow, and sacrificin honour with the eloquence of tongue.

If in high life there are noble in of great and good; so, also, in the could cite instance upon instance, fre highest merchant to the lowliest tradesn Melton de Mowbray found amongst his bankers many who, like brutes whic upon their wounded fellows, flocked with the greediness of vultures—if whom he had marked in the world: shippers of rank, now humbly, but unfe asked an introduction to a customer; l could name others, unknown to the v fashion, and yet too proud in their aristocracy to ask the highest in th to sign their cheques — if he could name and puffed-up knights and baronets w to butchers, bakers, tailors, and sue patronage; he could also write, in k gold, the names of one or more wh feelings of humanity, offered to retain

Int of his creditors, and restore them, if the ouse of D'Aubigny and Co. continued in the of bankers.

This last and short insight into the busy Orld, may, we fear, be deemed a little dious, but it was almost necessary to account r the somewhat unpolished meeting of editors which we endeavoured to sketch: ad to those who take an interest in the 'ays and means of the world, it may be mewhat amusing to peep behind the scenes. housands are probably as ignorant as Melm de Mowbray was at this his initiation, ad will be surprised to learn that almost every topkeeper honours some banker with his count; and in these days, particularly in re city, they bear a large proportion to the obility. Which latter fact brings us to the min object of this digression (if such it can e called), and explains why the meeting in Launcelot's chambers was not more fashionbly attended, and why, amidst the many who, on infancy, had been trained to traffic and in in a small way, there were some difficult ' manage, others impracticable, and a few

only too happy to trample upon the patricial looking Melton de Mowbray, or revenge in the son the hatred conceived against the father.

The day and hour had been fixed for the operation of couching, and Sir John de Mowbray counted the moments with impatience until the time arrived. Blindness to him had appeared as the paralysis of life, and he looked to the restoration of sight as the means of quickening the vigour and powers which he felt to be but dormant. The fountain of light was to be to him like the fabled waters which restore the strength and promise of youth. Could he but see, and resume the active part to which in mind and body he still felt equal he imagined that all would go well, Melton be persuaded to continue the concerwhich he hoped to arrange and re-establish firmly as ever.

These hopes were natural, and not altered gether unfounded; Sir John, though no longer a young man, was still in the strength of life. With the exception of that mental blow which had destroyed his domestic happiness, he had

rer known a day's illness; and hundreds of friends had testified their friendship and fidence by refusing to withdraw their acuts until his affairs were arranged.

"Melton, my dear Melton! it surely must he appointed hour; give me my repeater," the anxious baronet, as if to assure himthat his son's affection did not cheat him patience. Melton obeyed, while he told father that it still wanted twenty minutes he time.

The surgeon, accompanied by his two atlants, anticipated the hour, and was welled like one who came prepared to bestow blessing of life, and realise the visions of e. The preparations were quickly arged; a chair was placed opposite to a low which looked into the garden churchl; the case of instruments was opened; the ge, lint, and bandages were at hand; the rens were blue, the sun was bright, the ring brilliancy of spring appeared for once ave touched the blackened heart of the Sir John felt the warmth of those rays th, in a few minutes, he hoped to see.

What force have trifles in our anxious moments! Both father and son, in silence, owned the influence of chance; their hope like the simple floweret, the poor makes weather-glass, expanded with the smile from the source of light.

"Lead me to the chair," said Sir John his son; and, as he felt that he was about withdraw his hand, he added, "Melton, yowould not leave me?"

A slight pressure from the somewhat transmulous hand of the son assured the fathers that his wishes should be complied with.

Melton had, indeed, intended to turaside, if not quit the room: there are featurials which tax the strength of nerve mosseverely than to be a passive spectator those we love and see beneath the surgeon knife.

"It is my father's wish," was the fine thought which led him to obey; that he miss his chance to be of use, was what he endeavoured to think while he retained his position.

It is, we believe, asserted, that the in mer surface of the eyelid is more sensitive than

ly to say that neither Sir John de Mowbray's lee, his breathing, or muscles, betrayed the nse of suffering when the knife was applied; d the fingers which held in their grasp the and of his son, neither relaxed nor tightened eirembrace. The stoic courage of the savage ould not have evinced a greater firmness; and if the pressure which removed the veil f darkness from the apple of the eye was ollowed by a slight pressure of the father's and, it spoke but the feelings of the heart which said, "Rejoice with me!"

Hitherto the patient had sat as silent and red as a statue, but the instant that the regeon said all was finished, every feature amed with animation. The stream of light deen felt; the face was lit up; and while, the one hand, Sir John shrouded the brightes of the falling rays, he motioned with the her that Melton should retire a few paces; d, following him with his eyes, he exammed, "I see you, my son Melton! once ore, my son, I see you!" and, rushing to

his arms, he gazed upon his beloved fea and wept with joy upon his shoulder.

The determined courage of a surgeon be likened to that which induces the to chastise his erring, but beloved chil suppose they have not the feelings of m calumny. Mr. ——, when his sterner was over, not only recalled with admir the unflinching resolution of Sir John; as a father himself, was touched at the s transition from icy endurance, to tende which overflowed. He, however, soo terfered; and, having explained the nec of darkening the room and binding u wound, he persuaded Sir John to retire bed and exercise the fortitude he had al evinced, by submitting with patience to result of the operation.

We will not dwell upon these anxious and nights, nor tell at length how the mind teemed with a thousand schemes very grew with the growth of hope. Alas! soon they perished with the hope that with Sir John de Mowbray had beheld his

hen the film was removed; they answered the rays of heaven, as the dying to the cice of one beloved for years: all that removed of energy was concentred in that coment of excitement, and they rallied no the core.

Day by day, as the bandage was removed, the unhappy baronet prayed for light, more light; and, as he vainly strained to pierce the limness of perception, and once more read the features of his son, he exclaimed with a sigh, "Shall we never more have a sunny day?"

Though deceived by the change which immediately followed the couching, that blessed
sight returned no more; and, as the truth
flashed upon Sir John, he insisted upon hearing the worst from his surgeon, and learned
that he was irrevocably blind!

"Thank you, my friend," said Sir John, calmly, as he heard this fiat, and took the surgeon by the hand; "I thank you for this, and wish you had dared to speak the truth

at once. You have restored me to myelf; my hopes and fears have wavered, flickered like a torch which struggles with the wind—they have unmanned me: but now—now that I know they were but the efforts of an expiring taper—that the doom of darkness is come upon me, I can bow to the decree and be resigned."

From that hour, Sir John de Mowbray spoke no more of the things of this world; he uttered no complaint, no regret, no wish; if his appetite failed, if he suffered in body, there was no apparent disease, nothing to which the cunning of the leech could minister. Daily his flesh wasted from his bones; but the food which, offered by the hand of his son, and urged by his entreaty, he could not but taste, or attempt to do so—little as it was, was enough to sustain the principle of life. We have said that Sir John was yet a powerful man, and the struggle between life and death was long and awful.

By day, Melton devoted every moment be could spare from business to watch by father's bed; by night, he never left the roo

was his nurse, his physician—all in all to i; and when at his post, there was a faint le, an expression of happiness, which ever igled with the calmness of the dying man.

For weeks and weeks this melancholy duty I been continued; food had been by degrees but refused, and little remained to do but sad task of moistening the cracked and lened tongue, or changing the position of whose dissolution appeared at hand.

Mowbray had just been engaged in this er office, and as he looked upon the broad anse of chest, and saw the throbbing of heart beneath the arching fleshless ribs, could not but recall the image of a wreck mee had seen, which, stranded and stripped is planks, lay like a skeleton of one doomed perish in its strength. These recollects, sadly and fancifully associated with the sciated form he looked upon, were interted by the gentle footsteps of one who ispered in his ear he was wanted below.

"Impossible!" I cannot come at such a ment," answered Melton de Mowbray in a isper; and then, recalling the necessity of Fol. II.

not denying himself, he beckoned to t ing messenger, and added, "Stop! to it is?"

- "They are strangers, sir."
- "What! more than one?"
- " Two, sir."
- "Did they come together? are tlemen?"
- "Yes, sir—no, sir—that is, I dethey are; but they said they must see
- "Well, Martha, take my seat minutes: I think my poor father seen to sleep. So saying, Mowbray arose tion; and, descending to the parlowas welcomed by his visitors by a sm leer, which passed between themselves

Martha was not mistaken, for it difficult to find two men in excellent c removed from the appearance of go They were both strong and well-built nature; but habit had given a cobloated size to the figure—a heartless expression to the features. Their dreaccordance: belcher handkerchiefs tied—shirt collars, grimed and li

buttoned, gave a partial view of chests clothed like the shaggy bear; coats greasy, and regardless of shape and make—excepting quantity; pockets gaping—even to that of the fob, from which hung a soiled watch-riband, with one large gold seal uncut, and a little brass by by its side; baggy short; knee-breeches, with top-boots which had slipped and puckered below most muscular calves; will, with a slight addition and variety suggested by the reader's facey, answer for the costume of both.

Though Melton de Mowbray—in an ignornce which, certainly, had been bliss could it
have continued—guessed not the errand of his
Buests, he could not mistake them for anything
better than well-to-do-ruffians in some low, if
lawful. office.

"Your name is Melton de Mowbray, is it not, sir?" asked one of the two who happened to take the lead, and still kept on his hat.

"The same, sir. And now, allow me to ask



purpose," answered the second stepped between Mowbray and

"I have not the honour of or your friend," said Mowbray of contempt upon the man we door, and addressing himse spoke first.

"My friend, as you call right—our names is not mu here's one which, I dare as honour of knowing,' as you; he pulled from his pocket a ment, and holding it in one h with the other to the name of

" I suppose you knows said the second man, with a " in his eye.

44 Carness Corness " said 1

"Well, Mr. Mowbray," said the man with his hat on, who cared little whether the name was remembered or not, "we know our man, and that's enough for us. As to our business,— you are our prisoner."

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Mowbray, retreating a step as the name and threats of his angry creditor recurred to mind.

"Neither more nor less," said the foremost of the two, who dishonoured the title of "officer:" "you and Sir John de Mowbray, beforet, are arrested at the suit of John Savage; and, if Sir John be'nt dead, we have orders to be the suit of John Savage."

"My father, too!" exclaimed Mowbray, overcome for a moment, and scarcely believing the evidence of his ears. "My father! my helpless, broken-hearted father!—why, I tell you, man, my father is dying!"

"Can't help that, sir; that's not our busi-

"You heartless, bloody-minded villains! I defy your power, and warn you hence ere you Provoke my vengeance."

As Mowbray uttered this threat, his eyes

and he sprang towards the bell, with the intention of summoning assistance, and of seizing of an old rusty sword which Bowman had brought to add to the spolia opima of his collection, and left in the room with the intention of displaying its peculiarities.

The officers, however, were well trained, and old hands at their calling; they saw thereby had a novice to deal with, and were prepar ed. In an instant they seized Mowbray by the arms, and were about to preach the doctrinesses of non-resistance, when, with a sudden and powerer ful jerk, their prisoner escaped from their grammy, and, possessing himself of the sword, drewnit from the scabbard. His opponents were 护 idle: the one seized upon a poker, with an stinct that proved that the fire-place had been his armoury before now; the other produced from his side-pocket a brass-mounted pistol weapon which, in those days, was essential defence to men whose duties often obliged the to drive a gig on the solitary highways. this was the work of a few moments; and change from the death-like stillness of

om, to the signs which threatened a struggle bloodshed, was effected in less time than the reader would take to peruse the last few lines.

"Silence!" cried Mowbray, in a deep but under-toned voice; for, once in possession of the sword, he was instantly self-possessed, and spoke and felt with the calmness of courage and despair. "Men," he continued in the same tone, "if, heartless and brutal as you seem, you deserve the name, by all that is acred in heaven or earth if you dare to break upon the slumbers of my dying father you yourselves shall die."

The men were awed by the calm determination with which these words were uttered. There as a pause—they looked to each other as if to old a council of war. Mowbray saw their intecision; and, reflecting that the most certain the eans of securing the repose of his father was by submitting himself to the hands of the law, he was the first to break the silence which he had obtained.

"You, sir,"—he said, pointing to the man who had seized the poker—" return that

weapon to its place; do you"—addressing other—" return to your pocket the piwhich I see is unloaded, and, on the honou a gentleman, I will offer no resistance if will be content with me alone as your priso I tell you distinctly, that were the King, Clacellor, and Council, to command the prese of Sir John de Mowbray, he could not moved without peril to his life. Are satisfied?"

At this moment, and before any anseculd be given, there was a slight rap at door; and, upon receiving Mowbray's reformed in," the tall soldier-like figure. Bowman presented itself. He had had of sion to inquire for the now active partner of house, and, from the description of the visite feared that his dear young master might be posed to some insult of coarseness and vegarity: but his surprise may be more ease conceived than told, when, upon opening door, he saw Mowbray with the sword of virin his hand, while its rusty scabbard lay upon the floor, opposed, as it seemed, to one

stant his experienced eye read the of the intruders: his sallow face positively blushed for once—with innger; he fixed his looks on Mowbray, a faithful dog which only waits his word or sign, stood prepared to spring enemy.

t there! Bowman," said Mowbray int smile, as he used the favourite exof his true and brave ally, judging nat his own words, thus expressed, the quickest mode of convincing him uccour was unneeded. At the same nust allow, that the fleeting smile came of brighter days; it was a coruscation from a sense of the ridiculous, which art of Mowbray's quick and observrs, and which, in such characters, will s irresistibly strike the mind in the leep and solemn wo. Bowman's at-I passionate disdain—the doubtful and ted valour of the officers - his own t of a long straight sword, with a cross and basket hilt, large enough to protect giant's grasp—formed a group so singular a novel, that, for an instant, the smile was man without an effort; but it passed like the flas of thought which gave it birth; and, having succeeded in arresting Bowman's interference, he fixed his looks upon the officers, and repeated—" Are you satisfied?"

- "That, indeed, alters the case," replied the one, who seemed glad to resign the offensive.
- "We never wishes for violence—there's no getting nothing out of a dead man," said the other, with a sheepish look, as he slipped away the pistol, uncocked and with its pan open.
- "Is it that scoundrel 'Savage,' who has done this?" asked Bowman, who, at least as far as words went, could no longer curb his indignation.
- "Hush! hush!" said Mowbray calmly, "my father sleeps; God grant that he wake not till I return! Go, Bowman, take my seat, watch by his bed; and, should he awake, soothe him, cheer him, till I relieve your charge. And

gentlemen," he added—changing at once the tone of deepest feeling to that of cold and cutting irony—" now, gentlemen, I resign my sword, and am your prisoner."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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# MELTON DE MOWBRAY:

OR,

THE BANKER'S SON.



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## MELTON DE MOWBRAY:

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A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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M.DCCC.XXXVIII.



# MELTON DE MOWBRAY;

OR, THE

## BANKER'S SON.

### CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING AND PARTING.

" Now I would speak the last farewell—but cannot."

DRYDEN.

THERE is a civil way of doing a rude thing, from telling a man he squints, to telling him he is a rogue, and ought to be hung; there is, in short, a civil way of doing all things—the gentlemanlike way of arresting a gentleman, is to put that awful bit of parchment yeleped "a writ" into the hands of a respectable and civil officer, who proceeds therewith to the

B

solicitor of him against whom the proare issued; undertakings are given, is cured, and the matter is arranged widelicacy and good breeding, that the man has only to pay his lawyer, refees to the officer, and consider him rested, without being disturbed from ner, ride, promenade, or pursuits, what they may.

Such courteous refinement was never, to the taste and understanding Savage; this man had watched his tunity till he thought the blow we meditated would fall with the greate to accomplish his ends, he had sough instrument suited to his black and even and the pettifogging dirty lawyer, course, hands at his command worth ruthless heart.

But self and self-preservation ho influence over men whose feelings a science are equally hardened. Mestern, unlooked-for, and energetic remade the bullies, bloated on the mitheir fellows, tremble for the life thus

- I, though their instructions had been the writs without regard to rank or their avarice suggested the wisdom of ng a loophole of civility, through hey might beg a crown or two to their forbearance.
- the surrender with which we closed, poor Mowbray humbled himself to mission to return for a minute to the of his father. A surly acquiescence been granted, he assured himself that was still sleeping, and having given man the necessary instructions, he s hat and gloves, and descended to his waiting.

igh it might be unwillingly paid, there smething in Mowbray's manner which respect; the officers felt that they t doubt his word, yet, such were their f caution, that one remained at the the stairs, while the other, standing the entrance door, kept his eye on the lest their prisoner should give them

e'd better step into a jarvey had'nt us,

Sur?" said one, addressing Mowbray as the stood in the court, and speaking with be civility.

"I hates walking when I hav'nt to pass he riding; it beant much more than a shilling to your lawyer's in Chancery-lane," added the other, to second the suggestion.

Mowbray hesitated for an answer, he shrunk from the idea of being gazed at in the public streets with such attendants at his elbows, yet recoiled still more strongly at the thoughts of such companions in a hackney coach, and, hoping to escape either of such trials, he begged to know whether he might proceed alone to his solicitors?

"That's a likely joke!" said one, as laughed and winked at his brother in office and muttered to himself, "he's not such young un after all."

"No, sir," answered the one who took lead, and was the more humanised of the to that can't be: if you walks, we walks; frides, we rides. Tom always gets in first see that our bird don't make a thoroughfare the coach, and fly out of one window as the coach, and the coach, and fly out of one window as the coach, and fly out of one window as the coach, and the coach,

nter t'other. But we only wants to be civil, ir; I hopes to see the colour of your money, and so Tom and me can sit one side, and you in the other, and——"

"Do your duty; I prefer walking," said Mowbray, cutting short this kind harangue; and, while summoning courage for the ordeal he was about to suffer, he put a crown-piece in the hand of each.

"I wouldn't much mind if I made Tom ride on the box," said the leader, somewhat oftened, and thinking, perhaps, no objection old be raised to the society of himself.

This sounded in Mowbray's ear like paradng on the coach-box the banner of his own
miliation. "I prefer walking," he repeated;
and having given his word that he would
having given his word that he would
having given his father's room, and saw
he windows of his father's room, and saw
howman at one, the image of sorrow and
hompassion; he waved his hand, as if to motion
him to his task, and nodding with what comhoure he could command, led the way to
hancery Lane.

The fee, and hopes of a second, had had

in weight: the officers kept their eyes specially man, but walked a few paces in the rest responsed, however, to rush like buil-dogs sipped from their collar, should their prey attempt to escape.

To one narred in the lan of harmy, counted, factored, petted, sought for in the best soiety: to one, maght from infancy to deem himself the heir of countless thousands: to one, & gentleman by birth, education, thought, and keing, high in principle, and with a bath though shrouded by the cold cuirass of fishion keenly, exquisitely sensitive:—to such a out. we can scarcely figure a position more pair fully hamiliating than that which our here now fills. He saw, or functed, that every eye was turned upon himself: the thousands who he met seemed to open a path for his advance, as if the plague were written in his face, and contagion in his touch; his distinguished in contrasted by the ruffians who dogged heels, made him doubly conspicuous, and dreds, with a heartless grin, pansed to let pass, or turned to gaze and sport their giber Little, little did they guess or fathom what w

passing beneath the calm exterior of the being they looked upon, who, had the pavement opened, and the swallowing earth withdrawn him from the living, would have felt it as a mercy. But a still severer trial awaited him.

Mowbray, by this time, was tolerably conversant with the windings of the city, and the frequent visits which he had made to Sir Launcelot Cappulet's chambers, had schooled him in the many and mysterious zig-zags which led into Chancery Lane—mazes into which, alas! it is easier to enter than escape from;—the dark and fitting types of the blackened veins which surround the heart of the law.

Diverging, with permission, from the beaten track of Cheapside, he had chosen a less conspicuous course through alleys and paths, with the names of which we will not horrify our readers. The sacred cause in which he suffered, inspired something of a martyr's courage, and like the column hurled from the height at which it stood, he acquired increasing strength as he hastened on his course; he attempted,

and not altogether in vain, to busy and divert his mind from the torture under which, at he he almost feared to sink. As, emerging from the city labyrinth, Smithfield opened on Fris right, instead of shrinking from a name verilgarised by its uses of to-day, he thought of the firmness which Christian martyrs, Papists well as Protestants, had displayed to share their anti-Christian murderers; and again, an the retirement of Cock Lane he thought its immortal ghost. A few paces further, and as he passed a deep descent, slippery with blackened mud, he strove to smile at its mails nomer of "Snow Hill;" and, as if any this mg which pointed to the changes in the world harmonized with his own condition, his rememory supplied words familiar to his school-boy days, Color qui albus erat, nunc est contro zus albo. But again he was about to tresd the wide and open streets; again he was to be \* thing for fellow-man to point at; and goin, alas! he felt how difficult it was to force the mind from the trammels of one overwhelm in and oppressive thought.

Poor Mowbray! like the stag driven from covert, he had no alternative but to keep the high and beaten track. As he ascended lborn Hill, the iron tongue of St. Andrew's I the busy hour of three; the bell, the rchyard, a group of mourners, who, amidst din and turmoil of the streets, watched coffin which was sinking to the grave, ested his attention; his thoughts flew to e deathbed of his father, and he unconsuly paused to look through the iron gates on the scene before him.

"Come, sir, we shall be late," said one of officers, slightly tapping Mowbray on his ulder with a cane, and rousing him from momentary abstraction.

The words and action drew the attention all around: the passengers stared; the ged, dirty children, who had gathered on steps to indulge, as usual, in the fun of ing a funeral, now turned their looks on wbray; and, precocious in vice and knower, "twigged" the case, and laughed to the gemman in limbo, and doubly so as slight touch of the officer's cane called

the rushing blood from its source, and died the pale cheeks with burning blushes.

Mowbray involuntarily clenched his hands; and, as he fiercely turned upon the man who had thus insulted him, the first impulse was to strike him to the earth; but, checking the angry intent, he wisely refrained from an act which would only have levelled himself with the ruffian brute he sought to punish. Giving one look of silent contempt, he continued to ascend the hill at a pace which left no cause to complain of delay.

Oh! how he longed to outstrip those fat and bloated men in office, "to flee away and be at rest!" and, as mindful of his words, and dreading a second and louder appeal, he slackened his steps. How bitterly was the present contrasted with the past! He now recalled how, but a few years since, he had sometimes condescended to tread the pavement of the city, as if it were made for himself alone, and the boy, his friend, whom scarlet, gold, and a sword, had made a man and officer; how well he remembered the feelings of proud disdain with which he then eyed the

of population as it parted right and id fled before the grenadiers who led ard which was daily marched to the of England: in those days he had dethe base plebeians, as the scum and rhich is flung aside by the prow of oyal barge; and now, in his turn, he e laughing-stock of those whom once scarcely deigned to notice.

h lessons — bitter, galling, though they re not without their use: they teach in clay to feel that chance alone has it "with a brief authority;" that the of to-morrow may reduce it to the f the lowly born; and, above all, that must and will restore equality to all an born.

i, in giving Mowbray's reflections, we ished to record how, in the days of Pitt, Wilkes, and Liberty," the citizens ople quietly submitted to have their pavements swept of the canaille by a sy of soldiers, commanded, though not, by a boy, who might invite two friends at the Bank, and drink as much wine

as they could. Things are better ordered now: the guard, if marched from the West instead of the Tower, passes in single file; and the young officer and his friends are confined to one bottle each.

To pass from this digression, to which our hero has unwittingly led us, we return to those bitter reflections, from which he so acutely suffered, while enduring one of the many lessons he was doomed to learn; and such was the melancholy occupation of his mind, when a dashing equipage cut between the stand of coaches, and, as if it brooked not delay, caused by the unloading of a wagon, or some such vulgar incident, it continued its eastern flight on the right; or, speaking in the language of the whip-club, on the wrong side of the street.

In its way, the style of the approaching equipage was as marked and distinct from its fellows as Mowbray himself from the sheriff's officers. As it suddenly dashed into sight, and threaded its skilful course, he raised his eyes, and hailed an object which divided the attention that had hitherto been

painfully engrossed by his thoughts; the ext moment his eyes and feet were rivetted; he next, he cast a hurried glance around: meditated flight; he looked, but in vain, some lane or alley through which he might lide unseen. The officers appeared to read is intentions; and, while they kept close to is side, pointed straight forward as the path was to pursue.

"Then it must be so," he said, half aloud, he made a desperate effort to preserve his self-possession; and, shrinking within himself, if he felt it were possible to lessen his commanding figure, he hoped, he prayed, that he might pass unnoticed by the Marchioness of Blankisle's carriage.

It was too late: ere the wish had been med, or the prayer uttered, the eyes of the had hearted marquess had caught sight of his mer favourite; the check-string was pulled, the marquess himself, with more warmth feeling than regard to forms, put his head on the window, and cried, "Stop!" with an the more English than courtly.

The coachman, more master of himself

than his noble lord, squared his elbows; and, in compliance with the urgent command, brought his horses on their haunches without discomposing a muscle of his face, a curl of his wig, or a point of his tri-cornered hat.

"Mowbray, my dear Mowbray!" exclaimed the marquess, as the carriage came to a halt; and, at the same moment, he beckoned to him with his finger.

By this time, one of the two sleek, long footmen, had descended from the stand behind, and, though he cursed the city in his heart as he picked his way in peril to his silk stockings, he proceeded in his duty; and, as if all the suite were more possessed than his lordship, he motioned to the coachman with a his gold-headed cane, and directed him to pull I up at the edge of the footway.

Mowbray saw the polite intention; and, finding the recognition inevitable, he turned to the officers, and having whispered, "only for a moment," he darted to the carriage eresit could reach the pavement, on which, assumed that it could reach the pavement, on which, assumed the pavement of the carriage eresists and idle crowd was instantly gathered.

"Give me your hand, Melton, my dear w.

m so glad to have met you," said the, as he extended his arm through ow which his bust nearly filled.

d how are you? and what are you nd how is my old friend, Sir John? e making a man of business of you at d how are things getting on?" said uess, while he still pressed Mowbray's h affection, and gave him no opporreply. "And how --- "he repeated, s about to add to his string of inrhen, suddenly checking himself, he the hand he had so warmly grasped, ing round, said, —" Why, Helen, my re's Melton! — don't you see him?" ope to do so, papa, when the blind is " answered Lady Helen, as she faintly l to resume the playful archness of ays, and leant towards the window s yet had been screened by the

Lady Helen there?" said Mowbray, g the handle of the door, and forall but the silver tones which had

fallen on his ear, which had concente

"Speak to him quess, as, for the prostration caused Helen's feeling for the marchiness.

"Melton," said scarcely audible; a died upon her lips fragers, and, above her dark expressi words could have to one look, the interplied, a blank remand sufferings sin sevended at once.

"But, Melton, made an effort to a "you have not as quiries: are you il you were."

"He does indee by this time, had servation; "you are right, Helen. I fear, owbray, your health has suffered from concement. Tell us — say, are you not ill?"

"I am quite well, my dear lord; but, Sir hn, if of him you inquired, my poor father lying!" As Mowbray pronounced these two rds, his eyes were fixed on Lady Helen's; d they spoke more plainly than his quiverg lips, how much of agony and despair was his heart.

"And are you obliged to leave him?" ked Lady Helen, who knew the heart whose mows she read.

"Business," answered Mowbray, who, for ew brief moments, had forgotten his actual sition, and which this question recalled with mising force—"yes, business beyond conhas torn me from my father's side, and must plead for leaving you. My dear, d marquess, a thousand thanks for your mth of greeting; and to you, dear Lady len—"

"Nay, but you shall not leave us yet," I the marquess, interrupting Mowbray, and

withdrawing the hand which he was about to take: "I insist upon driving you to Low and bard Street. Thomas, let the steps dow and I've much to say, much to explain: so have Helen, if she could but find her speech."

"Impossible, indeed, indeed, my lorent; I cannot, indeed, I — I ——"

"No denial, Mowbray," said the marquess, who misconstrued Mowbray's distracted heatitation: "I tell you I am going to the Inclination: "I tell you I am going to the Inclination House; Lombard Street is all in the way. As to Rundell's, where I promised the marchion to call, and shew Helen her cousin's wedding jewels, why, we'll call in our way back. Come, Mowbray, step in. You know Landy Blankisle, my dear wife. Come, come, may not have another opportunity; take seat, and you'll be so much sooner with you poor father."

"Do, Melton; I pray you, do!" said voice from the corner of the carriage, in two sweetest tone that persuasion ever wore, but so low and soft, that no ear but Mowbray heard it.

He looked at Lady Helen, and paused in atter wretchedness ere he could pronounce be bitterness of refusal.

At this moment, one of the officers who proached unnoticed, put his hand on his isoner's shoulder. As yet, they had conued passive spectators, won, perhaps, to mething like respect by the blazoned arms d lordly equipage, and not sorry to recover eath after mounting the hill at a pace ill ited to their bulk; but now, whether their tience were exhausted, whether their love tyranny prevailed, whether they recalled eir employer's cruel injunctions of severity, · were really alarmed at seeing the steps wered, they decided upon taking their van in hand; and the one who had laid his untton fist on Melton de Mowbray's shoulder Lid, "Come, sir, your minutes are mighty >ng; we've another job in hand, and can't Pait no longer!"

"Begone, you accursed ruffian!" cried Mowbray, roused beyond control by this inmilting appeal in the presence of the marquess
and his gentle daughter, and, at the same

time, removing the fellow's hand with a jest which nearly threw the shoulder from socket.

"For Heaven's sake, speak! forbear, Moreon, I implore you, forbear! Speak, say we are the ruffians that thus insult you? The are, they must be unworthy! For my sake, entreat you be calm!" exclaimed Lady Helewho, with energies and pride, sudder awakened, found words at once to expreher sense of the insult, and yet endeavour to recall Mowbray to himself as he strugged to break away from the two officers, who have resented his opposition by seizing his arms.

"Gentlemen, I submit! leave me at liber for three minutes, and I will ask your pards and pray for forgiveness," said Mowbray, i he ceased to struggle, and bit through the inner surface of his lip, while he stifled the effort those words had cost him. "My deamarquess," he continued, when equal to the calmness he wished to assume, "you see am neither master of myself, nor of my mow ments; in a few hours I hope to be free, present I am—under arrest!"

"Is it possible! can I be of any use, Mowbray? Tell me, do you require bail?" asked the kind-hearted marquess, while Lady Helen mak back to conceal the shock which Mowbray's words inflicted.

"My solicitor will arrange it quickly; adeed, it is nothing, and your kind offer is eedless. All will end well; it is as nothing—othing to the pain which, it seems, I am loomed to occasion your family. Forgive me, and while I treasure the sympathy you have hewn me this day, try to forget how unillingly I have crossed your path, and may never be again; a thousand thanks, and a thousand times—farewell!"

The commencement of these parting words

The spoken with a light and cheerful air,

Loulated to remove anxiety for his actual

Loulated to remove anxiety

"Lady Helen," said Mowbray, as he ex-

beloved daughter by his side, "there seem to be a spell upon our parting, a curse against the prayer, the all I have left to offer, or wish to utter. Helen, dearest Helen!" he continued, in a tone inaudible to all but herself, "to speak now were profanation; fare thee well! Adieu! forgive the misery I have caused; may Heaven grant the blessings and support which now I dare not ask for. Helen, farewell for ever!"

"Stay one moment, stay" said Lady
Helen faintly, as she still retained the which Mowbray, with gentle force, endeavoure
to withdraw: "we may never meet again and I — I wished — you may have wrong me!"

"Never—never! I read thee—I know thee! gentle, guileless, and unspotted!" swered Mowbray, with deep, impassion fervour; and then, smiling through the clowhich darkened the present and future, added, as he gave one fond pressure to hand he was about to resign for ever—"Now Lady Helen, you must release your prison.

are sterner claims, but these will quickly Grant one favour—if you cannot forget zene you have witnessed, promise to reser the poor prisoner was humbled, not ded!"

dy Helen's lips strove to say, "I do—I
-I feel—I know it!" but language failed
: intensity of feeling; and once more the
full eyes spoke for the pale and frozen

owbray turned from the carriage, and, red by the officers, pursued his way to zery Lane; the pampered, heartless I, put up the steps, and closed the door fashionable indifference. Having given rdship's order to proceed to the India , he joined in his fellow-servant's laugh okes, which they freely vented behind master's back. The coachman's hour of was postponed: whatever might have the inclination, it was suppressed beneath risdom of the wig; his head was turned the steadiness of a statue towards his s' ears.

he scene we have endeavoured to record



but a dream.

"Have I seen her? have has she witnessed my public were questions which arose in ment of doubt; but, as he one to see if it could be possible upon the well-known carriage two footmen turned towards tl followed at his heels; he mark laugh upon their faces, and felt spear had entered his soul as a cane, was suddenly pointed to He doubted no longer, and 1 more welcome to the bark pure crew, than the sheltering office solicitor to the house of Mes and Co.

## MELTON DE MOWBRAY.

## CHAPTER II.

THE PRISON-HOUSE, AND DEATH.

" O give me liberty!
For, were even Paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls."

" Death to a man in missry is sleep."

DATION.

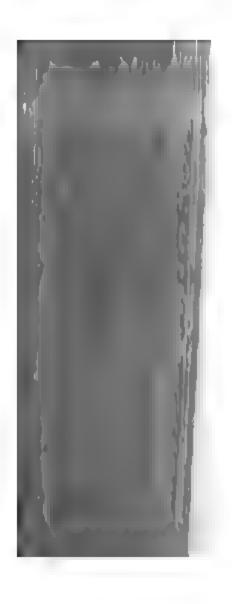
the reader in the chambers of Sir Launcelot Cappulet; if we remember rightly, this was his first appearance in public, though, it may be readily imagined, that many and long visits had been previously paid to Lombard Street: lawyers, like the Irish peasantry, flock when and where there is the chance of a harvest; or, rather, they hover round the fallen, like the later on an army whose track is ruin.

As Mr. Plastic will fill a more important part in the destinies of our hero than enrolling the deed he had prepared, it may be as well to summon him before our easel, and endeavour, with a few touches, to hit him off.

He was a man about fifty; and, but for his saintly air, might have passed for the gentleman in black; his eyes were black, his heart was black, black specks were on his teeth, and black borders round his nails. Then, moreover, his coat and waistcoat were black, his short kneed breeches, his long silk stockings, his knee-buckles, shoe-buckles, and shoes—all were black; in short, if we except white stock, a white shirt, white ruffles, and the whites of his upturned eyes, he was the blackest man we ever saw: we have heard, to be sure, that his liver was also white, but heing painters, and not anatomists, we do not pretend to youch for the fact.

This black limb of Satan—we beg pardon of the law—what could have put the devil in our heads?—was the son of nobody knew whom; upon his very birth and parents; there hung a black impenetrable cloud. No-

thing more is known than the act of the good Samaritan, his late partner and honest preecessor, who raised the unclaimed urchin from The kennel, and fed, clothed, and cherished Lim beneath his roof. In the course of time Lhe boy became a man; he had copied law Lil he thought he understood it; his protector thought the same, and admitted him to partnership. Soon after this, his flesh Quickened with the spirit of the tender passion, and he made love, in the kitchen or coalhole, to his partner's scullery-maid; alas for the failty of human nature! the man was unwise, the maid undone; it came to the ears of his Upright patron, and he insisted that Miss Mily Clout should be made Mrs. Plastic, and -an honest woman. The seducer looked black, but his patron was inexorable; the holy bands of matrimony were to be performed, and the lady elevated from the scullery to the Parlonr. In the course of years, a progeny of little black imps came to light: and Mr. Plastic, for the sake of those dear ties of flesh and blood, redoubled his efforts in fleecing



man employed aleek, polished, which glided in connexion of hi his bills in the imaginable, it is throve prodigiou was to get a bill grand climacter client's death, tl solvency, and so was either impo or unwise to do ! as a lien till the could quote Ser. Blackstone, and purpose; he was though misused

Such was the oily knave to whom Mowbray ed, or rather was led captive, for assistance; it, the bark to which he has been likened, in is anxiety to escape from the jeers which purted his footsteps and jarred upon his ear, threatened with wreck ere the port was tached.

"Stop, sur, this is the house," cried one of he officers, coming up to Mowbray, when in narrow street leading to Chancery Lane, and within a few hundred yards of Mr. lastic's office.

"Indeed, you are mistaken!" answered lowbray, with surprise, as his eyes first looked the street door which was wide open, then an inner glazed door in the narrow passage, namented with strong iron bars on the one le and a green curtain on the other; "Ineed you're mistaken!" he repeated, as his eyes seed from the passage to the exterior of the use, and he saw every window strongly rred on the outside.

"No, Mr. Mowbree, I can't be very well staken, for this is where I mostly lives, and ery bird knows its own nest; and you can be



this : askec mann iguori " know nice ar yourse. fireside se k an invo across h father d and bars had not the chanc worse, by

w the sparrow chirping on the house-top—

e fly which passes to and fro—nay, how the

ry beggar, sueing from door to door for

mumbs of bread, is envied, by comparison, by

the wretched in confinement. The heart may

arden—feelings may grow callous as the

ar of iron; but the first impression on one

orn to independence and reared in luxury,

when first deprived of liberty, can never,

merer be forgotten by those who have felt it,

and never imaged by those who happily have
known it not.

"Merciful Heaven! you cannot mean it," cried Mowbray, and with such an expression of intense and powerful suffering, that the very soler felt a qualm of conscience; this, seconded by the thoughts of making more by one so seen and sensitive, induced him to consult ith his fellow, and propose that they should with their prisoner to Mr. Plastic's office.

"I don't know what to say to that," re-Plied the ruffian, who was immovable by anght save self-interest. "You know, Mr. Savage savaged us in Holborn for letting our prisoner stop and speak to a lord, and he promised a guinea if we did our duty well."

"I will double it," cried Mowbray, who overheard the answer. "I will pay you what you ask, if you will but spare the prison-house, and take me to my attorney: it is but a step hance."

Why, there's something in that to be sure: the gemman seems to be rational now.

Tom."

Tom nodded assent to this, and with a knowing wink, he whispered that they were sure to be fee'd on both sides, "For Master Savage said he'd seen enough of the fun, and was a-going home to his dinner."

In a few minutes from this, the treacherons port was reached, and Mowbray stood in the private office of Mr. Plastic, while his kind guardians lolled in the adjoining room.

"Is it possible, in a Christian land?" repeated Mr. Plastic from time to time, as he shewed the whites of his black eyes, and the black tips of his white hands which were raised and joined, as in the act of prayer, while Mowbray explained his business.



- "It is," answered Mowbray, drily, for he meither liked the man nor his manner; though, from respect to his father, who had employed the firm for years, and left his deeds in their charge, he could have gone to no other, had he known one; "and now I beg you to obtain my release as quickly as may be."
  - "In truth, my Christian friend, we should be meek and patient; whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; but we will wrestle with this Savage, whose bowels know no compassion, and escape from his toils."
  - "Can you be bail for me?" inquired Mowbray; who knew enough of the law of arrest to be aware that bail was necessary.
  - "Providence is all-wise, my afflicted friend,
    and I grieve to say, that by my articles of
    Partnership I am bound to be bail for no one;
    but, as the Scripture saith——"

There was a rap at the door, and before Mr. Plastic brought out a drawling quotation to his purpose, in popped the pimpled face of Mr. Willain, the accomptant, whose tongue opened as rapidly as the door.

"Beg pardon - how do, Plastic - how do,

Mr. Mowbray—called in Lombard Street—heard what was going on—why didn't you come to me?—my brother had settled it in a crack. Come here to ask where they'd skewered you (he probably meant secured)—better have come to me—Plastic is too genteel for this work, and slow as a snail."

"Live and let live—do as you'd be done by, Mr. Vil—that is, Mr. Willain," said Mr. Plastic, with readiness, when he saw the accomptant was anxious to benefit his brother by a new client. "When the spirit of charity stirs within, I can gird my loins, and run the race with any man. To the point, sir—will you be bail for the friend you've sought."

"I'm no housekeeper—won't take me
—only a lodger—first floor, one pair of
stairs—and no snail like you, with a house
over my head; but you, Plastic, and my
friend, Sir Launcelot Cappulet, can do the
job in a trice," said Willain, rattling on with
his wonted and blushless effrontery.

II

"My articles prevent me; but your brother, perhaps, for the love of——"

"Whew!" cried Mr. Willain, who saw it == =

nond cut diamond, though one was
the other rough; and, having withte finger, which had been laid by the
tis nose for a note of admiration to
the land lies, have go to Sir
t's, or you give an undertaking, and
talk to the bull-dogs. I know how
their mouths. The king's head is as
a calf's, and better, too, to their
t's o saying, he retired to the back
and shortly made terms with the of-

Plastic once more, with its usual niments, as Willain left the room. on is his god; his heart is hardened: less, vulgar sinner knows not the of weeping with those who weep." e of the few white things, which we in making the catalogue of this black s produced in the shape of a hand-which was applied to the face to the want of tears.

The Mowbray, fearful of causing de-

lay in a matter of which he knew not the ways and means, had preserved a total silence, as he listened to the discussion of his advisers, and the question of obtaining bail. How many of the hundreds, whom he once called "friends," of the great and titled in the world of fashion, passed in review before his mind's eye; and how few, alas! were there amongst the many to whom he felt he could appeal with the least chance of success! how heartless and unprofitable appeared the ties he had made, the hours he had squandered! These reflections, linked, as they were, with the main object in view, allowed him little leisure to attend to the blunt coarseness of the one party, or cant of the other: he was but the instrument in the hands of others, and he could not help it. The hundreds expended at the colleges of Oxford and Eton, had left him but a child in general and useful knowledge; he was like one who had grown to man's estate, and had never been permitted to exercise his legs. With an old head upon his shoulders, he was, and felt that he was, obliged to go in leading-strings. Such feel9113

£

gs, however, were interrupted by Plastic's re-faced, or rather smooth-faced, attempt shed tears of compassion.

"I am no weeper, Mr. Plastic," said Mowray drily; "and if I were, this is neither the hour nor spot for such display. To busiess, if you please; let us hasten to Sir suncelot Cappulet's chambers."

"Verily, I can rejoice with those who are ad," said the pliant Mr. Plastic, with a wile; and, blowing his nose instead of wipghis tearless eyes, he changed his note, and applimented his Christian friend upon his terful fortitude in affliction.

But we leave the reader to fill up the tch; and, without repeating the moral less on the changes in this world of wo with ich Mr. Plastic always larded his law, will say, that, ere long, our hero was set liberty; and confess that he paid as little ention as, probably, our reader would do, good advice when out of season.

Having escaped the horrors of actual imsonment, the heart and spirits of Mowbray inded as he broke from the clutches of



cut across to Lombard Street, minutes, reached the entrance Court.

Few things are more so troubled spirit than gliding re stream, when scated in what term "a little gondelay;" while

" —— swift as glance of e

We know no spot where such be more powerfully felt than i of the Thames which flows throof London. Busy, stirring, or the scene may be, it is silence descrit, compared to the din an expectate and to Manhammar.

There the wretched may rest in peace. By egrees, the stormier passions of hatred, anger, and revenge, were lulled to sleep; forgetting and forgiving the ignominy to which his little-ninded creditor had exposed him (the jeers f a heartless crowd), better and sacred feelings of filial love possessed his mind, and turned his thoughts to the sufferings of the lying father, whom he had been compelled to eave.

Mowbray had no sooner emerged from the ark passage leading to the gloomy court, han his arm was seized by Bowman, who, for one time past, had been pacing backwards and forwards like a sentinel.

- "Halt, sir!—stop!—my dear Mr. Melton, t me beg you to be calm,"he said, yet speaking ith any thing but the composure he wished to stil.
- "What has happened?—tell me: speak ownan," cried Mowbray, more alarmed by eagitation he remarked than soothed by the ords he heard.
  - "Be calm, sir, I implore you: I have

watched your return to prepare you. He's gone, sir."

- "Who what! my poor father!—have the ruffians dared to drag him from his bed!" exclaimed Mowbray, with increasing agony, as he fancied that violence had been offered in seeking Sir John de Mowbray's person.
- "No, sir no, sir! I would have died rather than suffer that to be."
- "Then why detain me? why not speak! why did you leave your post?" and, without waiting for reply, Mowbray was about to rush to his father's bed-room, when once more Bowman endeavoured to arrest his steps, and said,
- "He is dead, sir; I fear your poor father is dead!"
- "Dead!" cried Mowbray, echoing the word, and pausing in his course as if his limbs were paralysed. "Dead!" he repeated, looking steadfastly in Bowman's face.
- "Yes, sir, I fear it is all over; and I wished to prepare you ere you entered his chamber."
- "Dead! and I not by to watch and soothe the last moments of my broken-hearted

- ber! Did he not ask for me?" inquired owbray quickly, as the thought occurred, the dropped the hands which he had clasped I raised in an agony of despair.
- "Yes, sir; he called upon your name, he mmanded, he entreated us to fetch you to side: he reproached me with ingratitude, daccused me of cruelty and falsehood, when trove to conceal the truth and excuse your tence."
- "Did he think I had deserted him?—
  he accuse me of neglect?"
- "Neither, neither, sir. 'He would not re me, I know he would not! My son! re is my son?' he cried, with strength of ech which he had not shewn for weeks."
- "Say on, say on tell me all."
- "He thought you ill, exhausted, and inal upon being borne to your room, and wing the worst."
- " And you ——"
- 'Yes, sir," said Bowman, reading the tion which faltered on the tongue, "I ight it better to speak the truth, and asd him you would shortly return."

- " What said he?"
- "'My poor child! and had they the hear!

   I had much to say; but God's will be done!' and with these words his head fell back, his strength appeared to fail, and he has never spoken since I fear, sir, it is all over."

They who have watched by the bed of a dying parent, and known the feelings which that sacred task creates—they who have watched and watched, soothed and tended the dying until the spirit fled—they alone know—we will not say the happiness, but the relief, the consolation, to the orphan's heart, when, recalling the full devotion of that we last no succour, no kindness, was one stand or neglected; and such alone can fully understand with what a heavy heart Mowbray cended the stairs which led to his fat the bed-room.

Old Martha, whom the reader may member to have seen in Grosvenor Square had supplied the post which Bowman had quitted with the intention of breaking the

which awaited the son of his beloved m. The shutters were back, the windowins drawn up; for there was, alas! no
to dread the glare of day: lightning strike, but cannot dazzle the blind. It ed as if "the sunny day," for which Sir had prayed, ere his hopes had perished, some to welcome the departing spirit; yet tently was Martha engaged in her watch, lent were the sorrowing footsteps of Mowthat she was unconscious of his approach his shadow fell upon the bed.

Hush! hush!" she whispered in an r tone, suddenly turning her head and king, as if she had been disturbed by d instead of shadow — "hush!" she re-xd — "he has moved — he is not gone."

Thank God!" cried Mowbray internally; repeating his silent thanks to the mercy se Almighty, he motioned Martha to reher place, and, while he vainly strove niet the throbbing pulses of his heart, h, in speed and sound, outstripped the ng watch, he gazed upon the wreck before and watched for the signs of life.

Sir John was lying on his back, his head supported by the pillow, from which it ha never moved since Bowman spoke: his eye were closed, his arms were extended, his hand linked together and resting on the bec clothes, as if they had been raised with on expiring effort, and dropped to rise no more Melton placed one hand on his father's they were cold as ice: he leant forward, an tried to catch the warmth or sound of breat —he felt, or fancied that he felt it: he as plied his lips to the sleeper's ear, and, if he trembled to awaken the dead, he whi pered, "My father! my father!" and the again, in a louder tone, as he convulsivel clasped the cold hands within his own, -" My father, speak!"

As starting from a dream, the sightles orbs were suddenly displayed; the cold hands releasing their clasp, seized upon the han which had rested on them, and, after one a two fruitless efforts, Sir John de Mowbra uttered, "My son! my son! Melton, my child! is it you?"

"Tis I, my father, speak to me again -

less me: say what your son can do," anwered Melton, while all the weakness of a hild came over him.

- "Heaven is merciful kiss me, my son!"

  mid Sir John, though speaking with difficulty;

  md, after a pause of some minutes, he added,—

  "Closer kneel by me my voice is failing:

  I had much to say, but 'tis too late; I I

  shall shortly rest. You, my poor boy but,

  Melton, forgive your persecutors; and if ever—

  if ever— you meet her, remember she was your

  mother say, I forgive and promise to protect,

  to shield her from . Promise, promise!"

  to faintly added, though unable to complete

  he sentence.
- "Solemnly, willingly, I promise to be all at I may be to sacrifice my life, could I seen her from the world."
- "Enough!—a father's blessing, my child!
  'tis all I have! There must be your reurd, and there—hope—to—again——"
  usese words were unintelligible in themselves;
  t their meaning was translated by an arm,
  shless as the arm of death, which, with the
  t effort of nature, pointed to the clear blue

skies, and then fell lifeless on the neck of Melton de Mowbray—his father was no more; or, in the touching language of the Psalmist, "his tongue clove unto his gums, and he was brought into the dust of death."

### CHAPTER III.

## REACTION — LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE AND THE BURIAL.

"O take me in, a fellow-mourner with thee!

I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear."

DRYDEN.

The melancholy theme which closed our premelancholy theme which closed our preding chapter. Difficult, did we say? nay, were impossible to portray the deep and ried feelings to which the trials of one day had exposed the hero of our tale.

Within four-and-twenty hours, within a rief portion of "one little day," poor Moway had been brought in contact with men, carse and vulgar by birth; with ruffians, hardened and callous to the woes of others, as the butcher to the bleating of the lamb. With such, the tools of those who trade and

fatten on misfortune, he had been led to struggle, yet driven by necessity to wear their yoke; he had been torn from the bed b which he held his sacred vigil, and soothe the last moments of an expiring parent; h had been paraded through the streets as thing at which the base, the worthless, an unfeeling, might wag their tongues and laug! to scorn; at a time when he was bowed dow with sorrow, degraded, humbled to the dus he had met her to whom, in the bright pre mise of yesterday, he had pledged his ador tion; and, in the public highway of the city amidst the gaze of the idle, the jeers of the heartless, he bade adieu for ever to the pur and lovely being who had confessed her low and resigned to his keeping the treasure of he first affections. Within a little time, and i the rapid changes of these harrowing scene we see him kneeling by the bed from which the iron hand of the law had torn him, wee ing over the father when his voice had wake him from the slumbers of the dying, catching at the words which he arrived too late to hea and, finally, closing those eyes which still a

ared a mockery of vision, and binding the ling jaw to restore to those lips a firmness character which had never failed till death d conquered, and which, ere long, death elf would set for ever in its icy stiffness.

So much within a little, may seem within relf the volume of a life; years and years of mer griefs, hours and hours of pleasantry, ay be forgotten and absorbed in such a day. le have mentioned it was one of those clear, ight, and sunny atmospheres, which so rarely at the capital of England; but this, alas! far from cheering, made the contrast doubly ong. As the blackest type is strengthened the purest page of white, so in proportion is the record of those scenes vividly engraved on the memory of Mowbray. Every spot, ery minute, marked by some new anging torture, were indelibly fixed; all ings were brought to light that could stamp ociation, and he felt that, should he live eternity, neither future happiness nor future row, nothing within the womb of time, ild erase or weaken the impression of that e memorable day. But it is a volume on

# MELTON DE MOWBRAY.

ich we will not dwell; the reader has the tlines, the headings of the chapters, and ay pause to fill up the details from his we heart, or accompany us as we journey awards in the course we tread.

Mowbray, if he wept like a child for the he father he had lost, felt like a man the high gh responsibility which had now devolved on TO himself alone. If he sometimes had the weak--24 ness to think of Lady Helen Fawndove; if, Fish. when wearied with the toils of the day, and **Bod** shrouded by the midnight hour, he sometimes **29**8 pressed to his lips the lock of hair which el su spoke of her who, though on earth, was also 020 lost to him; if then a tear escaped amidst == st despair, such weakness was undreamt of by the world. The duties of each coming day were met with firmness; he was ever at his post; = #; and every thought and every energy was directed to the efforts of doing justice to his creditors, to the hopes of escaping from that 3 5 5 5 1 most humiliating of slavery and thraldom debt.

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Consistent with the rigid system of economy which Mowbray had adopted for the

Present, and still more strongly in pursuance of his father's solemn injunctions, the pre-Parations for interment were directed to be the simplest possible. "The only homage," Sir John had often said, "worthy of the dead is the prayer, it may be, the tear, of those who still survive; and if these forget us while we live, who would value this tribute when they Play the hypocrite, and flock as mourners over him they had deserted? No, my son; at best, the pomps of burial are but a melancholy satire, and too often but the proud vanity of the living, who outrage the sense and wishes of the dead. Had I died in brighter days, I should have said the same, and yet, perhaps, been followed by a heartless train; now, it needs not be, let none pollute the homage of sincerity. I have proved the world; to those who fed at my board, and borrowed from my hand, I am as one already swallowed up in death. So let it be: one tear of thine, Melton, shall outweigh the show of thousands, and be all that I could ask while yet the power remains!"

Thus, or in words to that effect, had Sir

John frequently discoursed on the subject of his decease, and strove to familiarise his son to the event which he clearly foresaw; and, at the same time, took the opportunity of inculcating the inestimable value of one true friend, if such were ever found.

Sir John had lived in the world, and knew it well; he had had his friends, men worthy of the name; but the hallowed few had preceded himself to the bourn "whence no traveller returns."

As a matter of course, Sir John de Mowbray's death was inserted in the daily papers; if, on the contrary, they had stated that he had risen from the grave, the news could scarcely have made more sensation in the fashionable world. Dukes, lords, and gentles, were awakened to sudden sympathy; even some tottering old dowagers, who had purchased their long-envied bijoux in Grosvenor Square, exclaimed, "Poor dear Sir John! Who would have thought that he would have followed so soon? Do you think, my dear countess, we shall have another sale?"

" Poor dear man!" replied the countess,



th the empty echo of sorrow, "I should t wonder. I'm greatly shocked, arn't you, thess? He had such taste—so refined—I are say he has kept something back, and we hall have it now!"

"A sad thing!" rejoined the duchess; 'I was quite startled; for, do you know"— lowering her voice as she spoke—" I thought the poor man was dead; I am positive I read the loss——"

"Of his eyesight," cried Lady Crabstick,

m ancient, blue-blackish wit, who always

oved to put her sister right. "You make

the mistakes, my dear! I wonder who is the

tecutor?"

"And where he will be buried? I shall rounde his grace to attend the funeral, he ay hear something. I should so like that sture by Sir Joshua; that, I do know, has t been sold. How provoking that poor synolds was not spared a little longer; the lue will be doubled now the artist is dead!"

That same day and hour, his grace the ke did write a letter of condolence, and

requested permission to honour the remins of his late friend by attending the funeral. With or without feminine suggestion, lords and gentles did the same; and Mowbray, who had felt that, with the exception of the devoted Bowman, he was alone and forgotten in the world, was suddenly reminded of the station he had once held by a rapid succession of letters addressed to "Sir Melton de Morbray. Bart., &c. &c." from men who were anxious to pay this last duty to one whom they so sincerely lamented. To one and all a polite refusal was returned. The blaze of coronets had been less substantial than the of the funeral pile, which, mingling wit the ashes of the body it consumes, become sacred and worthy of preservation: the other, the glare and glitter of the moment would pass, like the ignis fatuus which rises from corruption, dazzles the ignorant, dies away, and is seen no more. If Melton de Mowbray had once been dazzled, he was wiser now, and despised the outpourings of tenderness offered to a senseless corpse by those from whom the

adow of kindness to the living body might weighed like gold in the hour of adersity.

There was, however, one exception amidst be many forms of wo; there was one letter arm from the heart; pure, though rough as the diamond untouched by the lapidary: and, it came from one for whom, in our earlier Pages, we besought the good opinion of our readers, we shall lay this honourable exception before them.

moment than the present, I could find in my heart to lay my bit of oak across your shoulders! Why—how is it, my dear, incorrigible boy, that you have not written? When did William de la Bere ever turn from the sound of wo, or tarry in yielding succour to a friend in need? Fie on you—for shame! Melton, is it false pride which has chilled your words? or have I, who have loved you as a son, been judged so falsely? How I long to take you by the hand and speak my reproaches! But this is not the moment; I feel

I should only make a fool of myself while attempting to console; and as to being angry, you know one trait of feeling in yourself can disarm me in an instant.

"But you should have written; you should not have judged me as the idler of a club; the mere man of fashion's heartless court; as one of the herd which gathers for a season, and separates as if they had never met. You have deprived me of the means of proving to your poor father that he still possessed one honest friend, one who would have sought him in misfortune, and have sought to conquer that delicacy which, when in his zenith, made me fearful lest my name or presence might awaken his heavier loss of former days. knew, though long after his heart was widowed, how fondly, how passionately, I once ——. But, forgive me the selfish recollection; laugh at, reprove, if you will, one who, in years, might be your father, yet who still can think and feel with the freshness of early days. Had Sir John, your high-minded father, known the truth, how different had been our cast in life! But, Melton, it is now too late to prove to

ore him: there is but one sad office left by which I can demonstrate to the world that such regard survives his death. Side by side will follow his mortal relics to the grave; and then, my dear boy, did not I fear to would your pride, I would say, let me supply the father you have lost. But more of this hereafter; for, be assured, I shall punish your silence by seeing you the oftener, and visit on you the sins of my involuntary absence.

"Yet forgive me, if I wrong you; you my have written—it is possible that the letter micarried; and, if so, I can forgive you for not writing again. I can forgive you for ranking me with the herd, for there is a pride in poverty which I can rather honour than condemn; the unfortunate should never sue second time. Don't be offended, my dear Melton, with the words I use: there is no dishonour in misfortune or poverty—Heaven forbid! they are in themselves punishment enough, without that; but, nevertheless, they are often the living grave through which we must pass to a better state. They purify, they

school, they teach us to know ourselves, and look beyond ourselves, to feel and think in others. Courage, my dear Melton! I have higher hopes of you now, than when we daily met at Brookes's, and, night after night, amidst the foilies of the great. Courage! I repeat. Prove to the world that you can conquer adversity: fight your way, with honour and perseverance, through the trials by which you are surrounded, and then for the senate! It is my fancy—my hobby-horse—what you will; but it is there I wish to see you, and there no knowledge is uscless. Be of good cheer; think you are sowing the seed of which I know you will reap the harvest.

- · Believe me your affectionate friend,
  · WILLIAM DE LA BERS.
- P.S.— It is not to apologise for the length of this that I make it longer by a post-script. I have written what I could not have spoken; and if, in the warmth of my feeling. I have said ought to divert yours, I see no harm in this. I do not sympathise the less in your present affliction because I look to a remedy for the future. No, Melton; it is



> cause I wish to write a something more, and yet, almost dreading to write it, I have eferred it to the last. Oh, how often have I wished that man could live without money! Thousands, you say — that is, you once would have said — thousands wish the same. Very True. But, to be grave: so far from taking merit to myself for doing with my right hand what the left did not see, could it always be so, it would be to me the greatest luxury on earth. This, however, cannot be; and why should I shrink from touching upon this odious money - a theme which now has become your familiar? Why fear that you should take offence, or think that I intended to hurt the feelings of one who knows I would Pather turn from my path than tread on the harmless worm? No, you will not do so: besides, I owe you much. Yes, Melton, I have been an evil prophet, and my words have come to pass. Have you forgotten — I never can—our conversation at Brookes's? It was the day when you startled me by speaking of your unhappy mother; when you betrayed a depth of feeling which, until then, had



come! My words, most p heeded by yourself; but, they haunted my memorythem off. I reproached 1 uttered a wish so cruel, as had entailed the doom the they have come to pass! your evil prophet; and now you must let me pay the timed angury. By this tiz know my bankers, close to morrow there will be five placed to your credit. Use it is a fund which will supp have no trouble but filling your own hand (they give Tutored as you have been, ashamed to enter the dark

and shut it with the bow of a courtier. This, if you have forgiven the wicked prophet: if you still love him, never speak on a subject which would painfully remind him of his wickedness. May God's blessing be with you! "I must add a P.P.S., a paulo postscript, to tell you that I have but just returned from my wild mountains in Ireland — my triennial trip. The first person I saw, when about to enter Brookes's, was Mr. Brown, your late **Broom.** Poor fellow! while I live, or when I am dead, that man shall never want. is this?' I said; pointing with my oak to Strange horses and a new livery. I shall never forget the expression of the fellow's Rece, as, lifting up the arm I had touched, and looking at the gold-lace which surrounded the cuff, he shook his head, and answered, with a look of deep and sorrowful contempt, It's a sad thing, sir; but the young squire is as stern and wilful as ever was Sir John. I begged to stay—I reminded my young master how I taught him to sit on a horse, when he wasn't higher than a spoke-brush. But it wouldn't do, sir; he said I must leave him.

7:

I told him, as plainly as I dared, that it wasn't for the value of wages, and that it 45 odd if I, who could turn out a racer with a coat like satin, could'nt dress a gent) man as well as a Frenchman. But it al wouldn't do, sir; he told me that I was never born to be a varlet, and that he had got me a capital place, and that go I must. So here I am, sir; but it's a bad business, and as for the scarlet and gold (once more looking on the cuff), it's gay enough to them as likes it; but, for my part, sir, I never look upon it without being more like to cry than laugh.' I longed to slip a guinea in the fellow's hand, but, 'like master, like man,' and I dared not. But I blessed his honest heart; and, having learned more through him than I had heard for months, I turned away from the club, went home, and took up my pen. Excuse this P.P.S.; it will prove I am the same rambling being that I ever was, put my hand on any thing that interests me, and delight in proving that you have still, at least, two honest friends in the world. Once more, God bless you!"

We need hardly say how this letter, partaking as it did of the warmth and wildness of William de la Bere, cheered the sad spirits of the sorrowing Mowbray. If the pure, unstudied overflowings of affection formed a strong contrast to the concise and polished notes of condolence which lay upon the table, it also was as distinct from the worthless mass as the thread of pure gold amidst the blackened mountain.

Generous, noble being!" exclaimed Mowbray, as he read and re-read his letter, and experienced that happiness we feel when confirmed in the high opinion of those we love.

No, I never doubted him; I hope I did not, though I shrunk from writing a second time," said Mowbray within himself, as he cound how unshaken his faith ought to have een; and had it wavered, well might forgiveness be extended, as it had been. Who, of the thousands with whom he was intimate but yesterday, had sought him out? Who, of the hundreds who now begged to honour his father's funeral; and who, in short, of the herd collected for a London season, knows or

cares for its fellow when the herd is scattered? Like birds of migration, if they meet again, they know their species, as they gather for a season; but they whose wings have drooped, whom chance or sickness may have forbidden to meet again, are forgotten and unlooked for.

Here, however, in the letter upon which Melton de Mowbray still gazed with delight, was ample proof that there was one amidst the high-bred herd who felt more interest in the fate of him whom misfortune had banished, than in those who had returned to their former haunts. Here were deeds as well as words; and, though Mowbray was resolved never to touch one penny of the thousands so generously offered, he valued the offer as deeply as if he had intended to avail himself of it. Again, though resolved upon entering the army, the moment he could escape from his present difficulties, De la Bere's schemes for his joining the ranks of the senate, the opinion and hopes he fostered, were proofs of kindness to be hoarded in his heart, and on which his memory could banquet like a miser. The store was not likely to be diminished,

Teedom; and, when free, to be indebted to hone on earth—to nothing but his own exertions. The wreck of his fortune was likely to furnish the means of purchasing a commission, and some small annuity, which would make him independent of all. Oh! how ferently he panted for such a consummation; for the hour when he might fly from the capital, from the country where still the fair being dwelt whom he might no longer call his own."

On the day appointed for the funeral, Mr. De la Bere, the faithful Bowman, and Melton de Mowbray, assembled as mourners; every thing had been ordered with the utmost simplicity; but undertakers are men who, like others, soon become hardened to their calling. We have seen them beset a house, and watch, like hungry wolves for their feeder,—death; like others, they regard their own interest more than the feelings of those who mourn: nay, more than that, they, in their way, like the pettifogging lawyers, prey upon misery—they impose and presume upon

the affliction of surviving relatives, and took to the sadness of their hearts in quietly submitting to imposition.

That such is the case, was one amidst the many and varied lessons which now daily instructed the once gay leader of fashion. Mowbray had just arranged himself in the garb of wo, and was descending to the parlour to receive his noble-hearted friend, when the undertaker stepped on tip-toe from the chamber of death, and said, in the practise of whisper of his trade.—

- "I beg your pardon, sir: but we have ventured to prepare a hearse and coaches."
- "How so?" said Mowbray, startled by preparations in direct opposition to his orders: "I told you we should walk."
- "Indeed, sir, it was out of the question; we could not think of it," whispered the man in office.
- "It is but a step to the church," observed Mowbray, obliging himself to give ear to details when his mind was full of the parting look which he had taken,—of the last hour which he had spent by the side of the leaden coffin

ich his father slept — careworn but calm l scarcely changed since the hour in he breathed his last.

True, sir; but your father, Sir John owbray's rank, proper mark of respect—ure, sir, you would not have been pleased. done for the best, sir, the world would."

It matters not what — I cannot now conthe point," said Mowbray, interrupting uestion, and acquiescing, as the underhad foreseen that he would do.

e passed to the parlour. It was the first ne had ever joined in the office but too ar to most; and now, as principal, he ot likely to escape the first impression, the most familiar must remember. The of day struggling through the closed, but red shutters; the chilly, cold appearance of rning wax, as flesh transparent, but pale th; one table spread, as if it were the o feast and make merry, with the sparkrape; another with the scarfs, the cloaks, appings, dyed in black, and scented with nt, peculiar smell; the silent greetings

of invited guests; the whispered converse of a few; and, hark! the heavy tread of mingled footsteps in the room above—again upon the stair—quicker—more and more confused the tread and scuffle; and yet, without a word, as if a band of mutes were struggling for mastery or life: again they pass the hall—the struggle's over!—they march in order.—The man of office enters, and, with a suppressed voice, announces that "all is ready."

It has been stated that Mr. De la Berezze, the faithful Bowman, and the now Sir Meltozan de Mowbray, were to form the small, but sincere procession. The former, with his accordant to the undertaker's wish to teach the rules are proceeding, and immediately took his stational by the side of the chief mourner.

"This is the man's provoking folly," while pered Mowbray in the ear of his noble friences, unable to repress his vexation, he pointed to a hearse with six horses—its plumes, trappings, and a host of attendants with batons.

"Never mind, my dear Melton; the fellow means well, — it is but proper," answere

De la Bere, though surprised at preparations so different from what he had been led to expect, and which, simple as they were intended to be, he had highly approved of under existing circumstances.

"At such a moment, 'twas cruel — it distracts—'tis so opposed to the injunctions of my Poor father."

"Think not of it, my dear Melton; let every thought be sacred to him we follow to the grave," said De la Bere, gently pressing the hand of that arm which rested on his.

"They shall be, if possible—they shall be,"
swered Mowbray solemnly, as he grasped
be la Bere's hand, and looked a thousand
hanks for the idea.

These few words, which had intruded on the solemnity congenial to such a moment, had Passed between the friends as they lingered in the narrow entrance from the street, and while preparations were made to put the body in the hearse. As usual, a crowd had collected: Mowbray was still leaning on Mr. De la Bere's arm, and unconsciously retained his hand while he watched, with mournful interest, the scene



striking by the contrast of else, seemed for an instar his pallid cheeks.

" La! look ye, Bess, can't be cotton?" cried or

"Cotton!" echoed Be it's a real silk welwet. Wh the Queen t'other night at a better: 'tis my belief 'tis

"I dare say it cost to said a third.

"My heyes, Bill!" u
"look at them nails and
gold!"

"To be sure, Jim; do bankers thinks no more of I does of a lollypop? W makes gold for nothing!"

" If so," said a man wl

the dead: why, the coffin's as fine as a king's."

"Serves you right for a couple of fools, for signing the deed instead of a writ," said a third, with a laugh and look which fixed Sir Melton de Mowbray's attention, amidst the distraction which he endured in silence. He had seen and heard the same on Holborn Hill—on that never, never-to-be-forgotten day of arrest; it had not struck him then, but now he recognised the features he had seen in Sir Launcelot Cap-Pulet's chambers: it was his ruthless creditor, Savage.

These remarks, mixed with others equally selling, long as they may appear on paper, occupied no more space of time than what was required to place the splendid coffin within the hearse. The doors were closed; it moved on, and Mowbray gladly escaped from observation within the mourning coach which followed.

He had kept his word—at least, by no expression, no outward token, had he betrayed how cruelly the thoughts which were due to the dead had been invaded. If there be such a thing as "the luxury of wo," it is to be al-

lowed to pour forth our sorrows in the presence of Him alone whose omniscience reads our very thoughts, or at most, with those whose sympathies are linked with ours. Mr. De la Bere, who, of course, had heard and seen all that had passed, found some difficulty in exercising the forbearance which he had recommended. He was no sooner seated in the coach, and saw the door closed, than he pulled up the glasses as a more effectual screen against the public gaze. A something like an angry execration was suppressed, and the next moment kinder words of consolation were framed within his heart: these, too, in their turn, were unuttered. He looked upon Mowbray, who had shrunk to the corner; his face was hidden beneath the folds of the cloak which his hand had raised, and left the mourner to the dark current of the thoughts which he might disturb, but could brighten. The sun which shines when cheek is wet, may dry the tear, but wounds the act of healing.

They proceeded in silence—in silence the listened to our impressive service for the dead-in silence they returned to the house they has

esti-the windows were opened—the candles extinguished: there was, as far as locality would permit, the every-day cheerfulness of life; but it was not the moment to share its influence—the change was too sudden. Mr. De la Bere uttered his usual "God bless you, my dear boy," wrung his hand, and suffered him to retire to his chamber.

On the evening of the following day, Sir Melton de Mowbray received a packet, which ran as follows:—

"Enclosed are the bill and receipt of the can you employed. I have spared you the cinful necessity of reproving the fellow's imosition, or hearing his defence. I could say hat you could not. You must forgive my inference. God bless you ever.

"Yours affectionately,
"WILLIAM DE LA BERE."

"Noble, generous creature! a child might ad the kindness of thy motives!" exclaimed lowbray: and though he adhered to his demination of accepting no pecuniary aid, he vol. III.

was in that hour of destitution so touched by this thoughtful act, that he kissed the note with fervour as pure, though somewhat less passionate, as if the words had been penned by Lady Helen's hand. Let the stoic sneer; we blush not to record the fact—the folly weakness—or whatever the world may choose to term it.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE LETTER.

"Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid,
As can express my guilt."

DRYDEN.

ME two months had elapsed, from the day lich consigned Sir John de Mowbray to the let of the grave, when Sir Melton de Moway was seated, as usual, in his private office, vaiting the arrival of the daily post. With usual punctuality, the post arrived; and, usual, Bowman entered with a large packet letters.

- "Take a seat, Bowman," said Mowbray, inting to a chair by his side; "let us see at to-day will bring forth."
- Halt there, sir!" cried Bowman, in proional alarm, as he saw the young banker out to tear open a closely written letter.
  - What now! what's the matter?"



prese in a t fied  $t_{\ell}$ "K my im in my i " T usuol, I " Qt with a former d liner, or military a home in h "Ab, s yet speakin; a smile from " those days the brave Hi paymaster fa

John resigned the command, and have thought of no weapon, excepting my penknife and scissors. No, sir, by day and night my thoughts are devoted here,"—pointing to the letters and their contents.

"I know it, I know it, my kind friend," said Mowbray warmly, yet sadly, as he felt that in jesting with cold steel he had made his wounds bleed afresh.

"Capital!" exclaimed Bowman, as he Blanced at a signature in his hand, and a Parcel of country notes payable in London.
"That man's remittance is as good as a victory; I thought he meant to steal a march pon us. Good again!"—glancing at the next;
Bill on Hoares'—Hankey—Coutts—Field—Parshals all, sir—strong as Gibraltar. What's this?—an order on Childs!—man of war, sir!"

"But what's this?" cried Mowbray, with Infeigned astonishment, as he suddenly interpreted Mr. Bowman's commentaries; which; like Cæsar's, were generally terse and warlike, as he fought the good fight after his own fashion.

"That, sir! it must be a mistake, or else it is intended for yourself," rejoined Bowman, us he looked at a letter sealed with black was, fringed with a black border, and folded in a form widely different from the others.

1:

 $\cdot I$ 

"There can be no mistake—you need not be afraid to take it," said Mowbray, as he extended his hand, and held out a letter addressed to "Thomas Bowman, Esq., at Mears-D'Aubigny, De Mowbray, and Co's., Lombard Street, London," with "Private" in the corner.

"It cannot be, sir; why, it's a woman hand-writing!" exclaimed Bowman, who still refused to touch the letter, and stared at it as a letter from one of womankind were the most appalling and wonderful event in the world "I tell you, sir, it cannot be on business; who would think of adding 'Lombard Street as if Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co's. banking house, London, were not enough. It must be for you, sir; for I am sure it's a woman's."

"Well, Bowman, is there no lady in the land whom you know—none that you value?"

"Not a soul, sir, but my dear old mother."

"Men, as well as women, are prone to leave both father and mother, and form a nearer tie; and you—"

That will never be my case," said Bowman, as, with more than usual vivacity, he interrupted Mowbray. "No, sir, never," he
continued in a calmer, but earnest tone. "For
my sake—to insure me the comforts of an undiwided home—my widowed mother, ere youth
and beauty were on the wane, refused an offer
from which few of womankind would have
turned. This she did for my sake: shall I do
less for hers? No, sir; there is but one way
to balance our accounts, and repay the debt I
owe:—while she forms an unit amidst the millions on earth, there shall neither be addition
nor division in our happy and united home."

While Mowbray admired the single-hearted devotion of this grateful son, he could not but smile at his deserting the field of Mars for illustrations, and, with a truth to nature, using the language of his daily habits. "I understand you," he said, ere the smile had departed, "thanks to your kind lessons in arithmetic;

end it were well for the world if all delone were gratied by such high and honorable feelings. But may you not have loss some relative.

- "Erre not one in existence, except of rememble parent."
  - Sime medical
- Din i knim i din'i care for a soil, escoping my 182 mecher and yourself si-l' yeall dicare the Mercy.
- "Freguet would that others were some thy of the name of friend. But take your last, there may be no mistake: we shall never se monagh our task."
- The suggestion had the desired elecbrowner trok the letter in one hand, and with the rather applied the disproportioned scients Harring made one cut, he then had it does again: and, declaring that business should be despatches for the bouse.
- "Now. Bowman, for your love-letter," sill Nelton in jest, yet feeling a curiosity which he could not account for: " or shall I lette

you the office to yourself?" he added, as he suppressed this feeling, and recalled the word 'private" in the corner.

"Halt, sir! halt, sir! I have not a secret in the world which I wish to conceal from you; and, after all, it may concern you more than myself. It is no common hand; there is a boldness and freedom which marks the character: though the writing be a woman's, it may be on business." And with these remarks Bowman proceeded to open the epistle, which, to his unpractised eyes, appeared in form as wonderful as little Gulliver in the land of Brobdignag.

Strong in the impression that there could.

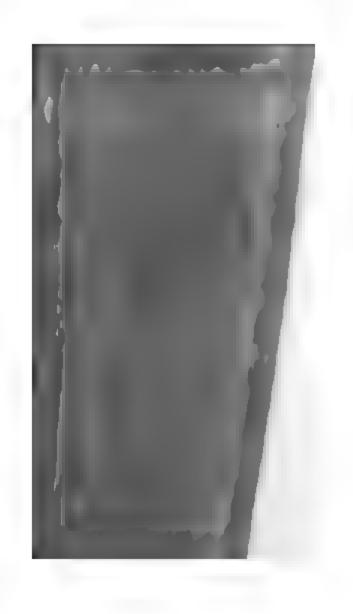
be nothing "private" between himself and the Pupil whose interests he had made his own,

Bowman intended to read the letter aloud;

but, as his eye outstripped his words with the Puickness of a practised reader, his voice fell,

and in a tone almost subdued to a whisper, he read with starts, intervals, and comments, as follows:—

"Believe me, I am not mad ('we doubt that,' muttered Bowman, and he turned to look



what [ vivid... day and and sice CAR BOTE more con have hea since such ORCE WES pandpil t sence of th yes, in thu ing to imple as a good an as one blesse -my hand to vade some for home unworth

evered parent; but the question was asked without raising his eyes from the paper he held in both hands.

"Pray, pray proceed," answered Mowbray, who, with mingled anguish and emotion, had listened to the wild, yet touching words.
"And yet," he added, as again the word private caught his eye, "it was probably intended for yourself alone."

"Impossible, sir! quite impossible! I know no one; it is some poor demented creature: she only thinks she knows me. But let us see."

"—Yes, my fingers tremble: that hand, which once was raised against my life with the firmness, but, alas! without the virtue of the Roman matron, now is scarcely equal to the guidance of the pen I hold ('poor thing! what an awful thing is the madness of woman! Eh! what is this?' exclaimed Bowman, in concluding his expression of sympathetic remark, and glancing onward). And yet, a something tells me you will not spurn my fervent prayers: no, you will grant my petition, and write from time to time. For years I have

known you, directly and indirectly; for years
I have thirsted for this channel of intelligence,
but dared not ask it. Now, when the father is
dead—the orphan alone, ruined, and deserted—
by the love which you bear your own dear
mother, write to the wretched mother whom
sin has rendered childless—to her who has, by
one fatal act, severed the source from the living
stream—to one whose son survives, yet never—
never—"

"The name! the name!" cried Mowbray, no longer master of the emotions he had struggled to repress; and, without possessing himself of the letter, he interrupted Bowman's methodical precision, by turning the page and looking to the signature. Amidst or apart from other syllables, he read those words of thrilling interest—" once, Julia Saladin."

"My mother! thou poor unhappy outcast of the world! and does thy son still mingle with the yearnings of thy heart?" exclaimed Mowbray; and, unable to restrain the burst of feeling which had gathered within his own heart, he paced the room and sobbed convulsively.

"My dear, my honoured sir! be calm, or I shall never forgive myself!" said Bowman, as soon as he could command himself; and then added, as he still pleaded for forgiveness, "it is all my fault, sir, but I hope you'll forgive me. It is, indeed, from your unhappy mother: but in the end she enjoins my silence, tells me to spare—"

" Enough - too much - not another word! If I have learnt that which she intended to be sacred, I have atoned for my heedless trans-Sessions. Think no more of the weakness You have witnessed, or, as a son, honour and respect it in silence. Bowman, my kind Fiend, oh! how I thank you for the tear Fou've shed. If you had ever heard the poble De la Bere describe the brightness of Promise which dawned with the name of Julia Seladin, you would not wonder if I think, and think till my blood is curdled - till - but it matters not—oh! that accursed traitor! But, for my sake, Bowman, you will write kindly, gently as yourself: confess how much I know, and how I knew it—how deeply I felt: tell her she is still remembered — has never been

forgotten since she wept and left—no, no, so not that; say nothing that would wring heart too keenly."

Mowbray could give no further instructions. The recollection of the parting scene, which in our earlier pages was confessed to Mr. De la Bere, unmanned him for the moment. He left the faithful clerk to proceed with the details of the busy day, while he retired to the privacy of his dwelling. It is only the wealthy and independent who have the privilege of indulging tears, and they but rarely need it; the poor, the unfortunate, they who, by the head or hand, must earn subsistence, have little time for sorrow. Within an hour, Mowbray was passing from office to office, directing, overlooking the affairs of the day; now busied with a host of letters, now replying to the clamours of inquiry, now discussing the merits of a bill, the wisdom of discounting, or the chances of a protest; —all, in short embraced within the mysteries of banking, as if such thoughts alone engrossed his mind, and there was neither time nor space for the grief which " lay heavy at his heart."

## CHAPTER V.

# THE CITY ROOKS; SAINT DUNSTAN IN THE EAST; AND GREENWICH PARK.

"Themes, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life, to meet eternity.
The with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
The deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Denham.

WE are now about to make a serious request, and beg our readers to advance twelve entire months.

"I shall do no such thing," cries the spruce Mr. Evergreen, a gay bachelor on the wrong side of fifty.

"Quite of your c is much too precious lady, whose age not logue of noble blood fixture.

" With all my Hopeful, an eldest so

"And mine too pretty sister, by way of the "one other; out."

And if—such posing—our young read petticoats, would be which intervened be culine attire? And would be as candid a so satisfied with the look with hope and year? No, not one a ray of hope; and, of despair which urg unsummoned, to the passing moments who

nor hasten. "Another year, and my castle will be complete — a few more years, and these shrubs will hide you wall," say the rich: "another year, my boy will earn his bread," my the poor: "another year, and Heaven may call me hence," say the aged, the wretched, and infirm, who have learnt that rest is happiness, and who, if resigned, still look with hope to their Saviour's promise of eternal peace.

And who is there that will gainsay us; nay, who that will not thank us, for passing the edium of twelve or twice twelve months of our zero's daily toils? If his fate has won upon heir interest, they must have hoped for brighter lays, or wished, in mercy to his trials, that ome decided crisis would terminate their reign. wents are hurrying to a close; and with the teeption of a few scenes, founded in the romance of truth, which interrupted the dull onotony of duty, we shall shortly arrive at the dark hour which fixed his destiny on rth.

The galaxy of London fashion, broken and spersed, had astonished with their brilliancy e quiet natives of the country, and burst like

comets upon their humble orbits. Again they had met in the centre of fashion; and again the kind, though eccentric Mr. De la Bere, was one amongst—though scarcely of—them. He arrived late at night. The next morning he was in Lombard Street, by the hour of breakfast.

- "How are you, how are you, my dear Melton?" cried the country squire, as, with the familiarity of an old and welcome guest, he pushed aside the hall-door which Martha had left ajar, and, looking up at the landing-place, caught sight of Sir Melton de Mowbray in his robe de chambre.
- "What! De la Bere! and at this hour, too!" exclaimed Mowbray, between surprise and delight. The next moment he had cleared the stairs like a boy let loose upon his playground, and returned the warm grasp of his true and kind friend.
- "You pale-faced, idle sluggard! what, only just out of bed?—why, look at me!" said De la Bere. And as he thus called attention to himself, he drew up his commanding figure, slightly lifted his piece of faithful oak with one hand, and then, to old Martha's horror, in-

irmly to the ground, while the fingers and humb of the other hand were slowly passed own the cheeks till they met at the point of the chin.

"Thank Heaven, my dear friend, that you till are blessed with health," said De Mowbray, she gazed with admiration on the open manly ountenance of his friend, and contrasted his toble bearing with that of the beings amongst whom he lived. "Why, the country air and he breath of morn, though London's, have nade you younger since we met; and me, perspenditure, what of that? a thousand, thousand hanks, for this early recollection of the poor luggard."

There was something of the tone of relancholy mingled with this grateful acrowledgment; De la Bere read it in an retant.

"Psha! nonsense, dear Melton, forgive the ord sluggard; you merit the term less, much ss than myself: you are usefully employed, I, t best, but idly busy; and as to my early visit,

pure selfishness, nothing more; — you know we bachelors hate bad tea, and —"

- "I remember, I remember; and you hates decoction instead of an infusion," said Mowbry with a laugh, as he finished the sentence, and recalled a learned lecture on les modes des Chinois.
- "Quite right; that's the only plan; and more too than most ministers know, though they live in hot water themselves, and call on John Bull to join in the outcry for war."
- "It is a pity the water don't boil, for then—"
- "Very true, it always should," said the bachelor quickly, and thinking more of his test than the nation's pilot.
- "Indeed!" exclaimed Mowbray; "90 you'd punish the rage for red-coats by boiling the ministers like so many lobsters?"
- "No, no, not quite so cruel as that: while Fox can roast, and Sheridan baste, they need no other dressing. But, d——it, Martha, that urn is of no use—water never boiled in as urn!" exclaimed De la Bere, as his thoughts

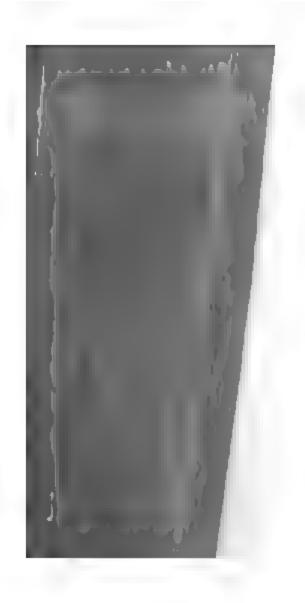
liverted from the state by the entrance who was to minister to their wants.

lartha, whose face had been hidden by a ne of steam, placed the urn on the table, then resented the injury by saying—

Not bile, sir! my urns always bile in the ; and so they did in the square, when poor r master, Sir John, allowed me to use it. ok there, sir!" And, anxious to convince incredulous bachelor, Martha had recourse o her apron, and lifted the cover.

De la Bere, as anxious to prove he was ight, had bent forward his head, and was glad o retreat from the scalding steam which rushed with one elastic bound, and shrouded the ceptic. "Seeing is believing, feeling is conviction," he said, as he wiped his face, and acautiously touched the small lid of the red-hot heater, which the libelled minister had also removed. "It is like looking down the crater of Vesuvius: shut it up, Mistress Martha, lest we have an eruption, and all be destroyed like Torre del Greco."

Martha looked up in innocent wonderment, rhile she mechanically obeyed; and when the



De la humoured wished shi ing urns, l work.

The tea bachelor's gave a zes midst, hows found time so increasing as began by his me all about; "As well of ladies durin my vow of living "Sha'n't as come and a come a come

"Welcome, most welcome, I say to that; and a thousand thanks for your company."

"Bachelor's fare, as it used to be: mutton chops—each man his plate—each plate its cover—one at a time—hot and hot, with some of old D'Aubigny's old port."

"As you will."

"Ay, ay, leave me and Martha to order dinner. That point settled, now tell me, have you had many visits—seen many friends?"

Once more Mowbray shook his head, and, after a pause, said—"A very few."

- "Never mind, never mind, so much the better: the friendship which changes like the cameleon is not worth preserving. He who meets you with a smile in the light of the court, and looks black upon you in the smoke of the city, is a man unworthy of your thoughts. Weed him—cast him aside—fling him from you, as only worthy of the dunghill of corruption; there is nothing healthy in his heart."
- "I fear," said Mowbray, as he smiled at the warmth of his friend, "that the heap would rival those which were raised when the plague was in London, if you include all the dowagers



they must have amusem better than a country co homely wife; but a wise acquaintance to-day which acknowledge to-morrow: prince or peasant, his is name, is still the friend."

"I fear, then, we sho win the character of prot Mowbray, who knew h many was Mr. De la Ber

"Better that, than d the few, the chosen few, jected many. Better be descend to familiarity wi or affect a friendship y should neither forget th Sentleman is always ready to acknowledge."

"All that may be very true; but how it you contrive to be popular with all, or

"Thank you for the saving clause, which spares my blushes for unqualified flattery."

"Nay, nay, my kind friend, you know me better: tell me, I pray you, how is it?"

"Because I never pretend more than I feel, nor yield companionship in one place which I deny in another. To be affable and intimate are as wide apart as pole from pole; good breeding demands the former for the civility of an honest cobbler, as much as for the salutation of a king. With neither need we be intimate; it is only the man of little mind, whose intellect, powerless within itself and wanting in self-respect, changes like the chameleon, and wears the colours of the circle in which he stands; the man who cringes to the great, when the great are by, is sure to be 'hail, fellow! well met!' with his valet or

the low, when others are not near. To be honest and equal, will, in the long run, win respect from most, and from the few who love you, that ——"

- "Devotion and gratitude which can neither change nor perish!" said Mowbray, filling up the sentence, and grasping Mr. De la Bere by the hand, while his eyes glistened with affection. "But now we must part for awhile, unless, for variety," he added, with a smile, "you fancy the folios of pounds, shillings, and pence."
- "Not I—not I—oh, that horrible money!
  no—no! I have a world of business between
  this and dinner-time!"
  - " May I ask what it is?"
- "First, to visit your neighbours, my poor old friends, the rooks—a blessing on their cawing and fidelity!"
  - " A rookery, my neighbours?"
- "Ay, Melton; in the dead of night within hearing of their notes; that is, if they talked in their sleep. What! not know St. Dunstan's Hill, its trees and rookery?"

Mowbray shook his head.

"Nor the saint's magic spire, which shoots the sky like the horn of the unicorn?"

Another shake.

- "Nor how it stands on arches, light as the camelopard's fore-legs?"
- "It must be all on one side, the creature's Four legs are unequal," said Mowbray, with a malicious pleasure, in turning the attack on his want of observation.
  - "Psha! you know what I mean," replied Mr. De la Bere, who was too much attached to his spire and rooks to admit of a joke. So, you really know nothing of the matter?"
  - "Alas! I must plead total ignorance; and little did I dream that you would, like honest Bowman, give me lessons in the city."
  - "Put on your hat, Melton; so far you hall go on my day's pilgrimage. One word to friend Martha, and I am your guide to St. Dunstan's. To any but yourself," said Mr. De la Bere, as they journeyed arm in arm towards that wild and fairy effort in architecture, "I dare not confess the interest I feel in those poor rooks: when I think how



the fate श्रांधि रखा home: 1 and age Themes of " But " Ay, menious, into distan nioustrous country is poor things caterpillar, build their i fellow, with a weary flight is Best !"

like the rooks

four distended mouths, brought to the edge the nest by the aid of wings too young for ight. "Poor little things!" he said, half loud, as he still watched the black population truggling, like himself, for existence.

- "Well, my dear Melton," said Mr. De la Bere, interrupting his meditations, "you see, people will but walk with their eyes and tars open, no created spot is void of interest. Another day, admire the work of man; that spire, which stands like the antelope, if you will object to my fore legs of the camelopard. Now, you to your business, I to mine."
  - " May I ask where you are going?"
- "To track the Thames, that main and muddy artery of the dark leviathan; and would that you could join me, to feel, as I shall, the swelling pride of being one amidst the millions of the free, whose masts float like a forest on the wave. And then for Greenwich, its palace, and its park! the dreams of the virgin queen, her court and flowers of chivalry; and, dearer still don't laugh, Mowbray ——"

- " Not I, on my honour."
- "Well, then, dearer still—the dear old stumping pensioners, those hearts of English oak, with half their timbers lopped."
  - " Do you know any of the pensioners?"
- "Ay, that I do, and the only men upon the pension-list that I honour; they are the chivalry of ocean, though children upon earth - original, guileless, and apart. How I love to listen to their yarns; how nobly has that noble palace been bestowed! I tell you, Melton, I would rather see our only palace which deserves the name garnished with the honest faces of these shipwrecked figures, than Versailles in all the glories of Louis Quatorze. But, good bye until dinner; your citizens will think me mad!" And, with a smile at the fervency of his tribute to the maimed and wounded, he started from the Tower Stairs, and slipped a shilling into the hand of "poor Jack," who begged for a copper.
  - "Thank your honour! the Lord bless your honour! long life and good luck to ——"

"Get out of my way, you noisy rascal!" ied Mr. De la Bere, interrupting Jack's exberant thanks, and stepping into the boat without his assistance.

The tide served. Within a little, the warmhearted bachelor was threading the mazes of
the London pool, or darting along the high
roads of the floating forest; ere long, he
touched the palace-stairs, and quickly welcomed many a well-known face, or hailed the
echoes of some stumping legs, whose wooden
footsteps said, "Behold the conquering hero
comes!" Some, alas! were missed; their
yern was spun; their earthly voyage was
over; their canvass was spread for brighter
worlds; and if one honest, deep-felt sigh,
could aid to fill the sails, then, thanks to
William de la Bere, they anchored in heaven
the sooner for his tribute.

Again he stood within the park where Queens were fited, and kings have hunted; he sought its solitudes to muse upon the lowly, good, and gallant, who, saved from the roaring cannon and perils of the deep, had sunk to rest in the peaceful harbour of a royal



the shadow of the Spani in the smiles of some magazine of pockets : bread to feed the timid

" Pray reach me th

" And me those I who looked up to Mr. if he could have gathere

"And do, pray, fin for me," asked a lovely ful as a fawn, yet more wished, yet trembled, to

There, and thus in happiness of children, man to exhaust his po feast was over, to tell the

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#### MELTON DE MOWBRAY.

with which the learned Dr. Maskelyne ont to amuse his guests when Easter and cockney myriads made merry on oping green.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A PEEP AT THE MANŒUVRER.

The labours of the night. The full moon rose.
And midnight sounded like a merry peal:
And she, the beldam, called her spirits round,
And wandered forth. She stole the glow-worm's lamp
Of living emerald, and diamonds plucked
From freefies dancing by the green hedge-rows.
She robbed the morning of its pearly dew,
And skimmed the moonbeams from the silver stream,
As charms resistless to a maiden's eye,
To dazzle and deceive. This done, she stooped
To wind the spider's thread, wherewith to mesh
The blind within her net."

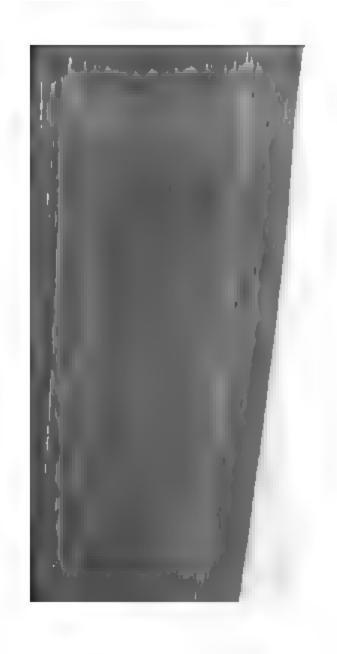
A. Bign.

While William, the last of the Norman De la Bere's, is thus peacefully engaged; while Sir Melton de Mowbray is wielding the banker's pen, and honest Martha directing the movements of the kitchen, it may be

recollection. She, though out of sight, has been no idle manœuvrer since the memorable defeat of her once intended son-in-law.

tenour of Lady Helen Fawndove's suffering were not, in the main, greater than that of Sir Melton de Mowbray. Few—none, but a being of the weakest intellect, would hesitate in preferring death by drowning, to death by drops of water falling on the skull with the light and quick succession of a second-hand. The necessity of distraction in man's more active sphere, compensates, in some degree, for the ruder trials to which he is exposed. If to man belongs that sterner courage which enables him to bear the stab which pierces to the heart, to woman belongs the courage of endurance under slow and ceaseless torture.

Lady Helen could seek no change of scene, he was still the daughter, and, of course, was bject to her parent's will; her hours, her babits, her pursuits, were all unchanged; and yet, alas! how changed was all—the all within herself.



their v footste —a lit whose stamped Nowhers wear the brain, th her suffer But, have miss known as and decisio does the w durance to occasions ca sword of the weapon; if t could be bar

venture to liken such beings to the scus blade, while sleeping in its velvet and hidden by the pearls and jewellery cloak the power within. It will bend, plaything to the wishes of a child; and as if a part of its soft and beautiful ex-

It is an ornament in the drawingwhere crowds admire the outward s, gaze upon the pure and pliant gold, ever, or rarely, reflect upon a sterner beneath a form so fair.

bm Lady Blankisle no sympathy was to bected. To Lady Helen's dearest friend teme of love was too sacred to be ed: her hopes—if still there lingered ter despair—if such were her convictionally whatever were her sufferings or feelings, were all to herself alone. But she bore with constancy and meekness: she employment, she redoubled her efforts se pursuits which fix our thoughts and e the intellect; from these again she to lighter studies, which, like the chap-Minerva, added grace as well as honour tius in repose. Thus it was she struggled

to restore the elasticity of mind, and seem to the world what she had ever been; neither did she strive in vain. But, ah! how little did the world imagine, that she who wished "good night," with a smile so calm and sweet, that they who heard it felt, while yet awake, that serenity which her gentle wishes had invoked—little did they imagine, that she knew not the repose she wished to others; that, in the midnight hour, scalding, agonising tears, mingled with the prayers she offered to Him whose ears are ever open to the wretched, and whose mercy strengthens the weak who pray for the power of treading in the path of duty.

The Marquess of Blankisle's mansion, in St. James's Square, could command but a brief memento of nature's charms, which abounded at his country seat. In those days, there was not even a dirty green leaf to relieve the eye as it entered the patrician square; nothing was seen but the horse and his rider, which floated miraculously in a round basin of water, a belt of iron railing, and a wide extent of muddy pavement. But a something, nay much, had

one to render the studio of Lady Helen dove agreeable to her taste: at the back house there still was space for the sun to 2, and the lungs to breathe; and the French lows opened upon a balcony, covered with and and coloured glass.

Here it was that both father and mother ited their gifts of such flowers as could exist the mellowed light and bloom in the artifial warmth of the coloured rays. We have said both," for it must be remembered that Lady llankisle really loved her daughter, and in all, at her ill-judged zeal to make her wretched y what she deemed a good match, she was an ffectionate mother. Here then it was that ady Helen was permitted to pass her mornags, and sit by the plants she loved so much; and which, perhaps, like the sickly offspring to doting parent, were the dearer for the cares hey needed.

"Are you busy, dear Helen?" said Lady Blankisle, as she stood at the door which led to the retreat we have lightly sketched.

"No, mamma, not very: pray come in,"

replied Lady Helen, as she laid down her pencil; and, while a slight blush yet hovered on her cheeks, she rose to kiss the introder who had caused it.

There had been no little-minded attempts to conceal the work on which she was engaged. though well-known footsteps had been heard. and though the quickened pulse confessed a fear that a print from the picture of Sir Joshos Reynolds (already described) might not be quite an agreeable object to Lady Blankisle's sight-The fear was not unfounded; Lady Blankisle's eye glanced at the print, thence to an admirable copy coloured from memory, and at that moment she wished that the engraver's hand had withered, rather than have multiplied the work: but, neither by word nor look was the wish betrayed. Passing at once to the little conservatory, she inquired how this or that was thriving, praised the beauty of a budding rose, and sweetness of the simple mignonette; while, with the heart of an accomplished manœuvrer, she pondered how to turn the hated picture to account.



- "May I rob you, dear Helen?" she said, she ended her admiration by stooping to ther a sprig of the exquisite weed.
- "Any thing—all, mamma. Do let me ke you a bouquet for to-night; you see I'm in blossoms."
- "Thank you, thank you, not another thing ou need them more than I. How I wish t you could transplant these lovely roses to r cheeks; but—" and Lady Blankisle tly patted the pallid cheeks as she added—ou are a naughty, self-willed child."
- "Nay; but, mamma, you would not have wear the milk-maid's rosy hues—'tis so beian."
- "Not quite, my love; but extremes are, and I would not that, at your age, you uld touch the rouge we matrons wear. No,; you must not paint to make the lilies sh. But, indeed, I fear you read or draw much: let me see your present task."
- "Tis scarcely worth your notice," said ly Helen faintly, as she accompanied her ther to the seat she had occupied but now.



left the poor engraver to the fine colouring of Sir

At this remark. La were fulfilled: the roses Lady Helen's cheeks: was brief as resistless glow of an alpine su blanches the very snow to pallor. Reply there was

" It is certainly a sp cally, beautifully imagin isle after a silent pause, to notice the roses whi planted," or the throbbit was audible. Again the

"Yes," she continue conceived, and that a pointing to the figure of

at a pity that a being so gifted, so noble, have fallen, and left a stain upon her ng!"

as, as Lady Helen knew and felt, infor one, the only one, who claimed the falling Lady de Mowbray mother.

Yes, my dear child, when a mother's fair is sullied, she bequeaths to her children eritance of shame; and yet, that being orn for better things. But, in degrees, are sure to rue a self-willed temper; nen we obstinately refuse to others the tess which is within our power to confer, fishness——"

thout concluding the sentence, which adually assumed the tone of reflection, uddenly said, "Poor Melton!" And turning to her daughter, added, "Could race any resemblance to the beautiful boy?"

Too much!" thought Lady Helen, as she at the tattered garb of poverty in which inter's prophetic fancy had arrayed him. indeed, mamma, I think—I fancy it

was said aloud, with such calmass as Lady Helen could command.

- Why yes, my love. I confess the likeness my be traced, poor fellow! By the way, I have his fixure is about to brighten: there is a turngraph in to-day's paper which augusted.
- How servently I hope it may be true!"

  Their Lady Helen, catching at the words; and

  ere there had been time to form one selfish

  here with the wish she uttered. "How kin

  to you to name it! Do, pray, let me he

  what it is."
- You have often heard of his eccent politicier, whose name he bears. Miles Melto of Melton Lodge, and better known on that as Old Melton, of Melton?"
  - "Oh. yes. Is he dead?"
- "Tis said he was thrown from his hor on Friday last, and killed on the spot; and the his immense wealth will go to his godchil the present Sir Melton de Mowbray."
- "Heaven grant it may be true!" exclaim Lady Helen, with the burst of pure rejoicing and, as other more worldly thoughts at

cross her mind, hope revived, and burst its reamy flowers with the suddenness of a anadian spring. But, alas! its glowing armth was quickly chilled—its blossoms with ered in succeeding doubt—she once had been excived; and now, without uttering a word, he fixed her dark unfathomable eyes upon er mother, as if to read her thoughts and earn the truth.

- "Can you regret the kind wish you utmed?" said Lady Blankisle, glad to escape ber daughter's gaze, and struck by the rapid bange of expression from joy to melancholy.
- "No, no! Indeed, dear mamma, nothing an change my wishes, nor turn my glad recing to sorrow, but the fears of uncertainty there are such idle reports in newspapers. it quite true?"
- "Indeed, I should think so," answered ady Blankisle, though with something like infusion, while her eyes were fixed by the alm and melancholy gaze of her daughter.
  - "Indeed, indeed!" echoed Lady Helen



process measurement of Toris.

"Yes, indeed, my more likely, as it rev Melton, of Melton, who should marry his niece mass remember the rep

"I do." replied L ness, whatever might pang. "She is necom aminble—is she not?"

"I have heard so, conditions do not seem hope to see poor Sir I circles of fashion. Poor him, and wish he may t

" I wish it with all Lady Helen Servently; le's fond expressions towards a wealthy heir let to herself, which outstepped the truth, led seemed unnatural. If Lady Helen did not leabt, she did not implicitly believe.

Had she positively disbelieved, there would we been but justifiable cause. Lady Blanke was correct in speaking of the paragraph ich had appeared, but she took care to say thing of another which appeared a few days erwards, and ran as follows:—

## Mr. Editor,

"'Old Melton, of Melton' (as you style n), is still alive. For the benefit of his ends allow me to say thus much; for the nefit of those who invent lies about his airs, let me add, his arm is still strong ough to use a hunting-whip.

"Yours, in propriâ personâ,
"MILES MELTON."

Though it be taking Time by the tip of his relock, it may be well to add, in conclusion, at within a week, and, of course, while Lady elem might still believe that "Old Melton"

was no more, Lady Blankusie repeated by one and command the mamman an offer we have in the Duke of Dubla A came out territed refusal was remared—if was in our than one all ranges of establishment of neutropes. And independence, were set only and ingest.

Neres, meres, mamma) — in manos ke Light estem ha Grace, but I could not ke the large the confurbes.

The same of the model of the same of the s

could make a reflected. I have deeply searched by heart, and an decided. My hard the research Duke, and would real the misery of both. I would rather starts three by my labours.

"You speak like a child!" cried Lady



akisle, with rising anger, as once more she need with bitterness on the print from Sir hua Reynolds's painting, and her daughter's wings.

- "I may," replied Lady Helen firmly; but, should the trial come, you will find I n exert the firmness of a woman."
- "At least," said Lady Blankisle, seeing it

  as wiser to curb her displeasure and attempt
  o argue, "you speak with the spirit of romance rather than in the tone of reality. Suppose for the moment you were reduced to the
  necessity which you now have the courage to
  brave, think you these drawings, perfect as
  they are, would gain a livelihood for Lady
  Helen Fawndove?" And, while the pale lips
  of the marchioness curled with scornful satire,
  the awaited her daughter's reply.
- "If they have the merit you assign," said lady Helen with diffidence, "I should hope hey might; and if it were an act for which I right to blush, my name need not appear. You forget, mamma, how much you paid for the trifle in your boudoir, with nothing but initials."

Progen in each in an expense. man a No I have not increased, and need. term sum I import the inter lessons tagis me in the boar of torretty . I have thought a THE RESIDENCE THE THE - I COME BY virtus un sue : la tendère più de crià. I A 15 speck through you may deem me valu. There has yours, had meeter, but the man. THE TOO LINE THESES OF the show, beand he सवाकत बासन करा केस्ट कालके के दिक्क केस offeren for Le translates. He bowed and suterral to the last white he deemed a co-THE PERSON WHEN I THE BUT SERVE FOR the territor the wirks he had not endersuad: the rules I makesed the hamiltaning range. Will TEXT to Three them is been to nothing. the mast estimately upon me the por but probes and hard-horn because Heles, my माना पर द्वारान्य वि कारा काराक्त. शिक्सम् ह t marge — in is the proke which because genius w THE SECTION THROUGH THE STORE trans and inches on the greet which could THE SECRET SHE THE THE PROPERTY. Severe 'se wase, my chair! Talent, gent MANUEL THE THE THE PROCESSES CAR SHARE FOR THE the pangs which I have felt, and never can forget!"

It is said there is one weak point on which all but fools are mad. Assuredly, be the depree of madness what it may, there are few who have not some rankling wound, which brobs with agony when touched. With Lady Blankisle it was the ordeal of her younger lays; even now the picture of her former suftrings revived the torture she had endured, and, mingled with the anxious fears of a mober, it defied control—nature triumphed—she chapted her daughter in her arms, and sobbed cloud.

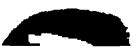
"My child, my beloved child!" cried the pother, when able to recover from this burst feeling, "it is for you, for you alone, I shed bese tears."

Lady Helen could make no answer, but knowledged her gratitude by pressing her other's hands within her own, and kissing te cheeks, still wet with the peerless fountain the heart.

"Say, Helen, that you will not utterly ject the duke."

Lady Helen in vain attempted to reply.

- "Think, my child, how destitute you will be when your father dies."
- "May Heaven protect his life!" cried lady Helen, finding utterance as she imaged the possibility of death to one she loved so dearly.
- "I unite in the prayer; but remember all must die, and, in the course of nature, your rather first."
- But, dear, dear mamma, what you have borne I could bear, and you gained the independence you sought," said Lady Helen, glad to evade an answer to Lady Blankisle's request, and still clinging to the determination of suffering all things, rather than part with the hallowed image of him whom now she could treasure in her heart, and yet be sinless.
- by this appeal was instantly restored to her bitter firmness. "Yes, I did earn my bread, and envied the beggar his broken victuals, who won his pittance from kind, if pampered menials. I earned my bread; but how? Was it not flung to me like the envied crust the toothless cannot eat? Was it not watered by



What was the produce of my weary toils? Others reaped the harvest I had sown, and grudged me the tithe they promised. Day by day the payment was deferred, and doled at last with scornful pity. Could Helen, Lady Helen, endure thus much?"

A deep sigh was the only answer, but the lips and hands were closed and compressed, as if some effort of determination were passing in the mind.

"Or could you," continued the marchioness, "submit to the keener torture which waits the lady-governess, who must bear the caprice, the insolence, or ignorance of rich valgarity? My child, your rank, your title, your gentleness—all, all forbid it. And, oh! I pray you, ere the roses perish"—as she said this she once more smiled, and touched her daughter's cheek—"secure the station you were born to grace. Tell me you—"

"But papa says," cried Lady Helen, interrupting the request she dreaded, "indeed papa tells me he hopes to save me a small independence. I am dead to the splendours the world, and if papa ——"

"Your father, my dear, is a —, a child, like yourself, in some things," said the marchioness, interrupting in her turn her daughter's forlorn hope, yet pausing ere she pronounced judgment on her husband: "but I insist on your taking until to-morrow to reflect."

Ere Lady Helen could say a word she was alone, and the manœuvrer left the wretched daughter to ponder over the arguments she had heard, and tremble at the picture of the days of poverty.

The morrow came: Lady Helen's determination was still unchanged; the Duke of Dublin's suit was slowly and unwillingly rejected through her who had pleaded his cause. It would be but an idle tribute to Lady Helen's beauty, her gentleness and fascinations, to say how many times her hand was sought within the two years since Mowbray resigned his claim. We cannot, however, but mention this fact, that not one amidst the many offers was

entured in person. Whether this arose from hat peculiarity of eyes, which, like the dark matters of night, were never wanting in expression, and yet defied their admirers to read heir mysterious depths; or, whether the material mysterious depths; or, whether the land within the fascination of those charms we have metavoured to describe, and then, supplying the place of some warlike brother, hinted that the place of some warlike brother, hinted that the explanation was due; or whether the mysterious depths and then the presses the reader must fancy what he will, and try to image those dark orbs of ght, to which no language can do justice.

## CHAPTER VII.

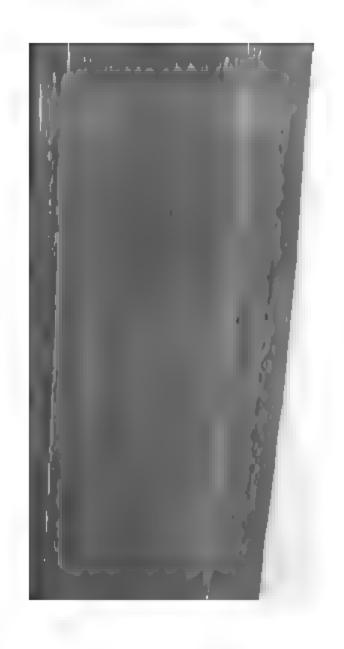
## THE GREENWICH PENSIONER, AND A WRECK IN THE ROADSTRAD.

"We tars are all for fun and glee,
A hornpipe was my notion:
Time was, I'd dance with any he
As sail'd the sait sea ocean.

It has already been confessed, that Mr. De la Bere had a large proportion of the good things of this world to console him for the vows of celibacy. He had found—and who has not?—that, as the world was constituted, no man can live upon the mere exaltation of sentiment; and though he still cherished—nay, and did."

cherish until the day of his death—the early Vision of Julia Saladin, it never betrayed him to the follies of romance. If he remembered her when pure as the dewdrop, which neither moistens nor mingles with the leaf on which it rests, it was only as such that she dwelt within his memory: he did not, to pursue the meta-Phor, live in the hour of darkness when his hopes were blasted, and the stormy passions of the heart swept this heavenly gem from the leaf on which it rested, to mingle with the soil of earth. No; on the contrary, this treasured vision was to him like some pure and glorious dream which haunts our sleep, and hovers round our waking thoughts. We know that was but a dream, but still we feel its influence; our mind is purified, our passions Softened, and we arise with good and kindly Feeling towards our fellows, and towards every living thing.

Such was its general effect on Mr. De la Bere's habits. It was to him a pleasure to work out the happiness of all; and this feeling became so natural, that he identified himself with the world in which he lived; and, though



--- vakit He was ther sf Dake c a haunc been adı necessar need not was the lowed, th too often meant to generous allowed th until reaso it did hie h rise, and sp frame, exha - to listen Sheridan, or

ed in its warmth. With moderation in hair, who shall forbid the grape its given ose? Who but they, who, wanting in selfnand, practise the abuse of gifts on earth. , when the immortal Pitt (we sink all views) — the one who, while yet "an y boy," had stood as the pilot of a great n — who, when they saw this bold and ty helmsman sinking in glorious poverty early grave, would have denied the corwhich revived his powers? Who would snatched the flask from him whose youth intellect were lavished and expended to the stormy elements which shook Old and to its centre? It would not have the judges of the land; for they, or some igst them to the highest, still think it lawtrim the evening lamp with at least one e of port, and thus revive the body sinking the labours of the day.

Ir. De la Bere was still in Greenwich Park, unded with a young and happy audience, g how this was made, where that was n, and answering, like a speaking dicry of arts, the thousand queries which

spring from the opening mine of childhod's thoughts.

"Hush! hark!" he cried, as he comted six by the clock, which surprised him in his bliss. "Get ye gone, ye dear little fascinaing rogues. I have lost the tide, and shall lose my dinner. Good bye, God bless you all: and now for a scramble: "and putting his hand into one of his many pockets, he pulled out a store of bright new silver coin, from one penny to four, and cast it amongst the astounded group.

The race answered. While the little innocents gathered up the glittering shower, and ran to mammas or nurses to shew their prize, the great, tall, kind gentleman "had gained some yards towards the royal hospital.

What was to be done? To return in time by water was impossible. Mr. De la Bere thought of a "neat post-chaise," and the Green Man at Blackheath (then in its glory), but the distance was too great; and he determined upon seeking some conveyance in the dirty Greenwich, or dirtier Deptford.

Stages abounded in those days, as steamcarriages threaten to do in these; and the Kent l, as it was then styled, overflowed with carriages and white mud. As railroads kely to drain the high-roads of both one he other, it may amuse some future anties to record that the vehicle, called omniwas originally English, and not copied the French. It existed and travelled since, under the name of "caterpillar;" considering its pace and proportions, was erm inapt.

Plenty of room, sir," cried a satellite of a machine, which was standing by the nent. "First turn—start directly—just , sir."

Do you take me for a crab, and born to sideways?" answered Mr. De la Bere bly, to the importunings which increased neared the long green caterpillar, and a half flourish of his oak he brushed off ttendant insect.

You're a rum fish, if you ben't a crab," o'd the boy, with the caddish wit of his

Vithout noticing this impertinence, Mr. Bere made his way for a lighter-looking

vehicle some paces in advance, when, in a mice rough and hoarse as the winds, he heard—

"Heave a-head, you land lubber, you swore you'd weigh anchor an hour ago."

The spokesman was a wooden-legged pensioner, rigged in his best, and bound for London.

Master coachey was deaf as a mile-stone.

- "Heave a-head, or shiver my timbers, if I don't cut and run," he added, with, of course, a sailor's oath; and, standing on the timbers he threatened to shiver, he made demonstrations of leaving the wicker basket in which he was seated aft, and which, in those times, was the contrivance for outside passengers.
- "Better bide where you be, captain," said satellite the second, as he ventured to seize a wooden leg in transitu. "You arn't got your shoes on, and can't run on drum-sticks."
- "Eh! my gallant friend; what! bound for the port of London?" cried Mr. De la Bere, as he neared the coach, and recognised an old acquaintance.
- "Yes, your honour," answered Jack Bowsprit, with a hearty salute, as he checked his

- wising wrath, and snatched the stray timber toe from the satellite's grasp.
  - "So am I, Jack, if I know how."
  - "Snug birth, your honour, in the cabin, if we could but get afloat,—tight craft, but rum rigging. These landsmen calls it a eunic-horn (unicorn); but, d—— me, if that bit of bones, as runs a-head, ben't more like a Bowsprit than I am."

Mr. De la Bere looked inside the cabin; it chunced to be clean, and seeing only two respectable-looking females, he hailed the coachman, and promised to pay for all the vacant seats if he would start immediately. The bargain was soon concluded; and Jack was made happy by setting sail with a crew of tidy lasses in the basket, and "the noble commodore" in the cabin—for thus was the bachelor styled by the pensioners. Mr. De la Bere was a man certain to pick up something, wherever he was. Suiting himself to his companions, he soon led them out, and found that one was a widow of a merchant captain, who resided at Hackney; the other, her friend, and a maiden sister of a poor, but brave midshipman with sixty years of age, and almost so many wounds.

"Hackney! Hackney!" repeated De la Bere, as he tried to recall some associations with the place. "Doesn't Tom Somerset live there? do you happen to know him?"

"The Right Honourable Mr. Somerset, the nobleman that lived in the large red house with high walls and iron gates?" asked the widow, as she drew herself up, and looked as if indignity had been offered to her honourable neighbour.

"A thousand pardons, madam," said Mr. De la Bere, with comic gravity. "Tis, doubte less, the same: he and I were schoolfellows and we always called him 'Tom.' I once knew him well. Is he living?"

"Living, sir! why, he has been dead these twenty years or more. My friend, the Right Honourable Mrs. Somerset, is living."

"Mrs. Somerset! hem!" said Mr. De la Bere, surprised in his turn.

"Yes, sir," continued the widow, "and he has left her wonderfully well off—such jewels and a carriage. I dined there this day week

and we each had silver forks ('fam-ly plate,' as she called it), and a little spare table-cloth, cockled up like a cabbage."

"Indeed, madam! I hope the guests did not suffer from indigestion?" said De la Bere, with pretended admiration at such fare.

"She is but a purse-proud queen," put in the maiden, before the widow could reply. "For my part I'm glad she didn't ask me, for I'm sure I shouldn't have gone. I mind what People used to say about her—she warn't ways called the Honourable Mrs. Somerset."

- "Mere envy, my dear Miss Spicer. How wish you had been there!"
- "You're very kind, madam; but I don't wish nothing of the sort, for my belief she's no better than she should be."
- "Few of us are, madam," said Mr. De la Bere, who saw the storm of envy which was brewing between the two friends. "Poor Tom! I have long lost sight of him. When I knew him he was always about the court."
- "Dear me, sir, do you live in those parts? Well, I always said that he was accustomed to the great folk, and that that woman was no

company for him. For my part I don't believe she was ever ——"

- "Fie, fie! Miss Spicer," interrupted the widow. who had partaken of her honourable feast, eaten with the "fam-ly plate," and sat with "the little table-cloth," alias napkin, spread on the back of her chair, to save her lace and silks.
- " Had they any children?" asked De la Bere, still anxious to preserve peace.
- "Children!" echoed Miss Spicer: "the like of them seldom do, sir."

Mr. De la Bere's inquiry was ill-timed; and he was thinking what question he should next put, when a violent and united screech arose from the female crew in the basket behind. The kind-hearted bachelor's head was out of the window in an instant, and having called to the coachman to stop, he looked back, and saw his friend, "Jack Bowsprit," with all the lasses about him, some thirty yards off, and launched in the wicker-boat into the deep sea of white mud; the tackle had given way, and dropped them astern.

"Avast there, my hearty!" shouted old



Ack Bowsprit; "tack about, and take us n tow."

"Save me! save my child!" cried one of the crew, who had fallen to the bottom of the basket, and was now struggling to get out.

"Give the babby to me," said Jack, handling the child as gently as he would a compass; "and you, mother, bring your stern to an anchor, while I takes the young un to shore; I can't get cold in my feet: and as for my mud-boots, the next spring-tide will brush them clean as a quarterdeck." So saying, with a bouncing boy in one arm, with a stick (a relic from his ship) in one hand, and two sticks on his stumps, Jack fearlessly waded to shore through mud and water, at least one foot deep!—What would Mac, the stony son of Adam, have said to such a road? be it asked by the way.

By the time the child was deposited on the footway other carriages had stopped, foot passengers had collected; and the stage having drawn to the side, Mr. De la Bere was soon conspicuous amongst the many.

At this moment an open carriage with four

horses and two postilions drove up; and, though it bore the royal arms, it was obliged to stop, owing to the vehicles which kindness or curiosity had collected.

As the Princess of Wales and "England's hope," her lovely and ill-fated daughter, were then living in their solitude at Blackheath, such equipage was too familiar to attract much of Jack Bowsprit's attention; he still had the "babby" in his arms, and was quieting its fears by dancing it in the air, when a joyous, hand-some young man, stood up in the royal carriage, and something very like "D——it!" escaped the lips; which added, with a smile, "that is more than I could do for my niece, little Charlotte, though I've served in the cockpit;" and, turning to one of the royal servants, Jack Bowsprit was ordered to approach.

"Well, my gallant fellow," said the young man, "what has happened—have they let go the painter, and dropped the boat astern?" pointing to the basket, which still floated in the mud.

Jack, with brief and appropriate words,

Explained how the good ship, called the Emic-horn, had parted company with the Jolly-boat; and with these particulars was mixed the name of "the noble commodore."

"Commodore! commodore! — Who? — where?" inquired the spokesman, with the quickness of one accustomed to reverence the title.

Jack pointed to the footway.

"Commodore! Why, d—— it, 'tis the noble-hearted De la Bere. Tell him his services are wanted: he must give up his seat to the shipwrecked, and accept one in this carriage."

Jack was turning to obey, when he was once more called back.

"Hark ye, Jack Bowsprit!" said the gentleman in the carriage, "there is a guinea from a messmate to drink the king's health, and the wooden walls of Old England."

"God bless them both, and may they both live for ever!" cried the veteran, in the warmth of his honest heart.

Jack proceeded on his mission, and approaching Mr. De la Bere, who, struck by his

singular position, had sought, in some measure, to escape from notice, he said, "That won't do, your honour, there's a signal flying, and my name ben't Jack if you mus'n't answer it; for, if ever I knew a seagull from a swab, that ere's an admiral's son at least."

"The gallant young man in yonder carriage?"

Jack nodded - yes.

"That, Bowsprit, is the king's son—it is the Duke of Clarence."

"Shiver my timbers if I didn't think so!" cried Jack, while he opened his eyes in wonderment; "why, he called me messmate, and gave me a guinea to drink the British navy. He's a sailor every inch, and there can't be nothing better. God bless him!"

Jack's blessing had scarcely been uttered ere the course was cleared, the royal carriage drove to the footpath, and Mr. De la Bere was welcomed by the naval prince, who pointed to a vacant seat, and gave orders to drive on.

Jack Bowsprit waved his hat, and gave the signal for a parting huzza!

- "I told you so, Miss Spicer," said the ridow to her friend, catching sight of Mr. De a Bere as the four horses dashed by, "I knew e was a duke in disguise."
- "He is quite the gentleman; and that, I elieve, is all you or I know about it," replied he maiden.
- "You forget, Miss Spicer, when my poor ear captain was ashore, he and the Right Ionourable Mr. Somerset were intimate as brohers. I am accustomed to quality, and I am ure that gentleman's a duke."

Miss Spicer would have it, that as far as hey knew he was nothing but a gentleman, and that might be better than a duke, for ught she knew."

Long ere their argument was concluded, the great unknown" had reached the capital, nd taken his expectant host by the hand.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DINNER — CHIT-CHAT — ST. PAUL'S BY MOON-LIGHT — THE TWO MOURNERS — A CHAPTER OF FACTS.

"Mais de tous les edifices dont Londres a hérité du dixseptième siécle, Saint Paul est certainement le plus magnifique. Nous avons déjà parlé de son dôme qui peut librement développer sa tête gigantesque dans le ciel; quant à la base elle reste enfoncée au milieu des masures du quartier marchand qui l'étouffent de toutes parts. C'est un tort des Anglais: leur plus beaux menumens manquent d'air."

B. LA ROCKI.

"My dear De la Bere, what can have made you so late?" asked Sir Melton de Mowbray, as he welcomed his friend on the steps of his house. "I was fearful of some accident."

"All's well. You shall hear, by and by, how, like Gulliver, I have been pinned by Lilliputians. Now for my toilet; you know I am a Turk in ablutions, ch! What! all ready,

Tartha? done as I ordered? Well, wait a tile longer. Which is your dressing-room, Ielton? Hot water! no, Martha, no; but ceans of cold," said Mr. De la Bere, addressig first one, then the other, as he ascended to stairs to attend to a point in which the schelor was precise.

"Dinner's on the table, sir," said the imtient Martha, as she presently tapped at the or, "and I fear it's all spoiled, sir."

"Mine the sorrow—mine the fault," said e la Bere, quoting from the then popular llad of Goldsmith; "but well my knife shall ay," he added, with a laugh at the version hich his sharpened appetite suggested.

The bachelors, old and young, descended.

"What's this, Martha?" cried the younger, hen, instead of the simple mutton chops with wery potato in its jacket, he looked upon telle soup and turbot.

"All right! 'mine the fault 'again. Capil foundation for a mutton chop dinner! But, lartha, another time never put on the fish atil we've done with the soup: you, who live ith a bachelor, ought to know that. Come, Melton, my dear boy, you know I do as I like in this house; a short grace, if you please.—Good—and now, you like the green fat?"

- " Forgive my heresy, I never touch it."
- "Name it not within the city walls!" cried De la Bere, solemnly. "Had Solomon said so to an alderman, he would have been pronounced nothing better than a spoon: nevertheless, I never eat it myself, Melton," was breathed in the softest possible whisper across the table.
- "I am sure we are unworthy. Your liberality will train me badly for the hardships of a soldier's life."
- "Psha! psha! I wont hear of that; and as to liberality, it costs me nothing. My West India agents stuff me with turtles, and, until I got the hint from a worthy citizen, I knew not what to do with them: now I march them off to Alderman Twigg, the cook; pastrycook, and colonel. Do you know him?"
  - " By reputation."
- "You could know him by nothing better, except his works: let me give you one ladle-ful more. Well, as I was saying, he deserves

his name. Aldermen are no fools, as far as cooking goes; and, remember I am talking to banker,—with Mr. Alderman Twigg I open an account."

"How so?" asked Mowbray, with a smile the notion.

"Easy enough: he weighs my turtle and first gives me credit for so many pounds, not sterling; he then reduces the whole to quarts, and makes me debtor,—not doctor, remember."

"Spare me, spare me,—you prefer the fin, don't you?" asked Mowbray, as he carved the turbot, and who, as yet, had scarcely learnt to laugh at his first essays in arithmetic. "And little of the horse-radish? You see, Martha has remembered your rules; it is fresh, punsent, light as flakes of snow, and curling like counsellor's wig."

"Hold! enough! my dear Melton, you been determined to stop my mouth, and make by eyes water too," exclaimed Mr. de la Bere; and, with an arch smile in the corner of the laid mouth, he continued—"Well, we'll drop the doctor, to conclude my account with the alderman. He first credits me for quarts,

in proportion to the weight, and then debits me in the same measure as I draw upon his kitchen,—he is the first accomptant in the city."

- " Indeed!"
- "Nothing like him and his cheesecakes in this world; and if you had but his skill in addition and division, you'd grow as rich as the alderman."
  - " How so?"
- "By these two simple rules,—he makes them half the size of any others, and charges twice as much as any body else."
- "And if quality be balanced against quantity, that is but just;—you must taste this madeira."
- "With all my heart. Old D'Aubigny's? eh! Sweet as the bouquet of a crushed filbert," exclaimed Mr. De la Bere, as he offered the rising essence to his nose. "Velvety as soft Italia's air," he added, as he opened his compressed lips and put down the glass; "by Jove! it is magnificent wants a little more warmth. Martha, are you butler? Well, another time remember you. draw the cork

the morning. And now for the bachelor's chop, eh! Melton; that will be a capital keystone to my foundation of turtle and superstructure of turbot."

Martha departed, and the bachelor, warming with his nutty wine, continued—

"Melton, my dear fellow, I cannot tell You how much I enjoy this snuggery, instead of the parade which my honest old butler will insist on."

"Are you quite serious?" asked Mowbray,

bo, having been compelled to the change,

as not equally alive to its charms.

"Indeed, I am; to quote once more from y favourite ballad — 'Man wants but little bere below'"—

"Certainly not, after turtle and turbot," id Mowbray, as he laughed at his friend's llusion to the hermit's fare: "I suppose haunch of venison would complete the little?"

"I deserve your satire. But, in sober prose, then, I contend that men should learn from women the art of waiting; they glide about like silent sylphs—they read your wantsare always ready, and never hurried—they prove——"

- "Hush! hark to Martha's silent step!"
- "Psha! a libel, Melton; 'twas only the creaking stair. They prove," added De la Bere, in a whisper, as Martha sailed into the room with two covered plates, "what fair woman can do, when she bridles her tongue and does nothing but her duty."

It might be an odd moment, an odder association, which linked one thought to another; but, without stopping to attempt analysis, we state the fact, that those words, spoken with the sudden gravity of undertone, recalled to Mowbray's mind the recollection of his mother, and of her whose lock of hair moved with the pulses of his heart. A mind strongly sensitive on one point may be forced to traverse, but, like the needle, with the first moment of calm, it returns to the power of attraction. Mr. De la Bere read the abstraction of his host, and, framing some order to send Martha from the room, he filled Mowbray's glass, then his own, and said, in subdued tone -



"Melton, my dear boy, if you have dined,
"tis time to drink a health—"To ain I love
dearly." I never quote Homer in the city—
God bless you both, and never despair."

Mowbray was instantly recalled to himself,

Yet acknowledged that his thoughts had been

ead by drinking off his glass while a blush

still upon his cheeks.

We must, however, bring our bachelors' equet to a close. Though there are some aginative lovers of good things, who might amused with Mr. De la Bere's quaint commendations of blending the lily with the e, in other words, of strewing the spawn a hen lobster on the princely turbot good old fashion, which told like the ried holly amidst a merry Christmas" ciles which confounded poor Martha, though e just understood she was praised, and that thing escaped the bachelor's eye; others ight like to wander with him to the wonders the deep, which the hen lobster, with her countless eggs, suggested—others to listen to his chemical theory of turning blue into Scarlet by boiling; but there is only space

to say, that this generous being once more alluded to his credit with Alderman Twigg, to reproach, as kindly as he could, Mowbray's pride for never touching a penny of the five thousand pounds at his command.

"Remember," he said, as Martha removed the cloth, and exposed some dark mahogany as bright as a looking-glass, "you have unlimited credit with the alderman; supply your table as you will, and I hope you will condescend to rid me of this superfluity, though you are too proud to make me happy by taking from a lonely old bachelor trash which he will never need."

"Your sisters—you forget your three sisters," said Mowbray, attempting to evade a theme on which his resolution was formed.

"My sisters! forget them! never—never; Heaven's blessing on the dear devoted creatures! No, no, Melton; but they in their love for their brother, are as great fools as I for — Psha! they will never marry—they are wedded to me and old Southam—they want for nothing—besides, they have just reduced their establishment."

- "Indeed! that sounds like necessity."
- "Not a bit; they have only narrowed the circle of their wants."
  - "Obliged to do so?"
- "Ay, for once, by that tyrant, Fashion. They have taken to bell-hoops, and reduced a circumference of many yards to a few. It is the first change they have made for these twenty years, and I will stake my life they will never make nor need another, till all their wants are buried in the grave. Melton, I love you as a son; why not let me act towards you as a father?"
- "My friend! my more than friend! no son could feel your kindness more deeply, or love you more dearly; but first let me struggle to be free; as yet, I want for nothing, and if I ever do——"
- "You promise to apply to none but me? Speak—say yes, you proud incorrigible boy, or I will never taste a glass of your port—speak!"
- "I do—I promise thus much," said Mowbray, sternly; and then, with something of the playfulness of former years, he added,

"and now, papa, let your dutiful son fill a bumper of port."

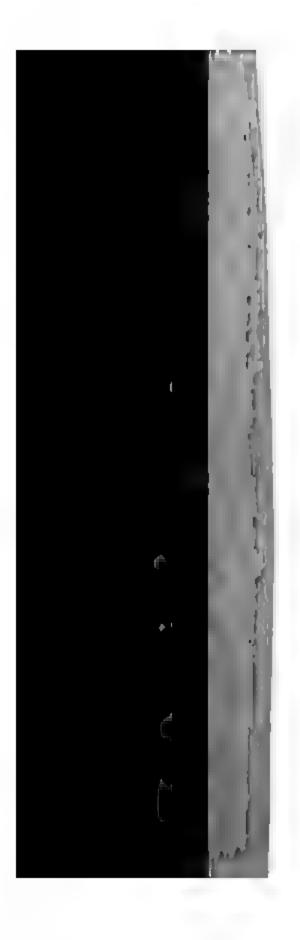
"With all my heart; but it shall be drunk to your future success."

Mr. De la Bere drank off the toast, and, as he put down the glass, he said, with an oath (for gentlemen, alas! in those days swore without being fined five shillings), "Melton, you have opened my heart as well as my mouth—that ruby grape had never mingled with my blood, if you had not made me happy by promising."

- "Only in case of need to open your purse, and make it bleed. But I hate these operations, so a truce with the theme; I have a thousand things to tell."
  - "And I to ask."
- "First, say, how do you like old D'Aubigny's vintage—shall I change the bin?"
  - " Heaven forbid!"
- " The hermit cried,' I suppose you meant to add," said Mowbray, with a smile.
- "True, Melton," said Mr. De la Bere, joining in the laugh; "and the hermit tells you, you could not change it for the better.

Look how the rich and racy drops gather to the bottom of the empty glass, like liquid rubies—old D'Aubigny learnt wisdom in old. England, though he raved of la belle France, and christened the black court after the skeleton vines which he planted in remembrance of his country. But tell me, for I am anxious, did you not say you had six lawyers in your employ?—Beware! you'll never get clear of their clutches."

- "What can I do? I am obliged to select them, like tools, for their temper. I need a clever rogue to trap a rascal; a sharp one to spy a sharper; a saint for the saintly, whose godliness outweighs their justice; a gentleman for gentlemen: in short, I cannot pay others, unless I oblige others to pay me, and I am obliged to fight the world with its own weapons. As to chancery—"
- "Chancery!" exclaimed Mr. De la Bere, with a look of horror; "you'll never be free as long as you live. What induced you to go there?"
- "I was led there much against my inclination, but had no alternative. One Gohen,



a debtor to the h refused to pay; l against him, and in chancery, and n the amount of som

"I was obliged by the way, let m glass."

"Thank you, t Bere, as he mecha which, however, "Well, go on — wh

"This bill was falsehood, but in a time, which was the cause was tric stantly gained a ve interest."

" And the resul
" Why, as the
to prison, and fr
which, as a choic
accept; the bills
amounted to more

Elese were paid by him, and I got less than half of what was due to me."

- "So, in plain English, a man justly indebted to you in thousands, can swear you owe him hundreds, file a bill in chancery against you, and yet, if you prove him a perjured scoundrel, he is not to be punished."
  - " Even so."
  - "By heaven!" cried De la Bere, with a rap on the table which would have done credit to his friend, Charles Fox, "that is a foul blot upon our laws, a gross perversion of the means of justice! Melton, when you join me in the House, we must seek to reform that hydra, chancery: have you any other instances?"
  - "Many and many I have heard of, where rich men have deferred the payment of a just debt for years and years, until delay, expense, or death, had defeated their adversaries."
  - "I cannot bear to think of it. Ah! well-a-day! so here"—lifting the glass to his lips—"is 'Confusion to the wicked.' And pray, is Mr. Plastic your saintly gentleman lawyer?"
    - " Even so I could select no other. He

has all my title-deeds; and his kind patron was long the legal adviser to my poor father."

"Ah! poor old Truetape! he was an honest lawyer; but, beware of his successor: I like not that Plastic, though he does lift his eyes and hands to heaven, and quote Scripture, like the devil, to his own purpose. Why, Melton, that man is a murderer!"

"A murderer!" repeated Mowbray, with surprise, and doubting, from the expression of Mr. De la Bere's face, whether he was in earnest.

"Ay, Melton, a murderer after the righteous fashion of those savages who think it a duty to kill their aged fathers, to save them the trouble of dying."

"Did Plastic slay his father?"

"That were difficult to say of one who was picked out of the kennel, and was never known to possess either father or mother. No—no—it was to one who had been to him more than most fathers that he performed this sacred duty."

"To his patron, old Truetape?"

"The same; the poor old man was in

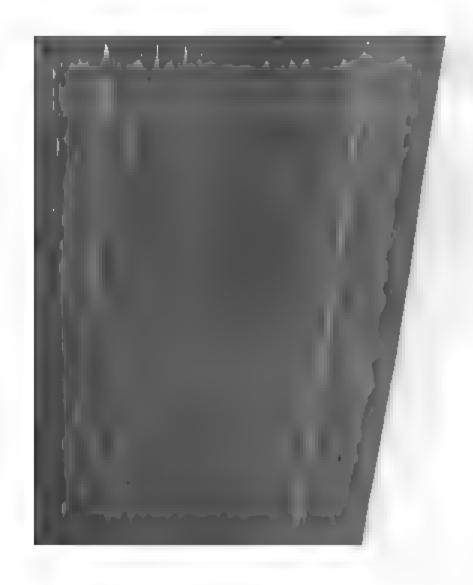


I, and on his road to heaven, humbly he was about to reap the harvest of amidst temptation. He had long from water on his chest, and, as fits thing returned, it was necessary to lift to prevent a speedy suffocation: and shall I forget how Plastic shewed the f his black eyes as he described the last ts of his benefactor."

Vhat said he?"

laving expatiated on the blessing of who die the death of the righteous, he he Lord smote his heart with pity for ferings of his Christian brother; once he cough returned — his hands were ched for aid to raise his sinking frame—oic virtue the prayer was unheeded—as a rattling in the throat—a rumbling chest—the struggle was soon over—e good old man slept in the slumber of

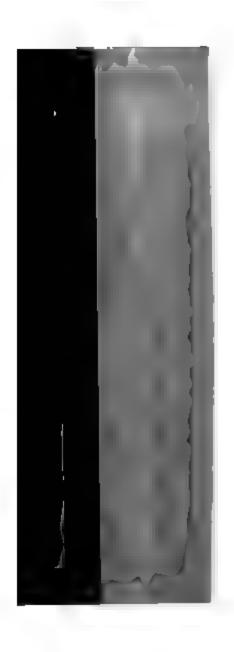
lut — but — De la Bere — your gentle leads you to severity; Plastic would ve told you the particulars, had he the did wrong."



s to fe we

concubine: he lost himself to his friends and the world by the degradation of such unhallowed alliance. But, we'll seek her out to-morrow. I know enough of lawyers to be aware that, if we wish to hasten their work, we must do it ourselves: 'festina lente' is their wise motto; and writing letters is more profitable than actual inquiry. While I think of it, have you ever asked Plastic for his bill?"

- "A thousand times."
  - "Got it?"
- "No—that I always have heard is difficult; but I have this day paid him some thousands; and I have his letter, in which he expresses his conviction that he is already overpaid; and nothing will gladden him more than to find the necessity of refunding a balance in my favour."
- "The monstrous hypocrite!" cried Mr. De la Bere, with energy; "such joy is scarcely in the nature of an honest man, much less in a lawyer: beware of that saintly murderer."



instructions, always to kindest of friends. It is so, wester strokes filled youse that either dreamt of midnight.

"Is it possible?" crie he raised his eyes to the chimney. "Do you el-Will watch and warder."

"Always open: come an age since we met. " D'Anbigny's old port?"

" Not for the world!"

" Tis scarcely strong clarets: just one more bo

"Eh — no — indeedfor the world!" repeated
he still kept his chair, an
wander from the empty
decenter.

Exother bottle," said Mowbray, as he rose to interpret his guest's hesitation.

"The cream of another bottle!" echoed Mr. De la Bere, while his eyes twinkled with laughter: "and where, you insinuating dog, did you pick up that idea? I swear that you stole it from that wicked boy, Sheridan: go along, you clever thief!"

Without stopping to rebut the charge, which fell upon the crystal glass.

We know not whether it was this magic of pearls which made it difficult to say then "the cream" had been skimmed, or ether it were the witchery of midnight, or fascination of hearts which spoke in mpathy; but this we do know, that the time came when De la Bere started, upon lifting the bottle, and exclaimed—

"Why, Melton, how in the name of fairyland is this?—the bottle is nearly empty?"

"Most emotion anticencied Mostle changed it to the the gives."

"There is no of, your house comm these were comm summerhous better t

While these w which all which and photonic a for

"What a gla summediate!" can altered in Vane-tree cancia sught of the me the apper par "Come. Methon, such a night is h heart, as for as the line."

Marcheny glad
White few exception
in their bods: the
the ow; not a light
and from of winder

houses—nay, the very granite of the streets expoyed the rest of night, and slumbered, like the weary, in the soft influence of their moonlight rays. The friends proceeded in silence for some way.

"This is as it should be," said Mr. De la Bere, at length; and, after a pause of some minutes, in which be contemplated the effect of light and shade, he asked, "Did you ever look at St. Paul's?"

"St. Paul's!—a thousand times—seen it daily."

"Ay, ay, millions upon millions may that; it is not a most which floats unnoticed in the air: but have you ever paused to look at, to admire, and feel, the beauties of that stately temple?"

"I fear, like the busy mass, my thoughts have been more intent upon the little things of earth."

"So much the better—there are homely duties in the path of life which are imperative, and claim our first attention; the higher and intellectual thoughts are forbidden to the many; they may not be but as the holiday to the la-

bourer; and whe is the greatest h excused, but you, this night: this light, in which t to advantage; it the mob of the fitting tribute to and tumult of t stern, and dign grace and majest How our feeling that mighty don pand! our boson lifted to the cro light, glitters like

"I confess," sailver tone, "I is now, and never observation I once of London had rethe architect's des

"There is tru the moonlight ho weather-beaten po terious depth given to the whole, which coords with the attributes of the almighty and invisible spirit. The exterior of St. Paul's, and the interior of St. Peter's, are each in their way sublime. An atheist would scarcely look on one, or stand within the other, without feeling his dim perceptions pass, and saying, Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth, and a soul in the mind of man!"

But silence and solitude are wanting for the growth of such deep and holy thoughts."

"True, my dear Melton, and as much in the Eternal City as where we now stand. Here we must let the tide of traffic pass, and wait until its restless roaring waves are bashed in the dead of night; there we must not enter while halberts rattle on the sacred Pevement—while the dancing plumes and wild fantastic dress of men mark the long line of guards which tend the pope, the should-be man of peace: no, Melton, even within that awful and unrivalled temple, we must wait until the pomps and panoply of

monkish rites have ceased—till the trampling step of countless crowds be past, ere we can catch the essence of sublimity, and feel our souls expand to God above!"

- "How I envy you the happiness of a year at Rome! But, look yonder: there—again—do you not see a light rising amidst the tombs? and now, it moves like a star in that dark deep shadow. What can it be!" asked Mowbray, as he pointed to the mys which had attracted his attention.
- "Ah! my poor friend, you are late tonight; watch for a time and you'll also see a figure — poor mourner!" answered Mor-De la Bere, with a sigh.
- "Your friend!" said Mowbray, with supprise, as he saw a figure in black, which appeared to rise from the dwelling of the dead.
- "Such friendship as the faithful and the sad deserve from fellow man, I feel for yonder being."
  - " Pray explain."
- "Smile not, Melton," said De la Bere, as he took his arm, and they continued their

western course; "when I tell you, that in cities the romance and gentleness of life exist, though hidden, like moss, in the overgrown wilderness of trees; smile not, when I tell you yonder figure is an honest, simple, and respected shopkeeper, who, twelve long years spo, was widowed in heart and happiness by the loss of his wife; and the night never passes that he does not descend to her tomb, and Pray beside her coffin."

"Yet, why should I say so?" he added, as he remembered where he himself was a dweller, and felt that no change could warp or lessen his affections for her who, though living, was lost to him.

Mr. De la Bere followed the dark current of his thoughts, and sought to turn them with playfulness of manner which he could sometimes exert.

It is not fair," he said, "in one whose horoscope is read, to tax your sympathy too sternly; I will allow you to smile, when I add, that yonder rich and honest mourner applies my house with cheese and butter."



like yours, be not cast, I least, a kinder man; mis to respect and honour the blest of mankind."

"Would that the p cried Mr. De la Bere, a the hand of his companio and a better man; and, a I love and honour you? schooled enough, and no a nobler stage of life. feelings are in unison, another—nay, I will con touching proof of fidelity

With these words, M down a narrow passage, or three windings, he sto of St. Bride's Church.

build; but yonder he is lying, watching on the grave which divides him from the master he served when living."

"Who-what? I see no one-nothing but the tombs!"

Mr. De la Bere gave a gentle whistle, and Mowbray's attention was attracted by the head of a dog, which turned slowly to the summons, and then, looking full upon the bright moon, looking full upon the bright moon, looking full upon the bright moon,

"Poor brute! yes, that soft planet is the burner's lamp; and man, who may not read y thoughts, can understand thy feelings. One, poor fellow, if there be a stranger with he will love thee as I do."

Again Mr. De la Bere whistled and called again the poor dog looked at the moon, and de its moan; it then arose, slowly apposched its visitors, and, pausing at intervals, ocked back upon the grave it had quitted tith reluctance.

"There, poor fellow!" cried Mr. De la Bere, throwing it some biscuit, which invariably companied his visit; the dog looked in his see, wagged its tail, took the biscuit in its

month, dropped it the grave, then u spoken its silent upon the spot whi

they still looked

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"Good by!"
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acknowledged th
looking round—
ungrateful, but its

Mowbray, yi companionship, a to his home.

" Good night ton!" he said, a

\*\*Mection; "I rejoice in having, for once, tempted you beyond the city walls; but you must return quicker than you came—a storm is brooding."

The night, indeed, was changing: dark, heavy masses of cloud had arisen, and threatened to obscure the moon, which, hitherto, had been without speck or blemish. Mowbray continued his homeward path, lost, for the most part, in that dreaminess of spirit which is often en-Sendered by an extra glass of generous old Port. Scarcely knowing more than that his course was eastward, his dreams were broken a glare of light, sounds of music, and a mass Of carriages collected in the square through which he was passing, the signals of some gay and splendid party. He paused, and the first impulse was to pass to the other side. the hour was, there were still some idle loiterers by the hall-steps, to watch the coming or departure of the guests. Sudden as had been the impulse to turn aside, a wish to look once more on those with whom he once had seemed "the gayest of the gay," possessed his mind, and led, as it were, by some resistless, though

at the door. Let the reader imagine what were his reflections, as the faces of known and familiar persons, once ranked in the name of "friends," passed in review; whatever the were, they were quickly disturbed by a call which, ere now, has fallen on the reader's ear —"Lady Blankisle's carriage!" vociferated stentorian voice.

Mowbray started as if a shot had been unexpectedly fired: ere the carriage had separated from the mass, and driven to the door, he had retreated to the corner of a street which led to the square. Secure, as he deemed himself, from observation, he could not resist the temptation of looking back: he did so, and saw "the manœuvrer" leaning on the arm of her devoted marquess, while Lady Helen Fawndove was escorted by the Duke of Dublin; the door was closed, his grace bowed, and returned to the house as the carriage drove off.

Mowbray was rivetted to the spot. Had the proud impatient steeds been about to trample him beneath their feet, he felt that he could not have stirred; his gaze alone moved with the approaching carriage. The moon suddenly burst from her veil of darkness—it fall upon his graceful and commanding figure as the carriage wheeled round the corner. Suddenly the black surface of the window was llumined by one who leaned forward with tartled quickness, and there and thus the azer lingered until a few brief instants hurried be equipage from sight.

Another succeeding cloud closed on the sys of light. Sir Melton de Mowbray deemed the type of his sad destiny, and felt that the threes of despair had fallen on his soul.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE DOUBTFUL LADY.

You bear the spectors take of a write. To gift your crosse, as a time the paying world. To denote the

DITTORN .- 4 . IN LAC

On the following day, Mr. De la Bere surprised his homme d'affaires, by ordering his carriage to the door at twelve o'clock, instead of his saddle-horses; and still more, by commanding the attendance of two footmen.

- "It is to-morrow, sir, that the king holds his levee!" said the faithful old Jameson, as he ventured his remonstrance.
- "I know that, Jameson; but I am going to visit a great personage to-day, and something like state is necessary. See that the turn-out is complete!"

Jameson lingered awhile, as if he longed and looked for some further explanation; but receiving none, he departed in silence.

Precisely to the moment the carriage was at the door.

- "Where shall I say, sir?" inquired the butler.
- "To Chancery Lane Messrs. Plastic and Bramble."
- "The lawyers, sir?" added Jameson, between surprise and curiosity.
- "The same!" answered Mr. De la Bere, with indifference, and the order was accordingly given and obeyed.

It had been decided, that the presence of Plastic and his testament would be desirable in case the necessary evidence could be obtained. Mr. De la Bere shortly explained the intended visit; and the black man of the law having heard the case, prepared some blank affidavits, and exclaimed at intervals,—"Was the like ever heard of in a Christian land?"

He, his black bag, book, and papers, were handed into the carriage without further delay.

The situation was novel to the godly lawyer, and the tempter led him to sit bolt upright, and look down, in the pride of his heart, upon the base pedestrians; for once he forgot to rail against the pomps and vanities of the world, or lift his eyes to heaven.

Lombard Street was quickly reached, and Sir Melton de Mowbray having taken his seal the three within and three without started in quest of the soi-disant Right Honourable Mrs.—Somerset.

"I lay my life that's the house!" cried Mr. De la Bere, as he directed Mowbray's attention to a line of fine old elm-trees by the roadside, the lower branches of which were tortured into vistas, and disclosed a dark red wall. He pulled the check-string, and, at a venture, ordered the carriage to stop at the wide gates of filigreed iron to which he pointed, and told the servant to inquire if Mrs. Somerset was at home. For the coachman to square his elbows, and pull up in face of the broad flags which led to the house; for the one footman to pull a bell which rang in a cage of open

work; for the other to stand with his on the handle of the carriage-door, was fair of a few moments; but there the r rested: the summons appeared to have I more alarm than attention. When the ang, a head which, judging from the of a tumbled nightcap, was feminine, nly appeared at one window, and as sudretreated. About the same instant the rved hall-door just opened, and a head, ig from the curl-papers, of the same sex, peeped forth, and quickly popped in; a third which, judging from the lather e chin, was masculine, moved from a which hung in a lower window, and 1 towards the gates, then disappeared he glass in one hand, and a razor in the

Ring again!" said Mr. De la Bere to his it, after waiting some time.

She is wild as her pelicans of the wilder"said Mowbray, with a smile, as he
ed to two birds of that species, which
sculptured in stone, and stood upon the
e brick columns on either side of the gate,

feeding a group of hungry little ones with the

And her heart, I suspect, is of stone; for she heeds not the voice of the stranger. Let us see if yonder gardener be spell-bound, like the birds and the brutes!" And Mr. De la Bere ordered his servant to hail the labourer.

The man, who hitherto had stood in wonderment, looking alternately towards the carriage and the house, now took a handful of nails from his mouth, relieved his hands of a hammer and shreds of list, by striking them into leather pockets strapped round his waist, and, coming from the wall on which he had been training an old pear-tree, he stepped from the plank which had been laid to protect the flower border, crossed an oblong patch of turf, and stood at the gates, hat in hand.

- " Is Mrs. Somerset at home?" asked the servant.
- "Yes, sure, my lord, for I saw her myself but now at the breakfast-room window."
- "Come hither, my good man, open the gates," said Mr. De la Bere, beckoning to the

urdener, thinking he might explain better an his London footman.

"Yes, my lord, coming directly!" anrered the man, and away he hurried to the ruse, tapped at one of the basement windows, hen she of the curl-papers handed forth a y.

The gate was opened, and, in language st suited to his comprehension, Mr. De la ere explained to the gardener that Sir Melton Mowbray and another gentleman wished to eak to Mrs. Somerset, and that their names id address were on their cards.

"Yes, my lord, but the liveryman will be re directly," replied the gardener, as he bed his earthy hands, wiped them on his ue apron, and received the cards with diflence.

He had scarcely started on his doubtful ission, when the hall-door was thrown open, loutish servant burst into full appearance, id hurried down a flight of stone steps.

"The sun has risen at last!" said Mr. e la Bere, with his quaint, quick smile, as eyed the flaring red breeches and waist-

coat, the many-buttoned coat of bright blue, scarlet, and gold, of the livery-servant.

"The blaze is intolerable! Why, the fellow has a comet on his shoulder, with its tail en papillote," rejoined Mowbray, as he affected to shield his eyes from a staring epaulette, with long tags, which, luckily for his sight, were still covered up with silver paper.

The cards were delivered, the sun disappeared and reappeared, and the guests were ushered into a fine old drawing-room with panelled wainscot; on which, particularly over the fireplace, birds, flowers, fruit, and endless designs, were so exquisitely carved, that all the coats of flaring paint which had been added could not quite conceal the master's touch. The windows, four in number, looked into a long, wide strip of garden, with turf, espaliers, two magnificent cedartrees, and ----. But we must confine ourselves to the room. The ceiling, like the wainscot, had once been superb in its way, and not all the successive coverings of whitewash had destroyed the original design. How far wealth and bad taste had added to the list of deformities, it were hard to say. The furniture, like the man's gold tags, was all en papillote of some sort or other, from the false bell-pulls to the Brussels carpet.

Another delay occurred, and the friends had time to survey the incongruous collection of ornaments, some under glass, others in cotton, or paper nightcaps.

- "What's that? you've done mischief!" cried Mowbray, as Mr. De la Bere took a seat and saw him startled to his feet by the awful crackling made in descent.
- "A pity Plastic is not here, he would be in his element," said Mr. De la Bere, as he put his hand to the chair, and ascertained there was a sheet of parchment between the furniture and cover.
- "I hope the honourable lady will not ask us to be seated," said Mowbray, laughing, as he tried the effect of his own weight: "I fear I should never keep my countenance, if I did my seat."
- "How I wish Sheridan were here; what a scene he would make of it!"

The finite while sweet that the graph that the graph is a man to see Markets, is desired with a surface of the surface of the state of the surface of the su

There is a character made for surcharges and in my many a second characters. Such that the second characters is a first my second made and there my second made and a characters of a characters. There is no made and the characters of matrices or second or related the characters of matrices or second or related the characters of matrices. The characters are characters are characters are characters are considered to the characters of matrix second the second of the characters are characters are considered the second of the characters are characters.

The more memer showly, and, from rays of again which magnit Milwitten's eyes, he began to make he instant was ragin; but, messaci of the front makes planet, in proved to be a manner with may and forward carried to be a manner with any ordered with a camble and matches a light the first and a wash-leader to respons the seed mediciling the forement to response the seed mediciling the forement to response the seed mediciling the forement to which were while a few sampling wreaths of smoke were withing their few sampling wreaths of smoke were

coal and double sets of bars, when the sunfire footman opened the door, and in marched his honourable mistress.

Mrs. Somerset, as she called herself, had once been a pretty little plump girl. She had now few remains of beauty, excepting a pair of black eyes, which, at least, retained their former fire. She was decked, bedizened, over and under dressed, and outshone the herald of the morning as she entered, bobbing a most gracious courtesy to her patrician visitors.

- "I hope, madam, you will forgive the boldness of our intrusion," said De la Bere, taking the word as soon as he and Sir Melton had gracefully returned the bob.
- "I fear that our early visit has deranged your morning pursuits!" added Mowbray, in his most fascinating tone.

Oh, dear! gentlemen, la! not at all; you are w-ery welcome!" replied the lady, with a smile which acknowledged her entire admiration of the younger visitor. "The more servants, the worse one's waited on, says I: I'm wery sorry you was kept. Oh, la! what a bad fire; but, pray, do be seated."

As this invitation to take a chair was given, Mowbray's eye caught that of his friend, and both might have been detected in a smile, had not the lady's excessive politeness led her to seek the chairs herself. This, of course, was prevented by the gentlemen; and, the three being placed in a triangle before the incipient fire, the friends waited the lady's example to be seated.

Crack! crack! louder than the erackling of the fire-wood, resounded from the chairs as the trio took their seats; the bachelors bit their tongues, but did not laugh.

- "La! there now; that hussy, Celestina, has forgot to take them kivvers off!" cried the hostess, as she bounced up like a parched pea, while sparks more vivid than any in the grate, flashed from her eyes.
- "Allow me, ma'am, to ring the bell," said Mowbray, interrupting the lady's intentions, and anxious to restore equanimity of temper.
- "You are wery good, sir. Oh, la! not them, sir; them are false: the bell is in the corner!"



Mowbray relinquished the bell-pulls en apillote in time to prevent their downfal; ad, with a thousand apologies for his stuidity, he put his hand on a brass handle like a S, and gave the necessary summons.

"What a beautiful garden you have!" marked Mr. De la Bere, to fill up the pause ntil they could resume their seats.

"I'm wery glad you think so," said the udy, pleased and flattered by the commenda-"Fitz-Willum!" addressing the sunre footman, "take them chair-kivvers off; nd, Fitz-Willum — la, you stupid!" Here he lady checked her tongue; and, while a ouble glow of red was on her cheeks, she rent up to the man in livery and whispered omething in his ear; the fellow blushed as right as his own breeches, and cast a look f agony on the gold tags, from which he had lso forgotten to remove the kivvers. With n effort to compose her brow, she then repined her visitors, who had sauntered towards he windows, and pretended neither to see or hear what had passed. "Vell, I'm glad



round the year, and to a-viels in the summer."

" In leed, madam! to are in such perfection beauty must repay to mercye-eric," said Move resist the temptation of ment.

"Wery well, Fitz-V

a wulgar name in m

the lady, as she led t

whose gorgeous glories:
la! I think 'Willam':
that I insisted on 'my

one before his own, a

My poor husband used
'Des' and the 'Las,'
a nice name they make

I never heard nothing so sweet! Names is a passion with me; and there's nothing like the 'Fitzes,' and the 'Des,' and the 'Las.'"

- partial to the 'Las,'" Mr. De la Bere was on the point of saying, in revenge for the levelling attack upon his Christian and surname; but he wisely changed his intentions, and complimented the lady's good taste.
- "But Willum is so wery wulgar; isn't it, now?" continued the fine lady, who could not refrain from returning to her passion.
- "Decidedly so," answered Mr. De la Bere, who was anxious to open the campaign by propitiating the enemy. "I should be sorry to differ from a lady of such discernment; and, doubtless, I ought to blush when I confess that it has been a favourite in my family for ages."
- "Oh, la! how wery odd! and with a 'De' and a 'La' before your name!"
- "Yes, madam, we have borne it from the days of William the Conqueror."
- "La! you don't say so! I never heard of that gentleman; pray, who was he?"

- "A mere prize-fighter in former days; but, in his time, I can assure you, as popular as 'Big Ben' or 'Mendoza' of our times. Like them he had princes and dukes for companions, and half the nobility in Normandy."
- "Vel, I declare one hears of nothing now but them fighting men. La! I wonder how the Prince of Vales, and the Duke of York, and suchlike, can countenance such wulgar creatures!"
- "As a lady, madam, you must allow how powerful is passion; even my friend and school-fellow, Tom Somerset ——"
- "Do you mean my late husband, the Right Hon. Thomas Somerset?" asked the lady, interrupting Mr. De la Bere, with some show of surprise and anger.
- "Yes, the very same: I once knew himwell; and he, you must remember, was attached to the art of self-defence. But, with permission, we will change the subject to the purpose of our visit."
- "You really knew my husband?" asked the lady, with a look which bordered on suspicion.

- "Intimately, at one time; but I lost sight him for years, as also did his family: he as a great traveller, was he not?"
- La! yes, we certainly travelled much fore and after we settled here. My poor asband was fond of seeing the bow-mond, as used to call it."
- "I thought so," continued Mr. De la ere; "his own brother had heard of his eath, but knew not where he was buried. Lay I ask, if he died in this house?"
- "You're wery inquisitive, sir! Suppose did, and suppose he didn't; vot then, sir? eath is a wery delicate subject to a vidow!"
- "Be assured, madam, that the question not suggested by idle or impertinent curioty. I should be most sorry to renew your elings of regret; but, trusting to the healing ower of time, I have ventured to touch on event in which Sir Melton de Mowbray is terested."
- "La! you, Sir Melting de Mowbray; how ery odd!"
- "It is true, nevertheless, madam," said fowbray in reply: "in order to complete

the title of an estate, it is important to prove the death of the late Mr. Somerset, and obtain a certificate of his burial."

- "Is that all, gentlemen?" asked the would be gracious, though half suspicious lady.
- "It is a point of great importance," said Mr. De la Bere, evasively.
- "La! then, if that's all, my poor husband died at Bath, in the year 1774; and there he lies, poor thing!"
- "And the will was proved at Wells?" added Mr. De la Bere, at a venture, while the widow applied a white pocket-handerchief to—her nose!
- "Oh, la! as to Vills and Vells, I can't say nothing of them matters; all I know is I vas his vidow, and here I am!"
- "I feel greatly obliged, madam, for the information you have given. Sir Melton solicitor is in my carriage, and probably you would not object to swear ——"
- "Swear!" repeated the lady, and interrupting Mr. De la Bere's request; "La, si I never swears!"

- Mr. De la Bere explained the innocent rm of a certificate; and, thinking he could etter proceed on his mission when alone, he quested Mowbray to go in person, instead of ceiving the offices of Fitz-William, the sunower footman.
- "Madam," said Mr. De la Bere, interupting the silence of a tête-à-tête by drawing is chair close to the lady's, "I have a still reater favour to request at your hands."
- "La, sir!" exclaimed the lady, with afcted prudery, as she half opened a large
  reen fan, "how very odd! Is it for yourilf?"
- "Partly so, but more especially for my iend, Sir Melton: his interests are so linked rith mine, that I may say I speak the wishes f both."
- "La, now! Mr. Willum De la Bear, you on't say so?" said the widow, and ventured blook her visitor in the face, while the spread in shielded her from a fire which gave nothing ut smoke.
- "Indeed, madam, I do; and knowing that mbassadors should be provided with proofs vol. 111.

that they hope to propitiate, I put this morrocco case in my pocket, and request ——"

- "Oh, la, sir!" cried the lady, as she affected to start at the sight; and contrived to look at herself in the highly polished steel, in default of a more perfect mirror.
- "It is but a trifle," continued Mr. De la Bere, without noticing this touch of vanity; "but if your good taste approve the setting, I trust you will accept them in return for the favour I am about to ask."
- "Dear! la, sir, they're very beautiful!"
  exclaimed the lady, as, with the innate love
  of finery, she took the casket in her hards,
  and gazed with admiration on jewellery of
  some value and more gaudiness. "They're
  wery beautiful!" she repeated; and then, as
  if some secondary scruples arose, she asked
  with a simper, "and pray, Mr. De la Bere,
  vat is it you vants?"
- "To acknowledge in myself an old acquaintance."
- "A vat, sir? I never seed you in my life afore!"
  - "Do not be offended, madam, if I re-



mind you that Mr. Somerset had once many friends."

- "Vat of that, sir? He had but one vife, and I'm his vidow; no thanks to his friends, neither!"
- "I pray you be calm, madam. I came not to insult, but you have the power of conferring a most important favour. My honour, my secrecy, you may rely on; for that of Sir Melton, I can stake my life; and, to be explicit, it is most essential to prove that the late Mr. Somerset died—unmarried."
- "Died vat, sir? you howdacious, dirty-mouthed willain!" exclaimed the lady, as her wrath boiled over in the language of her earlier days, and she upset one of her company chairs in jumping from her seat.
- "I entreat you to be calm!" said Mr. De la Bere, as he picked up the chair, and lest a fractured arm on the floor.
- "Calm, indeed, you cruel, vicked, slandering brute; vy, look at this!" cried the termagant, as, choking with anger, she lifted the fractured limb with a flourish which made the brave De la Bere quail.

Malam, malam, do not betray yourself; be rational. I pray you'll said the backelon as le placed the chair from which he had sen between limiselfand his threatening ite. "Be lot rational, and the world need never know you are and were the pretty Miss Elizabeth Flanders."

"I'm a villew! I be'nn a miss, and nevervas thiss. Leave my house, you masty, pality, lying minister, and take that for your pains!"

With which words, the furious woman lanched the broken arm at Mr. De la Berès head. Thekily for him, he dipped in time to avail the missile: unluckily for the lady of the house, its course was arrested by a large house, glass, which it shivered to atoms.

At this moment the door opened, and in came the astenished Mowbray, and still more astounded Mr. Plastic.

"Celestina! Fitz-Willum!" screeched the sary; "turn them out! throw them over! Villum. I say, kick them out of my house!" shoused the fine lady, with an addenda of play-house ouths, which were rather of the strongest for a lady who had declared "I never swears."



Mr. De la Bere made one more effort to appease the tigress before the household arrived. The only answer was additional abuse, backed by the red morocco case, which skimmed through the air, like an oyster-shell destined to make ducks and drakes without end. Again the chief offender escaped, and as Mr. Plastic, with eyes and hands upraised, was in the act of saying, "Was the like ever seen in a Christian land?" the casket closed his mouth, cut open his lip, and knocked a black tooth down his throat.

"The painted Jezebel! the murderess! blood for blood!" as the Bible saith; I'll have the law of her!" cried Mr. Plastic, while he spluttered the blood which flowed from the wound, and looked such a demon of revenge, that Mr. De la Bere feared the lawyer was about to take the law into his own hands.

The household, alarmed by the smash of glass, the voice of their virago mistress, together with peals from the bell, which continued until the wire snapped, flocked to the drawing-room: Fitz-William, Celestina, a greasy cook,

gardener, and coachman, whose fine names we never could procure, one and all of the menageric flocked in at the moment when Miss Elizabeth Flanders fell down in a fit caused by the paroxysm of passion.

It was fortunate for the intruders that the attention of this formidable host was directed from themselves. Headed by such a commander-in-chief, it is doubtful whether the affray might not have been still more disastrous.

Plastic, whose courage seemed to increase a hundredfold as the enemy fell to the ground, was with difficulty persuaded to retreat.

- "The wicked Jezebel!" he repeated, as he grinned a parting look; "she shall rue this assault and battery: there never was a clearer case!"
- "There never was a more unlucky one!" said Mr. De la Bere, as he picked up the casket, and put it on the table; "but it will pay for the chair and the glass."
- "She shall pay me for the tooth I have lost—the tooth which is knocked down my throat!" said Mr. Plastic, through his hand-kerchief, as he descended the steps.

- "I will settle that account!" said Mr. De la Bere.
- "He has not lost it!" whispered Mowbray; and, as their eyes met, they were wicked enough to smile at the day's adventure in spite of the lawyer's wound.

In the end, the wound was healed by the hand of nature; the old black tooth, which had been displaced, was repaired by a new white one; and the assault was atoned for by a sum of money which rather exceeded the amount of damages likely to have been awarded by a jury.

Mr. De la Bere adjudged himself the author of all the mischief which had occurred, and insisted upon this mode of reparation: nay, more, the following day he sent his upholsterer to ascertain the extent of damage at the large red house with iron gates, and made him the bearer of a letter addressed to "The Honourable Mrs. Somerset." In this he apologised for the melancholy termination of his suit, and as the information, as far as it went, was valuable, he requested her acceptance of the baubles, which, in a moment of excitement,

the half cast aside. "If on more manner the ierarch. The added in condition, "Mrs. Streetser all librality municiper a further utilization on the will libral the homour of remembrance, she will have no cause to repent the income which she can so readily bestow."

The effect of this, and second thoughs, are not on record. This much, however, is known, that the title was, ere long, made good; and without firther delay, the proceeds were added to the golden harvest which Sir Melton de Mowhray was gathering for the benefit of others. If, indeed, one Miss Elizabeth Flanders did aid and after by affidavit, no such terson was ever heard of at Hackney. The tanquets with "fam-ly plate," and "plate with little tailecloths," were still given by the Honourable Mrs. Somerset, the rich widow is the large red house, whose jewellery, like he garden, seemed to fructify every year.

## CHAPTER X.

## AWKWARD MISTAKE FOR A POOR MAN, AND FIRE! FIRE!

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes.

When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.

Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad,—
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.

Sometimes we but rehearse a former play;
And night restores our actions done by day."

DRYDEN.

nges of the world, has calculated that trly the whole property of England changes and owners in an incredibly short space time. We can readily believe it. How few ongst the largest landholders are more

dipping—going—and to-morrow will be gone!

In a thousand ways the work of change and destruction is progressing, as surely as the work of industry which will supply the means of purchase. Let a man live for a time in what is called the world, let him quit it for a little, return, and look around him, how few of the world he knew at parting will be recognise! let him pass to the King's Bench, or wander in the rules of the Fleet, how many will be there recognise of those who, but a little while since, claimed to be amongst the landed aristocracy of England!

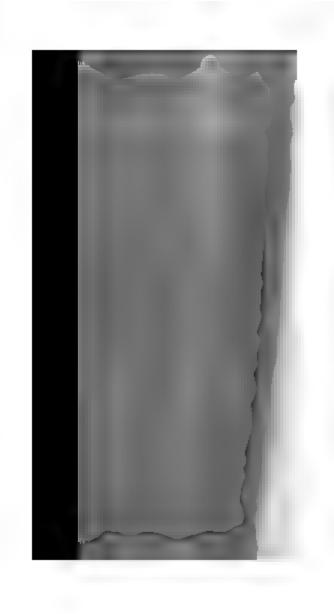
A volume—ay, and a most amusing, as well as moral volume—might be written from the recorded evidence of title-deeds.

"A volume!" exclaim Messrs. Presto, Pass, and Ferret, the able conveyancers of Lincoln's Inn; "why, one twelvemonth's practice of our office would furnish matter for a library of sermons on the mutability of worldly property!"

And verily they are right. Few, excepting those who are thus professionally employed,

can conceive the extraordinary ups and downs which are brought to light through the medium of musty parchments. The rapid way in which families, and large ones too, are swept from the memory of man, seems scarcely credible. Excepting that the fiat of death to all is a certainty, it might be imagined that many, instead of dying, had been absorbed by the surrounding elements, and vanished nobody could say how, when, or where, so completely is their final destiny involved in obscurity; others, again, like the fiery Miss Flanders, are brought to light by collision of chance; but her case is nothing to the unimaginable chances, from the highest to the lowest, from the lowest to the highest positions, which are ferretted out from time to time.

A something of the former, that is, some of those gaps and gulfs of mystery which break the chain of legal evidences, had caused a delay in bringing the private estate of Sir Melton de Mowbray to the market. These, however, had been cleared away, and it was to be submitted to public auction on the following day.



 Let the wounded quit their litter? Impossible! Linsist upon your allowing my carriage to take you home; and if, in the way of business, you have any visit to make, pray use it as your own!"

Never was a more sanitory balm poured into the wounds of suffering martyr; the hoof had peeped out, and De la Bere's quick eye saw the vulnerable point of this black Achilles of godliness.

- "My good sir," answered the lawyer,
  "you are too considerate; I am so unworthy
  of this honour: but, if you do insist, I would
  not anger a Christian brother by refusal!"
- "Quite right, Mr. Plastic; it is enough to quarrel with the sisterhood, is it not?" asked Mr. De la Bere, with a smile which he could not control.
  - "The painted Jezebel! the scarlet ---"
- "Hush, hush!" said Mr. De la Bere, putting his hand on the lawyer's mouth; "we must, as you say, forget and forgive. Remember it was my fault, and I gave just cause for provocation; but we will settle that. John,



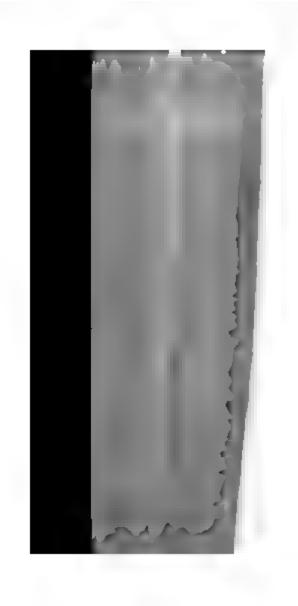
you will att obey his on Mr. Pla hurt; it is t cut against but, though ceased. knocked de can digest It may, the he took pohis comma which he ha and Chance hurried. 4 for the we cases, " My to save time door!" or, principal or carriage, wi on.

"The d

manctified black man, skipping about like a dancing-master. They were not far wrong: the intoxication of riches, pomp, and honours, can upset many a stronger head than that which graced the shoulders of the crafty law-yer, and make him forget himself and friends.

It is unnecessary to repeat the bachelor's fare. We have no more time for walks by moonlight; neither can we accompany them to Greenwich, its palace, pensioners, and park.

- "Well, Martha, behind time? Is the fish spoiled?" said Mr. De la Bere, addressing that person, who, clothed as neatly as a Quakeress, opened the door to welcome her master and his guest.
- "I hope not, sir!" replied the ancient maiden, with modest diffidence.
- "Glad of that—don't forget—the soup first—one thing at a time—ready in ten minutes!"
- "How now, Mr. Bowman! what is the matter, my worthy friend?" said De la Bere, as he peeped into the dining-room.
  - "Speak, Bowman! what has happened?"



striking his forehead

Bouman, who, upon pensed, brought his state of anger and we could do it, gladly!"
in foot, while his first a descended, as if it could damb-waiter.

This, my worthy mething to offend you!" he wheeled dummy on hoped to change Bowman." I can help it; schooled to fear the truth

acksmith. "Had I been by, I think I should we knocked down the bidder, and choked as with his fifty thousand pounds."

- "Fifty thousand! why, Bowman, that is ore than I expected, now that land is so dereciated. I consider that the estate is well id."
- "Sold, sir!" echoed Bowman once more. It is not sold at all; and you have bought a mor-house, with woods, preserves, tenants, ucks, decoys, and I know not how many cres, in Yorkshire!"
- "I?—I have bought?" echoed Mowbray, his turn.
- "Bought!" echoed De la Bere, at the me moment, "ducks and tenants?"
- "Yes, sir, it is a fact," answered Bowman. And without entering upon the auctioneer's owery description," he continued, "the geneel blockhead whom you employed to run up he biddings on your estate, bid, by mistake, or a property in Yorkshire, which was knocked own to your agent for fifty thousand pounds, thile the hubbub and confusion which ensued uined the sale of your own estate."

Mowbray was struck dumb, while Mr. De la Bere, with a fervent "zounds!" sympathised with Bowman's feelings of vexation. At this moment, Martha asked if she should serve the dinner.

- "Yes, Martha, we need it more than ever. And Melton, my dear boy, cheer thee up; we'll drink confusion to the manor-house, and leave me to get you out of it."
- "I am no longer Fortune's favourite, that is clear," said Mowbray with a sigh, as he presently took his chair.
- "None can help that, my dear Melton; but the fickle jade has no right to step out of the common course, and make a man buy when he wants to sell; and, as sure as my name is William,—'wulgar' though it be,—she shan't do so this time."

Long ere Martha had entered with the bed candles, Mr. De la Bere had satisfied Mowbray that, having given no authority to bid for the estate in Yorkshire, he could not be held responsible as purchaser; and that, when the blunderer was found to be a man of straw, he would, probably, be freed from his bargain.

Nay more; vexatious as the incident was, as their spirits gladdened with the taste of D'Aubigny's port, there was many a laugh at Bowman's irresistibly comic description of the penniless clerk, who, for his patrician air, had been selected as a proper puffer; and who, said Bowman, "marched into the room as proud and as puffed as a drum-major, and fired his blank cartridge with an air which deceived even the experienced knight of the hammer."

When Mowbray, in the heyday and promise of life, exchanged the gay haunts of fashion for the stifled atmosphere of Vine-tree Court, the reader's attention was called to a sketch of his city residence.

Memory, like a barrister, needs a refresher every now and then; and as the description was slight, and we fear but feeble withal, it may be well to repeat, that the windows of his bedroom opened upon some leads which formed the flat roof of the cashier's office,; beyond, was the old churchyard, which had been converted to a garden, bounded on two sides by crumbling monumental walls, on the third by lofty warehouses (mostly of wood), and at-

tached to the rear of houses which formed the street parallel with Lombard Street.

It was to this apartment that Mowbray had retired for the night; and, dearly as he loved the society of De la Bere, he was not sorry to pay the last attentions of an anxious host, say "good night," and be alone. His heart was full, and he longed to commune with his thoughts.

Having secured the door, he felt at once as if the fetters of the mind had been removed and he yielded, without reserve, to that sacred charm which shrouds the chamber dedicated to night and solitude. Yes, if it be not pleasure, it is a relief, to ponder, unobserved by human eye, on the chances, changes, and trials, of our fleeting life.

Like a passing panorama, the scenes and occurrences of the last few days flitted in review; and as he imaged the patrician looking clerk, in the act of bidding for an estate in Yorkshire, instead of aiding to sell one in Staffordshire, he could not refrain from a smile at the absurdity of the mistake. But the smile was followed by a sigh, as it shewed

the obstinate perverseness of Fortune's frolics; and he said aloud, "Alas! alas! strive as I may, I am doomed to disappointment!"

And again, with that thought, the vision of Lady Helen rose to view. He saw her as but two nights since, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Dublin; he saw the words of a paragraph which had met his eye that very day, and which reported his grace to be a favoured suitor. Casual and commonplace as were the words, they glared upon his recollection as if they were written in imperishable light,—they sounded in his ears as if a demon spoke them with the breath of fire: again he stood at the corner of the square, - Lady Blankisle's carriage dashed along, - and like Eurydice, hurried-from the grasp of him whose voice had won her, the Lady Helen turned to gaze, and in an instant was lost, and seen no more. "And is she changed? and will she wed?" he asked himself in utter agony; and as he imaged her standing at the altar of God, and pledging her faith to another, he felt as if his heart were bursting. A suffocating fulness

charted his break.—a dimness of rision of medicer. All expect the swimming brain: he received like a circulated man, then railied, with an editor of expering reason, and rushed to the finer which led to the open air.

The cool and silent freshness of the midnight hour fell upon his brow like dew upon the ference carrie it southed, it calmed, and revived, the imaging senses, which, like forms steeped in the shadows of evening, middled the holy balm, and gradually regained their strength.

referred the selfect throught. he said, as the cone more france the powers of uncerance. And the more france is wish her happy—bessed above her fellows in this dream world: and may she. —he added slowly, but solemaly, as he raised his classed hands above his head—may she learn to keyer one who has nought but revery to offer, and misery wherewith to base her destiny. This shall not be!—the very throught shall perish!—would that my harr of self-willed busishment were come!

Yes, Helen, brightest, purest, as thou art, my



presence shall not cross thy path—my shadow shall not darken, my breath shall never dim, the jewel I may not win and wear as mine."

As Mowbray uttered these prayers and resolutions, he looked intently on the moon, as if its gentle beauty were kindred with the spirit of her on whom he had so often gazed, and said within his heart,—"Yes, thou alone art to me the world of the blessed, and prized, like the orb of night, above the millions which glitter around thee." But those thoughts were framed in bright and happy hours, and now, as once again they rose to mind, a dark cloud ebscured the rays of night. "'Tis well!" he said, "such thoughts should pass;" and, with a sigh, he turned his eyes from heaven to the garden beneath his feet — to the spot long dedicated to the rites of death, and in which his hand had supplied the place of the poor old sexton. Many and many an hour he had sought relief for the head, by the toil of the body,—he had tilled the earth, planted his cuttings, and sown such seeds as he might hope to rear: the soil, enriched with the clay id man dad rejand die daberre and giren b Amerikang to interest, and almost live.

As to be sed to the sexuals grave—its the maintain the fivers which spring more in - and the agent how some the garden, ent i real voll again terrae a villeraes - b v (taskly the modificants shed be tursed to the - the very state, the manual and the share a period and heary like those whose out iveling they am so the prepared — he केरा र प्रस्थात्य देश स्थानक ध्यारे स्थानक अ maring in their which he had shootered to error and which had before witness to trade the surery of the tracking somes by main und all the letter changes which had market de l'heret course. To his surprise, is personal that his heart, transve to kradi bil bird areting weding w, stated by their which to twine its feeble species, and from which is could not be torn ewer without a pang. " And most it," he usked howeld " be ever thus! Do our affecthese server are tall the heart is frozen by the hand of death! May we not live, yet let our feelings wither? Well—well—it matters little, when I see how quickly all is doomed to change and pass away."

The night itself had changed, as if in accordance with these dark and gloomy meditations; the moon, as when last he looked upon Lady Helen, had become obscured, as if to darken even the thoughts which her beams had wakened: a sense of exhaustion warned him of to-morrow's duties, and he sought for renewal of strength in the blessing of repose.

Though the body sleep, the mind is ever busy; and strange are its gambols, when let loose for the night, and Queen Mab takes fancy's team in hand. Mowbray dreamt; and one while he was king of the north,—Old England was divided, and Lady Helen was his queen, and the manor-house became a palace: this kingdom perished—how, or when, he knew not: he stood with De la Bere in the oak parlour of the large red house, and looked on the widow Somerset's attack on Lawyer Plastic. "We'll fight it out, you black-toothed black-guard!" shouted the angry heroine. Anon, beside the cedar-trees, was a twenty-four-feet



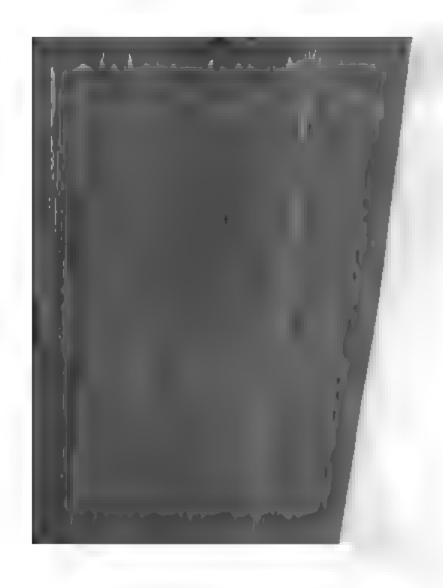
rent me are " by a. 1 the Prince of Wales, ' from '—Two isomired the law."

\* Done, George!" c - Prancis, or gainers!"

"A change come éreau." The morning persons: he road, amide "Lady Heien Founda

waking, his eyes were riveted to the fatal words; and, as he gazed, the letters grew in size: they changed from black on white, to white on black, and still they grew in width, and depth, in height, and length. Anon, the white was changed to light, which shone like moonbeams through a sky of darkness. Again the light was changed to flame, the flame to bars of liquid fire still clinging to the mould of letters; and still they grew in size every way; and still his fixed, involuntary gaze, was riveted upon them. Nearer, and nearer, their bloated form approached — the eye-balls reddened with the scorching heat — the briny, scalding tears, hissed and bubbled as they started at the dazzling light, and ploughed their furrows on the cheek with points of fire; nearer and nearer still — the eyelids crack the lashes flame — vision fails — the sightless erbs are touched by a consuming fire—and, in the fancied torture of that moment, Mowbray awoke.

"It was but a dream," he again repeated, pressing his hands against his smarting eyelids; and, as he struggled to collect his



n fli this will first forth than

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bray proclaimed the threatened danger; calm and collected, he despatched messengers for aid, others to awake those who slumbered in fancied security; the watchmen sprang their rattles; bells and knockers were heard above the din of voices; the heavy engines, lined with firemen, and guided by their flaring torches, tore like war-cars along the trembling granite. Shrieks, yells, riot, and confusion, had broken upon the silence of the midnight hour; a canopy of gorgeous red was spread amidst the darkness of night, and floated in the vault of heaven above the dazzling and destroying element. Having taken the first measures necessary, Mowbray said, "And now, De la Bere, my best and bravest friend, the lives of our fellow-creatures being saved, aid me to save that which is dearer to me than my life—the means of freedom from the accursed yoke—the slavish, debasing thraldom of debt. Quick! collect these papers, vouchers, and notes, all prepared for a final dividend on the morrow. The keys, Bowman! give me the keys of the iron-room; I will

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- Estatic messel in a sell mes soci esta de denniere du inera de fore en die nota de descriptiones de des notas de de des descriptions de des notas de de des de descriptions de

be danger, none shall follow my steps; I will return for that which I cannot carry with me."

- "That shall not be!" cried De la Bere, snatching up a heap of documents; " if there be danger, I will share it!"
- "Give the word, and I will follow!" added Bowman, as he caught the spirit of enthusiasm, and saw it was in vain to turn Mowbray from his intention.

Mowbray flew through the rooms and passages which led to the cashier's office; Bowman's report and fears were not without foundation; large flakes of fire, pieces of ignited fir, were whirled aloft by the ascending flames, and fell in showers on the skylight; at times immense volumes of fire and smoke were carried by the rising wind, and seemed as if they were about to be poured upon the roof beneath which he stood. Dauntless and determined for himself, with energies doubled in behalf of those who shared his danger, he seized the rings which raised the trapdoors immediately over the descent to the iron room; flapping them back, right and left,

he sprang down the wooden staircase, and, with the presence of mind on which his hopes—or, it might be, life depended, he applied the keys, touched the secret springs, gave the half or quarter turn, and opened, first a ponderous door of oak cased and riveted with iron, and then a second, framed and panelled, entirely in wrought and massive iron.

To stow away the assets, books, and documents, which each had brought, was an easy task; their labours were repeated, and every moment rendered the task more perilous. The premises which had first taken fire belonged to a wholesale chemist; adjoining was a gunmaker's, who, in the rear of hi house, was in the habit of keeping his storof gunpowder. Already, ether, or othe chemical preparations, had exploded from time to time, doubling the showers of burning wood, pieces of which fell through the sky light, and continued burning in the office.

"For Heaven's sake, risk it no longer!" exclaimed Bowman; who, like the firemental laboured in dread of some fearful explosion of powder, and shuddered lest his dear young

master should be buried alive by burning ruins.

- "Be advised, my dearest Melton," added Mr. De la Bere; "you may perish ere we return with what remains."
- "You shall venture here no more; you shall not stay; I alone will complete the task," said Mowbray, as he left the entrance of the strong room, and sprang up the stairs.
- "No, no! to the last we'll share the peril!" caid De la Bere, as he read the fixed determination of Mowbray's countenance: "stay here, prepare to close the doors, be ready to receive our freight, we will return in an instant!"

That instant seemed an age, as Mowbray once more descended to the subterraneau room, once the burial-ground of mortal man. As he stood at the arched doorway, listening for a coming footstep, and watching the falling fire, the rolling clouds of ruddy smoke which lowered on the skylight over head, he thought of the purpose for which the ground had once been used; he thought, too, of the devoted city of Torre del Greco, which had lately

there is another mental, such might be he was a Walle thus bein to the patter of such moment around the his tense of such moment around the trial was doubly severe to normer of such a feath, of being buried that by the burning askes, flashed across his magnatum. Though fevered by his late exercises a chilled and shouldering that passed from asked to foot, and sold drops of perspiration should the head to foot and sold drops of perspiration sold there is descent, and, for a moment, contemplated fights it was but a moment—his transmiss returned; again he besied binself a preparing to show the springs and locks.

the more he mined to lister; he caught the more of Mr. De la Bere hastening Bowman in his course; he heard their coming steps; when the earth, the air, the solid arch teneral which he shoot, trembled with some mean explosion; a sudden darkness succeeded in a momentary glare of oppressive light, and again this was pierced by the descent of falling beams and fishes of barring wood, which shivered the skylight to a thousand atoms.

Mowbray had instinctively retreated to the clepths of the subterranean room, now illuminated by the shower of fire which had fallen on the stairs and entrance; heedless, for the moment, of all but the friends whose approach he had heard, he ascended in haste, and answered to the voices which called upon his name.

- "Thank God, you are safe!" said De la Bere, with fervency, as he pressed Mowbray to his heart.
- "A thousand, thousand thanks, for this blessed mercy!" cried Bowman, as, with the simplicity of a child, he seized a hand and pressed it to his lips.
- "Come, Melton, come! you have done enough for others, now save yourself," said De la Bere, as he took Mowbray by the arm, and strove to lead him away, while softened by the joy of mutual escape.
- "The beginning, without an end, will avail but little," answered Mowbray, as this appeal recalled him to his duties; "the doors must yet be closed; and, oh! this not secured!" he exclaimed, as he snatched from Bowman's

hand a sealed packet of exchequer bills, which, for greater security, had, till the previous day, been lodged in the Bank of England. "Rest here till I return; I will call, if aid be wanting; I alone will fulfil the task."

Ere Bowman could reply, he relieved him of his packet, and was about to attempt the same with De la Bere, when he said,—

"Go to—go to—you mad, determined boy; we part not while we live! Quick quick! or a madman's bravery will fail! And, pleased with sharing in the determination of him for whom alone he feared, he smiled in the midst of danger, and added, "Ere you had rifled half my pockets, the bank would have been in flames!"

"As the stairs are now?" cried Mowbray pointing down the descent to the strong room "But I can pass; give me your coat," he added, as he hoped to spare the hazard of his friend, and saw there was not a moment left for emptying pockets by force or persuasion.

"Not leave a coat to my back? Fie, Melton! thus I thwart you!" and, ere the sentence was finished, De la Bere had rushed

through the ascending flame and smoke; the burning stairs crackled with his weight, but he stood in safety in the massive archway.

Mowbray followed, Bowman looked aghast; and, clenching his hands, stood the figure of despair.

- "Take it now," said De la Bere, handing the coat with its host of monied pockets; "place this in safety, while I clear the burning wood from the doorway. Where are the keys?"
  - " In the lock all's ready!"
- "By Heavens, I cannot move it!" cried Mowbray, who, having quickly returned from the deep recesses of the vault, was now all but breathless with the effort to close the solid iron door, which, in his eagerness, he had probably opened wider than usual.

At this moment a second explosion took place, followed by a second shower of burning fragments. De la Bere sprang to his aid; their united power succeeded; the door hoarsely creaked upon its hinges; the springs answered to a touch; the locks to the key; they advanced to the outer door, cleared away

the larger fragments, and, jamming the charred wood to powder, closed within its socket, and the price of liberty was secured!

Brief was the space of time which this occupied in action; Bowman, who had been awakened from the torpor of silent agony by a blow from some falling timber, now stood prepared to aid the ascent of those he had given up for lost. The smoke had increased, and the flames had gained upon the steps; wrapping up a large cloak which he had used in conveying the books and papers, he threw it to Mr. De la Bere, whose fine cambric was likely to suffer; and then, with a long pike (seized from his collection), he looked for the opportunity of supplying a banister. The thought was well-timed; De la Bere made the first attempt to run the red gauntlet; the half-burnt stairs crumbled beneath his weight, and, but for the pike at which he caught (to the eminent peril of pulling Bowman and his friendly weapon into the thick of the fire), he would probably have fallen back ere Mowbray rendered his assistance.

Mowbray, cheered with seeing his friend



in safety, threw up the keys, which whizzed like a chain-shot past Bowman's head; and, springing like a stag, cleared the faithless steps and reached the top, blackened, singed, and scathed, but safe, and flushed with victory.

Once more the trapdoors were flapped down, the flames were smothered, a hose from an engine was shortly introduced through a window, and effectually checked the fire which had threatened to destroy the office, bank, and domicile, of the once far-famed Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co.



## VI TEACUR OL TEACUR

Fix heaven, but Bear, dain And planned. Dog, should a Do source, and said, with with Bearen of palgment, and do It has them breathe awhile, Cry whore, and set less on They're enteled in hunted I have been contacted in hunted I have been they as The more they are they say while their pursue can a There's an one of the immer.

Who says that "life is like a says wrong. Life is like a s

approaches: "Finis," that awful and mysterious word, stares us in the face, and hints that our page must soon be closed.

Adieu, then, to Vine-tree Court!—the bills are up "for sale!" Let silence revel and swallow up the strange and stirring scenes which were intended to be told. Mr. De la Bere has left for his triennial visit to the wilds of Ireland; a final dividend has been declared and made—every man has received to his uttermost; and men, like Gabble, the soulless barrister, have felt the fulness of their littleness. When Mowbray, freed, as it were, from an avalanche which had fallen on his head, rose with the proud fulfilment of honourable intentions, and looked on such with silent, cold, ineffable contempt; oh! what an hour of blessed victory was that! how the heart fluttered with joy as he saw the mean insects shrink within themselves, and cringe beneath his glance of fire; oh! how his spirit bounded, as he scorned their tardy thanks, and spurned aside the proffered hand! Was this revenge? was it deep, unhallowed, black revenge, to glut upon the moments for which he had

looked with ardent longings? Be it so! Let those who have not known misfortune—wh have neither been trampled on, insulted robbed, abused — let them condemn. The whose galled and bleeding necks have been bowed by the shackles of debt; they who have blotted out the word, and risen, like a captiv freed from his fetters—they will forgive the triumphal bitterness of Mowbray's vengeand Let others, blessed and happy in this world trial, pause ere they condemn. If in a hea fraught with feelings, noble, great, and goo the blackened spirit of revenge had found spot to dwell in, who planted the deadly see Who first prepared the soil, and curdled t pure and ruddy pulse, till it grew dark, co rupt, and fitting for the thoughts it nourished Who did this, but she who bore him? Wh but the erring, gifted mother, who brande herself with shame, and, while she clasp her lovely infant to her bosom, and kissed h last farewell, blasted the peace of innocence and left the foul brand of shame upon h Such had been the inheritance, a

such the fruits bequeathed by the once brig

and noble-minded Julia Saladin, when, as Lady De Mowbray, she perished in the worst of deaths—the death of sin.

But there were better, happier feelings, than those of hatred and revenge: these were the exceptions; for many, very many strangers, until the day of trial, had evinced kindness, forbearance, and generous sympathy, which did honour to the human heart. To repay such their due—to prove that their confidence had not been misplaced—to acknowledge the everlasting debt of gratitude—to speak the fulness of his feelings with the grasp of warmth, the eloquence of silent tears; oh! this, indeed, was a blessed—a holy victory!

Mowbray, like the racer urged and spurred, had thought of nothing but the course he ran; he was neither sensible of the efforts he was making, nor the forces he was expending; but, when the goal was won—when the signs of bondage were removed, and the curb-chain taken from his lips—when he was cast loose upon the wide world, he felt that his health, his nerves, his strength, had been unwisely tried; his knees trembled, exhaustion dragged

me some to the carde, and the fever of lastmale succeeded to that of action. Still however, he implies against the massery of sickness as he mad against missbettene: he combated the mounts of the imposing mind, by reflecting there was yet another course to ray—one other sacrains to make: he mass partitions his commission, and leave his country. That were minimag, he must leave for ever the Lady Estim

The selici insize which many of the principal creditions had arged, strengthened, as it was, by Mewitray's wish to be free, had caused a running meritice, both in the sale of property and reliences of debts due to the house; but the means of debts due to the house; but the means of debtsining a commission, an annual means sufficient for the necessities of a junior nincer, and wherewithal to discharge the long-expected bill of the black Mr. Plastic, was all he house; and for this, the balance he had in hand promised to be more than sample. The premises in Lombard Street had been assigned to Mr. Bettison as part of his claims, with the maintranaling, of course, that if the sale proved more than sufficient to cover his demands, the

was to be expected from that quarter—the necessities, or, rather, the luxuries, of the Honourable Mrs. Bettison, and her honourable brood of boys and girls, were crying and urgent; so, at least, it was said: and the premises must be sold for what they would fetch, provided always, that that was enough to cover the uttermost farthing of the expartner's claims.

Such, thanks to the apparition of that great author "Finis," was the position of affairs to which we have been unexpectedly called; at a time, too, when poor Mowbray either wandered like an apparition through the dark and deserted offices which, for centuries, had teemed with the bustle of business, passed from thence to the room in which his father had breathed his last, or mused for hours in the churchyard garden, as he looked once more, it might be, for the last time, on the flower-beds which the sexton's taste had bordered with human bones.

This inaction seemed worse than the sleep of death. Bowman, faithful and attached through every change, watched in silence, wender her dering. Wolfer his 20034, he have and reals, he has see if him who had been he taken he taken.

Through the groot that throught man, but the search amount of publish his views, might hing facts from the course, its never list sugar of the fact that he had been but a therefore, and herea display that all-innexploisis before one and instruction which formerly was wonth matter the graitstone in somety.

Affection and anxiety, however, prevaled as heapth over his surables and, as he nearly field at the said and deathly submess which appeared to be paramagent him whose occupation was given he opened the subject and made to show the delicaty of his declares in his women qualitations of expression.

There he hade good in halting here, my kind and haceness commander." said Bowman, as he sainted his Melton, and gestly pressing his arm, reveal him from his meditations on the senson's grave. "When the bande's freght, and the dead are buried, we do no good by impering on the field of death."

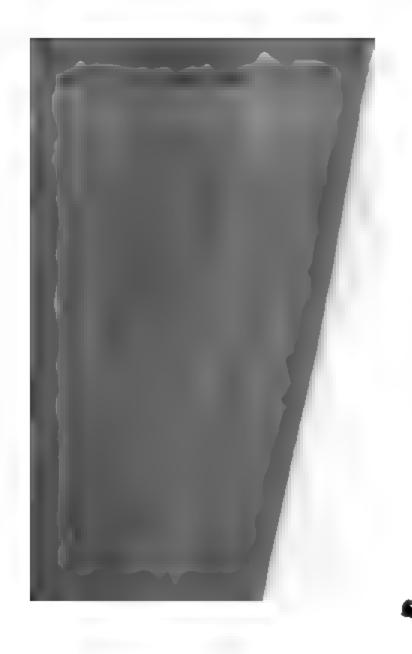
" None. Bowman." replied Mowbray, with



a kind but melancholy smile; "you are right: hatred and malice can add no further wound, nor love awake their blessed slumbers."

- "I wish, Sir Melton, I could persuade you to quit these dreary and deserted scenes: the war is over—a castle without a garrison—and——"
  - "The ammunition spent."
- "Even so, Sir Melton; but you have fought the good fight, and honourably surrendered."
- "Not at the Court of Bankruptcy: thank Heaven for that!" added Mowbray, with a sudden burst of energy.
- "Amen! with all my heart," added Bowman; and continued—"But you have honourably surrendered to the fate of Fortune's war—it is time to evacuate—it were wise to retreat; and if a peaceful home—if respect, devotion, and all my means afford, can cheer your spirits, come, I beseech you, come to my humble but honest welcome, and make your faithful follower happy by honouring his roof."

Mowbray, overcome by this generous ap-

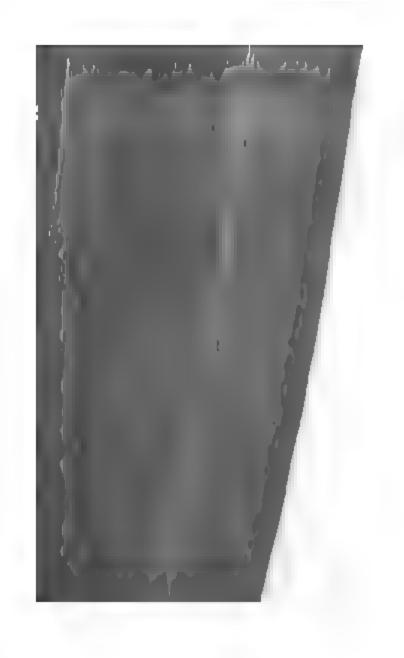


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but with the proud; and now, humbled to the dust as I have been, it is not likely I should be offended without a cause, or insensible to the kindness of the lowliest on earth—least of all, to offers made by one tried and valued as yourself."

- "Then, wherefore not accept them?"
- "It may not be: bear with my proud spirit, my love of independence, which I cannot conquer while placed above that dark debasing trial—want; and God grant I may never fall so low as to be destitute!"
- "May Heaven prevent the very thought!" ejaculated Bowman, from the bottom of his heart.
- "But if my strength should fail—and I am not what I was, I feel a sinking, a tremor. But this is fancy, a weakness of the mind, and it shall not be," said Mowbray, drawing up his fine figure, and standing with the firmness and elasticity of former days. The effort passed like the bowstring slackened—a faintness and misgiving relaxed the muscles, and he added, "But if—if it should be so ordained—if sickness triumph—"

VOL. III.



clair my noble 44 Sir M of good his cla proved all I ha now it is " We turn the hearted an I see I m who, in the world, are t Bowman, ol Mr. Plastic, I expect my change -

on your last stronghold. And mark me, Sir Melton, he will answer to that spur; and I pray that his oily-tongued sanctity has not deceived you. And you really leave these dreary premises to-day?"

"Even so, and you will smile at my choice, which, compared with the neatness of your country box, is comfortless. But I am not like the bold knight, who, says the ballad,

"Stately he stalked east, and stately he stalked west."

The former, alas! I have never done,—the latter I may never do again: I would avoid them both, and live between the two, until I join my regiment."

- "And tell me, Sir Melton, where?"
- "Even without these accursed city walls," said Mowbray, with a fervent imprecation; and then, changing to a shadow of the playful humour of other days, he added,—"I have, you will see, imbibed the warlike spirit which, in my boyhood, you endeavoured to infuse: the tone of your thoughts has, in silence, in-

vested my imagination: in fancy I have seen that the city walls had reared their gloomy boundary around me: I have felt that they had me prisoner: for three years I have been as one besieged: and the sound of its many gates, though now applied to streets, grated on my ears as if they said. So far shalt thou go, and no further. Not even a bishop, or Su John himself, prefixed, could break the charm; they so mided as harshly as 'Cripple-gated—as saily as the ill-omened name of Newgate itself."

"Halt there. Sir Melton! that gate is too said to jake with: we'll pass it, if you please," said Bowman, positively grinning at his maiden efforts at a pun.

"I mean to pass them all," said Mowbray, as he mintly attempted to laugh. "even the blood-stained Temple Bar; and, wishing to avoid the west, I have taken apartments in the second court on the left hand, No. ——"

"Sir Melton de Mowbray! what! halted there, in Palsgrave Place!" exclaimed Bowman, shocked, or rather pained, at the idea of such humble quarters for the young and high-bred baronet,—one lapped in luxury, and once the heir to thousands.

- "Yes, Bowman, and no bad quarters for a future soldier. Once without these city walls, I shall breathe more freely, and sleep more soundly; I care not where I lie: besides, like Mahommed, I seek to rest between two elements."
- "Mahommed," answered Bowman (for he was at home in the reading), "was a better general than saint, and deserved a safer tomb than the changing winds, or the shifting sand over which he led his conquering bands. But you, Sir Melton—you cannot—you must not—you will be buried alive, and that is worse than floating in the air."
- "My choice is made: on the morrow I shall look for a visit; and, with Plastic's bill in your pocket—if large enough——" The playful irony with which the three last words were spoken, did not weaken the stern decision of the four first. Bowman felt that remonstrance would be useless, and was silent,



ier of boneig, all is seen inni visit of a friend will t in anching more."

On the morrow Bown continue. The continue of the continue of the form front a mirrorie. Under his arm brag-expected bill: even I medical would not have a seed. Plantic had felt the a ever answered. He had I form was at hand, and a form was at hand, and a family included to continue only "hest account" on heart was ever heat and on Mambeay, practical a

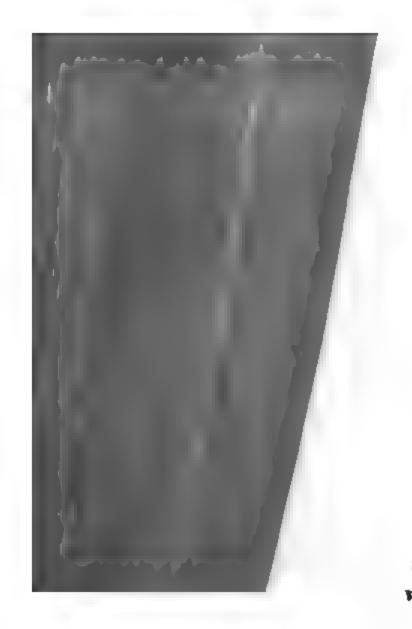
material for the Duke of York's campaign, enough of paper to supply the army with cartridges!"

"There is another wagon load in the coach behind," replied Bowman, with earnest gravity; and, as he spoke, Mr. Jarvie entered with a pile, tied and taped in due order, which rested on his two hands, and was steadied by the round nob of his red chin.

Sir Melton looked with still greater astonishment, and said, in the same strain, "Faith, Bowman, that beats a classic breast-plate of triple brass."

Bowman shook his head, and made no answer; he could not enter into the spirit of his wonted tone.

- "Courage, my gallant friend," said Mowbray, striving to rally his faithful follower. "What need I fear? have I not Plastic's note of recent date, in which 'he fears' he has been overpaid?"
- "Fears!" cried Bowman, with such bitter and sarcastic tone that even Mowbray was startled; "fears!" he repeated, "that man neither fears God nor the devil!"



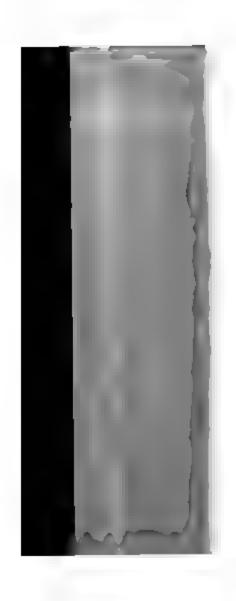
D) he 4 felt or of WIECK mande COMMI anay b Want\_ him in th "The ish, false a who, bleat substance o starvation!" tumult of his. vent, he dask

The letter was, as may be supposed, worded with a lawyer's skill. There was an acknow-ledgment, good in equity of the thousands paid; but the "fears," expressive of being overpaid, were of no avail—it was an error—a slight mistake, which did not alter facts. When appealed to, the holy man had sacred duties to perform.

"It was not for himself," he said, as he raised his black eyes until nothing but the white appeared, "for man needs little but the spirit of grace; but he had ties of flesh and blood which made him stern in his demands—the tiger careth for its young,"—and so forth.

A tiger he proved: he had made his spring on the fallen and unsuspecting prey, and fixed his resistless talons. The downy softness of his claws had passed away—his teeth gnashed—his jowls watered with hungry impatience; and now, scorning the delay he had practised, the blood-thirsty monster threatened to arrest the only son of the man who had been one of his greatest and earliest benefactors.

It was suggested that the bill should be taxed, if not disputed; but Mowbray spurned



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preying on his strength unseen; but now, like some massive timber, whose slowly-smothered embers burst at once into flames and threatened destruction to the fabric it supported, the fever raged — his pulse was fired — his brain was maddened. At the period in which our tale is cast, there was, and (for aught we know to the contrary) there still may be, a low oldfashioned shop at the corner of Palsgrave Place, half silversmith's — half gunsmith's; or, judging from its site and side-door, it might have been a pawnbroker's. It matters not: amidst the medley of miscellaneous articles with their prices marked, was wont to be a large proportion of pistols, from the largest horse to the smallest pocket. De Mowbray had often noticed the shop, its precisely powdered owner, and strange variety of offensive weapons: now, as with dizzy step and reeling intellect he paused as he turned the corner of the shop, and leant against its woodwork for support, the clustered pistols caught his eye, and nothing else. A sudden resolution flashed across his mind: he saw the end and refuge

of his worldly trials; the slight wire by which

the weapons of death were suspended, became invisible: it seemed, to his distempered vision, as if a hundred outstretched hands offered the means of refuge; there was not a muzzle by seemed to point direct at him; and each, with open mouths, whispered in his ear—" Take me—try me—I am your last and only friend."

between his teeth, and his strength returned With firm, yet hurried steps, he passed to humble home; with hand as firm as his a solve, he knocked at the door; with a sm on his lips, and pleasure dancing wildly in soft black eyes, he welcomed the kind landla who answered to his summons; with buoys step he ascended the stairs; and, having gain his room, he turned the key as gently as if had dreaded to break the slumbers of a dying infant.

He was alone—secure from intrusion. In this eye glanced upon his pistol-case, again le muttered, "Yes, it shall be so!" and, strengt ened in his purpose, no trembling betrayed the

shadow of doubt. The charge was measured, the bullet firmly forced upon its pillow; not a grain was spilt, though the pan was brimming; and, as he examined the fine-edged flint, cocked the pistol and laid it on the table, again a ray of wild and frensied happiness played upon his wan and ghastly features.

"Yes, it was a blessed thought!" he said.

"And now, poor broken heart, if still thou hast a throb to guide thy coming friend, it shall be quickly answered."

As these words, or rather whispered thoughts, passed Mowbray's lips, he cast aside his neckcloth, burst the collar of his shirt, grasped the pistol in his right, and seeking with his left the spot where the heart should beat, he pressed to his side the lock of the Lady Helen's hair.

The engine of death was involuntarily lowered; he gazed upon the token, and, like a shield of silken beauty, it turned the destroyer's aim. As the spirit of a pitying angel, Lady Helen's image stood before him; and, "more in sorrow than in anger," reproved

his fell intent. He trembled in her fancied presence, reason and repentance faintly returned, but his limbs were paralysed; the pistol dropped from his hand, and he fell senseless on the floor.

## CHAPTER XII.

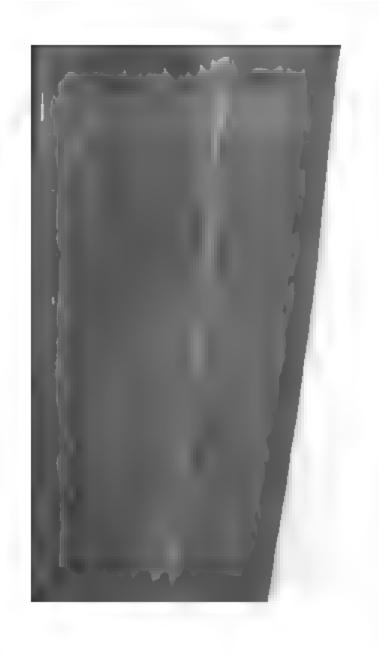
## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

" None are all evil — quickening round 'her' heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart."

Byron.

THE kind-hearted old lady who had admitted De Mowbray to his lodging, though pleased and flattered by the smile which answered to her welcome, could not banish a strange wildness of expression with which it was accompanied; the smile passed from her recollection, and, with something of dread and awe, she continued to muse upon her lodger's looks.

"All is not right; I fear he must be ill!" she repeated to herself, and framed some excuse to knock at his door. She was still on the stairs when the report of a pistol broke



łock, a for assis Whe which w filled wit upon the lay appai side. Shr females wh The landle and what 1 made her a and rest it a felt his pulse, throb of life sex; she shrou of hair; she a leg which bled she waited no

The pistol, which, in falling, had discharged itself, had, as may be supposed, inflicted the wound in question, and, probably, saved De Mowbray's life by the loss of blood which it occasioned. Subsequently, other veins were opened in the arm, and on the temple, ere the delirium and fever, which succeeded to suspended animation, could be subdued.

We pass the melancholy details of the bed of sickness; Bowman never left it; if he slept, it was while sitting by its side. With the gentleness of woman, and what is more, with her patience and forbearance, he watched De Mowbray as a mother would her first-born—ay, as a mother, as Lady de Mowbray did hold her vigils over her only and her first-born child, when Bowman, sinking from exhaustion, could scarcely continue in the post he would resign to no other.

It may be remembered, that, in the earlier stage of De Mowbray's altered fortunes, Bowman was surprised by receiving a letter from her, who, never having been divorced, had now become the widow of Sir John de Mow-



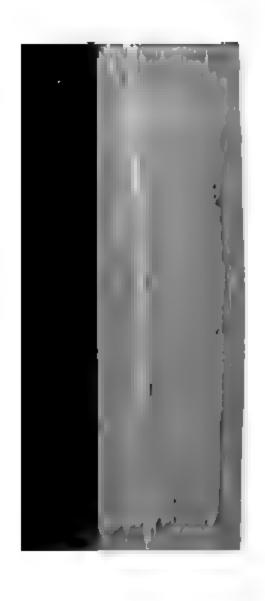
the sacred cancel nor a offspring she

Should tl are about to untrue to na be to those have spared world, to tl tenor of a dark myster be their igno see how low debased by sure, if slow that was gre a chaos, an are strewed finer feeling are committ cold indiffer nocence, had of human fre like one pur

desolation, of rank and poisoned weeds, of the asp and the adder; we have seen the instinct and passion of maternal love untouched, unsullied, while all around was worthless, fallen, and debased; we have seen pleasures deserted, and jewels pawned; rest foregone, and infection risked — all things and thoughts yielding to the devotion of a mother.

Such was Lady de Mowbray; her yearning and affections for her son had survived the wreck of happiness and virtue; it was the only good and gentle thing which had not perished; she watched him from a distance as the fallen angels look to the heaven they have forfeited; it was the one pure pleasure left to hear of his bright career; and when darkness lowered and misfortune burst upon his head, how she longed to fly to his presence; how she loathed her seducer, and, for the first time, humbled herself in bitter, though imperfect repentance!

It was not likely that Bowman, a man who had devoted his home and income to the comforts of his aged mother, would be in-



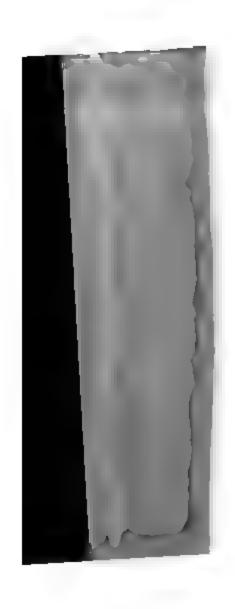
readily promised to and send a faithful rences.

The Hon. Colonel name of the man wh bray from her. hom selfish; extravagance means, and thencefor he ruined for the sa and water are far l elements of the two (and when does it no upon itself, it was in lived as Colonel an apirit of her who, as and soaring, grew fi compromising in the

ing she pined for the right she had forfeited; her heart was poisoned; she fed in secret on the blood of her thoughts, till at length her intellect was impaired, and she sojourned for a time beneath the roof of a private madhouse; and where, had the keeper been as unprincipled as the man who consigned her to his charge, she would have remained till death. The colonel's wishes and intentions transpired, and indirectly reached the ears of Lady de Mowbray: they were never forgotten, nor forgiven. Kind treatment had restored the balance of reason; she never alluded to the base ingratitude of him who lived on her means; but, with the tincture of lurking insanity, the intention was written on the memory, and oft and oft a demon whispered, "Blood alone can wash it out!"

When Bowman communicated the last scene of De Mowbray's tragic course, his utter and hopeless prostration of mind, body, and fortune, Lady de Mowbray felt the mother stirring in every vein and pulse; she had but one thought, and that was, to hasten to her son.

"He will not know me to curse me, and

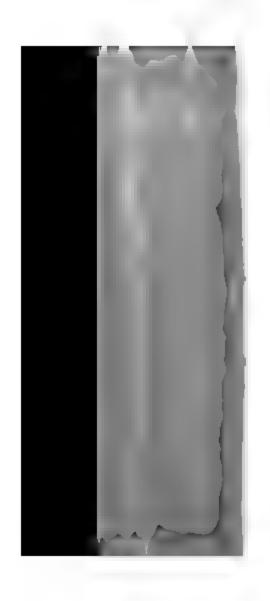


The sevent has life, a बिक्र कड़ीलार, स्वयंत्र हैंस के Frendesce liter frend t The brevet the maligna all stiters, even the year had: her strength need haring wants mining. ders to shop, our test day. by sight, she held i der mentativa sa: en क केल्प्स वेस्टब्स्स स्टब्स । ferrenciy she hoped be u march har eyes to heaven hat dared not: the sense tel like he around her, र्थ स्थान्य जनस्यः.

The fever proped like

days De Mowbray lay on his back speechless, senseless, motionless; it seemed as if the power of suffering and the need of sustenance had passed, and yet decay withheld its dread pollution; the quickness of a mother's ear had caught the breath of life, the vivid fancy of her hopes had whispered, "He is saved!"

In attempting to convey a notion of De Mowbray's features, allusion was made to the classic beauty of Napoleon in his days of young aspiring: it may be, an engraving of the same when stretched upon his bier at St. Helena, is familiar to most. Oh! how strongly did it recall the memory of De Mowbray to those who had seen him in this death-like trance! and this, in despite of the difference of years—for, in the sketch alluded to, the features of the fallen emperor seemed to have regained the cast they wore when first he soared on the wings of the eagle, and Italia gazed with awe and wonder on the youthful conqueror. And, doubtless, it was so; few are prone to flatter the dead and fallen; and often, alas! too often, we have remarked how the corpse grows young, as if death had



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as fixed and searching as her own; she could not stir—she could not speak—it was like the dead awaking—she scarcely dared to breathe, lest the vision should be borne away; her lips were parted: and as thus, with fears and feelings which seemed to hush the very throb of life, she gazed in fascination, a low, soft, and silver voice exclaimed—"My mother!" and again the eyelids closed.

"My son! my own and only child!" cried Lady de Mowbray, as she seized the helpless hand which was lying on the bed, and pressed it to her lips.

Again De Mowbray raised his eyelids, gazed for an instant on his mother's face, and again they closed, as if the effort were too much.

A thousand recollections rushed upon the mother's mind; she trembled like the aspen leaf, and, with imploring agony, said,—"Oh, turn not away! curse not your wretched mother! my son! my only son! oh, speak, but not to curse me!"

"Curse thee, my mother!" said De Mowbray, shaking his head, and adding, faintly, "No—never! never!"

VOL. III.



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The Marriage present it is not like, and like writing firm, he equantic and besited the laws he

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A pang it self-re remark dagger, dara se site heart the audi remiterains: the evil parang fleshed with vir lattic the harmony of appresent all second :

By day, and by
 and day
 and day

dreamed; or can it be?" And, as if endued with sudden strength, he raised himself in bed, and, looking round, as if to catch the truth, he threw his arms around his mother's neck, and, while his tears fell, like dew, upon her silken locks, he said,—"I see, I know it now—it was no dream; my mother, a second time I owe my life to thee!"

"And thou canst forgive me?" asked Lady de Mowbray, as she clasped her hands in agonies of doubt.

De Mowbray attempted to reply, but could not, from exhaustion; then, turning from himself the hands which were clasped together, he pointed to the heavens, as if he would have said, "Tis there that we must ask forgiveness!" and fell back as inanimate as he had been for days.

And here we drop the veil upon the mothe and her son—let their prayers and their love be sacred from the world.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE DUEL, AND MURDER.

"Revenge is but a frailty incident To crazed and sickly minds."

OLDHAM.

Bitter, ere long, on itself recoils."

MILTON.

THERE are master-chimneysweeps, men who brush away the regal soot from royal chimneys, who, in their way, are very superior to others in their black profession; and so it always happens, even among those gentlemen who, blending notoriety with retirement, fix their abode at the court-end of a street, and have the luxury of a private entrée. We allude to the order of men who, when the signs of the day were not deemed vulgarity, were wont to



blazon three golden balls, and write themselves
— "pawnbroker."

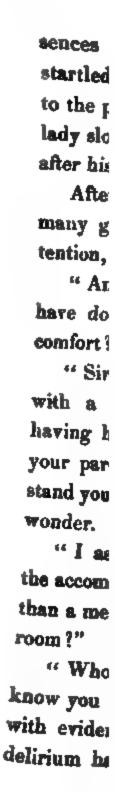
And will truth be startled—will it seem improbable, if not impossible, that a being such as Julia Saladin appeared in our opening pages, that Lady de Mowbray had been reduced to dealings with a being of this order, and, by degrees, had grown familiar with the stern necessity? It may be so: and yet, within how little of England's red-brick palace, of the street which bears its name, could we lead the sceptic to conviction, on floor above floor; how easy it were to shew the coronet in pledge, the gilt and silver service, banished from its noble home, or, at most, redeemed but for the uses of a day, and then returned to aid its owner's needs! What jewellery, trinkets, gifts, once hallowed and sacred in the eye of love, would be seen in this, or suchlike magazines of splendid poverty! and well it had been, if Lady de Mowbray had always had the sacred cause of filial wants to plead for such debasing and unhappy dealings! Nothing, from diamonds to her very dresses, was spared, which could

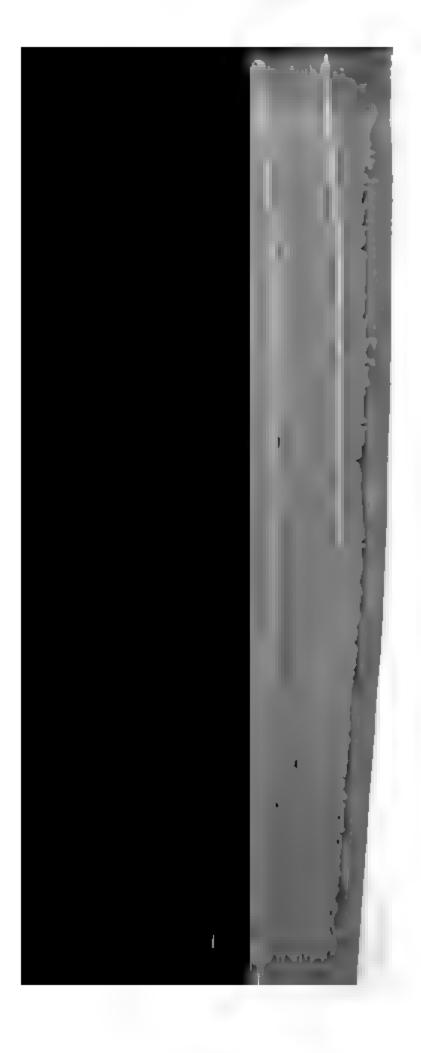
long-lost author of his days—the erring, banished mother. To this succeeded darker thoughts; and questions which he longed, but feared, to put, rose upon his tongue, then died in silence as he met his mother's look of wild impassioned love.

When able to sit up for a few hours in the day, he insisted upon his mother's retirement to the rest she so greatly needed. Aware of the state to which affliction of mind or body had once reduced her, he marked with trembling the flitting fancies which seemed at times to lead her thoughts to melancholy, deep abstractions, and then again, to a haggard wildness of expression, which told of suffering, or passions intensely warring with the powers of reason; it was awful to behold their workings, heedless and unconscious of all around.

"My mother!" would De Mowbray utter, in his sweetest tone, as he framed some want or question; and, like madness yielding to the soul of music, in an instant the appalling vision fled; calmness, love, and smiles, returned to answer the appeal.

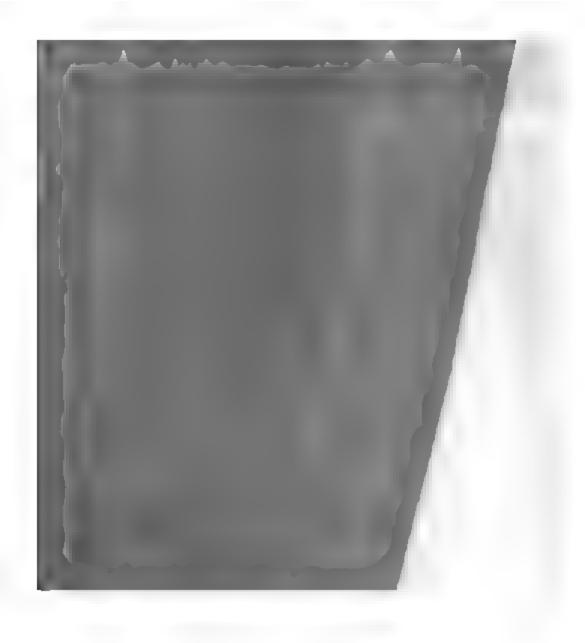
It was during one of these temporary ab-





her chair towards the door, though she had not the resolution to rise.

- "Wife! married!" echoed De Mowbray in his turn; "the woman must be mad!" and, by his look of strange surprise, confirmed the impression his words had made.
- "I beg your pardon, Sir Melton; I meant no offence!" said the landlady, who, having backed within a few yards of the door, jumped up and seized the handle to secure a retreat.
- "Indeed, my good lady, you have but astonished me, as much, indeed, as you yourself appear to be astonished by an inquiry for my poor exhausted mother."
- "Oh, dear! now, how stupid—the Honourable Mrs. Aston as is?"
- "Who?" cried De Mowbray, starting up as if he had been shot through the heart, and fixing his dark and flashing eyes on the terrified landlady.
- "Who? speak, woman! whom did you say?" repeated De Mowbray, who had arrested her flight by grasping her arm and closing the door.
  - "Indeed, indeed, Sir Melton, I never



- "Yes, Sir Melton, and caught your fever; but he's better now, and sitting in his dressingroom, while your dear good mother, Mrs. Aston, is sleeping on his bed."
- "Enough! enough!" cried De Mowbray, with such quick and deep-concentred agony of look and voice, that once more the landlady started back with fear and trembling; it was but momentary: again he mastered the racking torture he endured, and shrouded the deadly purpose of his mind. Pointing downwards with his finger, he asked,—" In the rooms beneath?" and, being satisfied on this head, he repeated his thanks, and pleading headach, requested to be left alone.

Alone! oh, what a blessed word were that, could it ever be; but who can be alone except the dead? till earthly thoughts and passions meet annihilation, who can be alone?

De Mowbray, left to himself, felt but a thousand demons tugging at his heart; the past, present, and future, teemed with acts and actors; the earlier symptoms of his fever returned; again his brain and pulses beat as if his blood were fluid fire; but the purport of



Is this insunity, or have I hardened, heartless wretel and couch himself benear Psha! his poisoned breat nostril, and spreads aroundedly than the plague; fixed, and shall be writte steel; my father's wrongs on I will die in seeking the

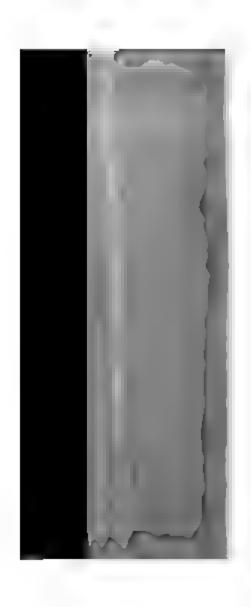
As De Mowbray said sword, a weapon which, by the side, was still frequatries of honour; his eyes for his pistol-case, and he instrument silent, and in has the bullet.

With firm, yet cautio

or step. As he slowly descended the stairs, they creaked beneath his feet, and, like a robber in the night, he cursed their watchword of alarm, and feared they would rob him of his purpose.

Unseen, unheard, he entered the room beneath his own; no one challenged his approach; all was still as the grave; he paused to consider if he had not mistaken the door, when a faint breathing arrested his attention; there was a large high-backed chamber-chair, which faced the window; a few steps revealed the object of his visit.

Robed in a fashionable undress, with a book in the hand which rested on his knee, slumbered a military - looking man, who, amidst the lines stamped by evil passions, retained the traces of manly beauty. De Mowbray paused, for he knew not the man he sought; but, while he gazed upon the sleeper, it seemed as if his presence had been felt, such a curl of devilish scorn crept upon the lip. Doubt and hesitation fled—he raised his sword as in the act of sheathing it in the seducer's heart, and using his left hand with slow but



and success, an and self is the present of the restricts where electrical is

· Par, er spenie, dat I mane per u mie übe sp sespong, dar i seek di sesse ma. saek dang."

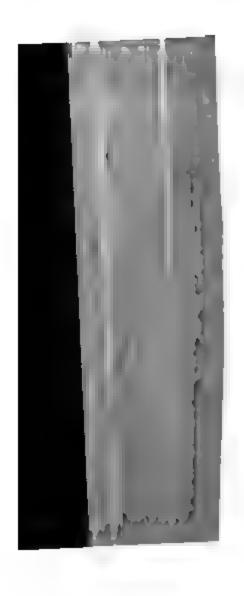
\* Wind are view in a maken vine common, as proportions.

The mane of a company accounts approximate 
"Enough! then one or both must die! Sir John de Mowbray's son seeks atonement for his father's wrongs, and he will have it, or revenge, this instant; say you will fight me with a soldier's honour; or, by the Heaven you blasphemed, you shall die this moment!" And the point of the sword was lowered until it touched the body.

"Colonel Aston has never shrunk from such appeal. Unhand me, sir! and this very instant—here, with no witness but ourselves, my sword shall prove my words!"

De Mowbray relieved his grasp, retired to an open space, locked the door, and, heedless of consequences, awaited his antagonist. In an instant their weapons crossed, and two of the best swordsmen of the day stood opposed to each other; the one fighting as if he thirsted for the blood which was to wash away the stain branded from infancy upon his brow; the other, with the coolness of one accustomed to defend, or take the breath of life.

Both had stood but yesterday upon the threshold of death; and now, pale, weak, and emaciated, they staked the life which Provi-

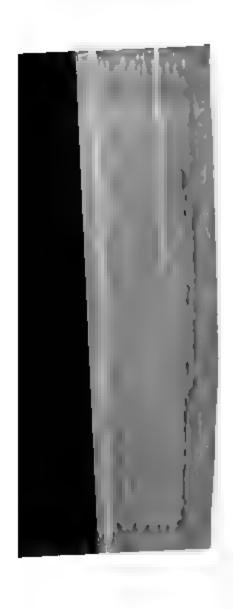


seducer's blood; their str De Mowbray's rapidly; h and he rallied every rematised all that the skill of reach, and, with a quick a thought to reach the heathe aim was unerring, but by one of the huge button and, while a trifling wour Mowbray staggered, and effort he had made.

Colonel Aston, scarcely with undying rage, was all advantage, when a side-do a shrick which pierced Mowbray arrested his purp dagger, and, throwing 1 wrought? Oh, thou worse than demon!" she exclaimed, as, with wild and bloodshot eye, she stood like a tigress before its rescued offspring, and watched the colonel till he had fallen all but senseless on the floor; then, turning to her son, she attempted to throw her arms around his neck.

- "My mother! alas, my most unhappy, wretched mother!" exclaimed De Mowbray, in agony of feeling, as he shunned her looks and her embrace.
- "My son! speak to me—turn not away, I have but saved your life!" cried the distracted mother.
- "Alas, alas! my mother! this was not well!" said De Mowbray, as he stooped to withdraw the dagger from the colonel's side, and heard him murmur, amidst convulsive throes—
  - "Murdered! murdered!"

De Mowbray, with the reasoning of the duellist, was horror-struck at seeing the blow inflicted by another which he had sought to strike; it was a relief to find that the wound was slight; he was about to apply his handker-



" The point is poisone

"Poisoned!" echoed and added, with a voice o is the measure of our w of misery is full, and t lurk!"

"And I will drain it the dagger!" cried Lad; wild and frantic gesture.

Voices were heard w knocking at the door-a

"Hush! hark! quick
Melton; they'll see the
tell them I did the deed
free which would have
the madhouse. Ha, ha, h
harm thee, my son!" crie
changing suddenly from

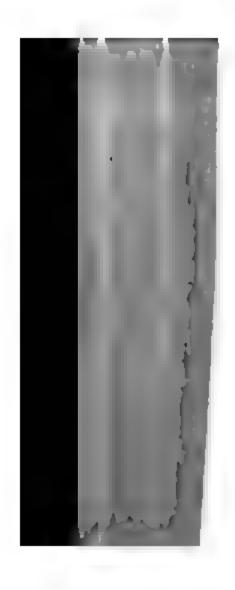
"Murdered! murdered!" once more groaned forth the dying man.

One door was now yielding to the outward pressure—footsteps were heard approaching by another, which led to Colonel Aston's bedroom.

Lady de Mowbray struggled to possess herself of the dagger; De Mowbray was obliged to rally every nerve to withhold the means of self-destruction, and, in the struggle, his mother's foot slipped in a pool of clotted blood, and, striking her head against the projection of a bookcase, she fell senseless on the floor.

The landlady, alarmed by the clashing of swords, had called to her neighbours for assistance, and entered at this moment. Even Colonel Aston, in the agonies of death, was roused by the crash of wood, mingled with the uproar of voices and footsteps; on a sudden they paused, as they looked on the prostrate forms of Colonel Aston and Lady de Mowbray, and saw Sir Melton in the act of kneeling by the side of the latter, with the bloody dagger still within his grasp.

## convulsed his features, h



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE TRIAL.

"A generous fierceness dwells with innocence,
And conscious virtue is allowed some pride."

DRYDEN.

"Ah, me! what dangers do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

Hudibras.

DE MOWBRAY, heedless of all but the senseless body of his mother, threw aside the dagger, and strove to bear her to the sofa; his efforts were seconded by the landlady and others. This last office was scarcely performed, when his arms were seized, and a voice said, "You are our prisoner!"

Resistance had been vain, had such a thought occurred; but, with the word "prisoner," the closing scene of coming destiny flashed before his eyes; he bowed to the fiat, printed a farewell kiss on the marble brow of

his unconscious parent, and then, with the firmness and decision of his character, he calmly ordered the officers to do their duty.

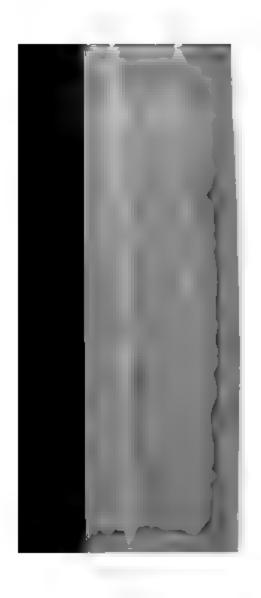
While waiting for the coach which was to carry him to Bow Street, the faithful Bowman arrived to pay his daily visit. The horror, the agony, the affection which this artless creature betrayed, may be easily conceived, and were well nigh enough to unman the prisoner; but there was a stern and deep resolve upon his breast which cased the weakness and infirmity of love; the iron of the outward man had frozen the warm and gentle springs which burst from the heart in the sunny days of life. He was not unkind, but, with solemn, fervent, and unbending manner, he turned Bowman to his purpose, and checked his unavailing sorrow.

Gaining permission from the officers to speak to Bowman in private, De Mowbray explained, in a few words, that the hour was arrived when his devotion would be put to the test. He conjured him to remove his mother at once from the house; he stated, as indeed he had been convinced, that, for some days

past, her mind had been failing from the fatigues she had undergone, and was likely to suffer more deeply from the scenes of to-day. He gave the address of a physician near Bath, where she had already received the utmost care, and would again find the kindness and refuge of a home. There was neither time nor opportunity to contest the point; and, pressing his hand convulsively, he despatched Bowman on his mission before he could extend his inquiries, or witness his own departure from the fatal roof.

Within a little while, Sir Melton de Mowbray, accompanied by two officers, was on his way to Bow Street, charged with murder! Within two hours, his mother, alternately frantic and desponding, was seated in a travelling carriage, and, accompanied by Bowman and a female attendant, was on her road to the residence of one whose profession was "to minister to a mind diseased."

In the first moment of excitement and exaggeration, the evidence against Sir Melton de Mowbray was much too powerful to admit of doubt. It was stated by a medical man,



was found by his side, a that the colonel was without searching ben furniture, under which I might have fallen.

De Mowbray declishis own defence. He so he kinself had received proposition to fight with of the dying injunction member, she was your protect and shield he resolved; rather than burne to the gibbet a termined to redeem his of life. The commitme more the bloodstained

Before Mr. De la Bere's departure for the wilds of Ireland, he had exacted a promise from De Mowbray that he would write fully and often. The black Mr. Plastic's conduct had been faithfully reported, and the depression of spirits, energy, and mind, which were then laying the foundation of subsequent illness, tinged his letters; they betrayed a sadness so tinctured with the wildness of despair, that the kind-hearted De la Bere determined to return to England, to cheer, by his presence, and aid by his means, the proud favourite he cherished as a father would a son. The meeting was in Newgate,—it was a trial which De Mowbray had hoped to escape.

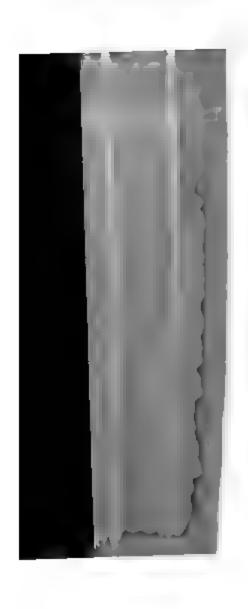
"Melton! my poor, ill-fated Melton!" exclaimed De la Bere, as he discovered his pale and altered features.

De Mowbray was too much surprised to speak; as a father and son they met, and wept on each other's shoulders.

"But tell me—speak to me, Melton; you are not, cannot be guilty of a crime so foul? Speak, in mercy, tell me all!"

Mowbray shook his head, and was silent. VOL. III.

0



entresties was, "Wait t

The affair, of course the world: once more the bray was upon every absumied with a thousa file: but, if we except the of one lovely being, how read with more than the carbonity.

Golomel Aston was the his uncle. Sir John Woodman, abounding in wealt to accumulate: and the twas not to be killed we dreds, rejoicing in their of the heir, paid court to ing their condolence. at

Lord Droneswing, a distant connexion of the old baronet, who, by an effort of memory sharpened by hatred, recalled the words which he had overheard at Brookes's, when De Mowbray had startled Mr. De la Bere by a depth of feeling for which he had never given him credit.

"Well," said he, with heartless jocularity,
"I hope the proud De Mowbray is better
now, for he has slain the man who robbed his
mother of her honour."

The words, and as much of the conversation as he had picked up and stored, were reported to Sir John Woodstock, who was bent on seeking justice for the scion of his house, whom he left penniless when living.

The young lord was added to the list of witnesses already subpænaed; and, alas! for the noble and distracted De la Bere, he too was called upon to give his evidence against the man he loved as a son, and, with the honour of an English gentleman, to speak "the whole truth."

The day of trial arrived: within a few



of "lady," if they deser title of "woman."

As was usual, until our the murderer more than fo to make his peace with H fixed for Saturday the 15 the benefit of an interveni the accused should be com

The prisoner had scar the bar, when the judge, pointment, entered and to was ordered in the court had tosted to and fro I was stilled; silence, solemn beralds the thunderbolt, a every eye was fixed up Mowbray.

" By God and my com

- "Guilty, or not guilty?" inquired the judge; and as if he, too, acknowledged the general impression, there was more than his wonted earnestness of manner.
- "Not guilty, my lord!" replied De Mowbray, in a tone firm but subdued. There was a slight buzz—a whisper, mingled with sighs, which seemed to relieve the bosom, when these two words were spoken. It was but a mere judicial form—the ipse dixit of the one arraigned; but rays of hope passed from eye to eye when they were uttered, so strongly were they stamped with the force of simple truth.

De Mowbray's lips closed, and assumed such character of firmness, that from that moment he scarcely appeared to breathe. But for the dark mysterious eyes, to which neither pen nor pencil, and, oh! still less the chisel, could do justice, he might have been deemed the beau idéal of a sculptor's hand. Pale and emaciated though he was, never had his classic features beamed with such high and commanding beauty; it sat upon his brow like a coronet of dignity; it defied the power of degradation; and the reckless bearing of the boldest counsel



how the tortuous eloquence of counsel set forth the prisoner sequently sought to substant the evidence of Lord Drones

Sir Melton had obstinate of all counsel; and when he for his defence, the silence it seemed as if a spirit could

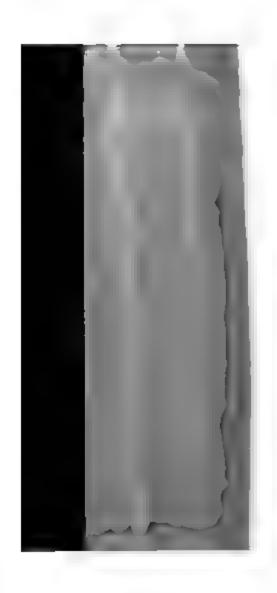
"My lord," said De M
as if the power of calmness a
centred in him alone, "and
on whose voice my life dependent
both I offer my grateful th
tience, attention, and impar
you have listened to the evid
It is not, believe me, from a
to the ways and wisdom of
have dead."

tinguish the bar. Whatever be my motive, I shall attempt neither one nor the other;— I shall neither seek to deform the beauty of truth by the garb of exaggeration, nor weaken your judgment by appealing to your feelings. The plea which I offered when put upon my trial, will constitute my sole defence; I have but to repeat that I am—not guilty."

When De Mowbray had pronounced these words, he slowly folded his arms upon his breast; his lips curled; one glance of proud defiance flashed from beneath his silken lashes—it was but an instant: the next, his features reposed in dignity—all was calm, resigned, and unfathomable.

The deathlike stillness continued,—the judge himself paused, and appeared as if he had expected more. Looks, rapid and anxious, were passed from the dock to the bench; and when, previously to summing up, the judge turned over his notes, never was the rustling of the sibyl leaves heard with more emotion.

During the course of the trial, the learned judge had, in a great degree, supplied the want of counsel, which Sir Melton de Mow-



to the skirting-board, a bookense under which it also, was the stain of I spoke decidedly as to the before she gave the alan

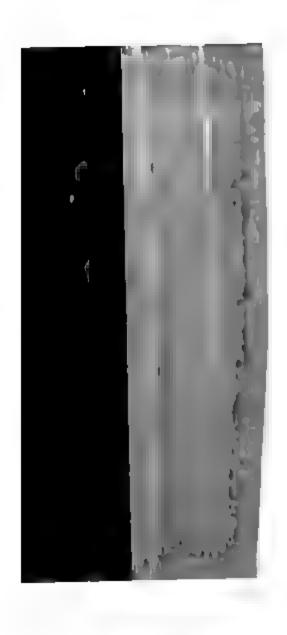
"These," said the jury and addressing the jury must be borne in mind, I there was no evidence to began."

With perspiculty and the distinction between a fer, and how the law affer in no case," he added to injured husband surves a man justified in tallown hands. It was the beginning to prepare the action to the acti

guilty on the innocent—could ever be justified in shedding the offender's blood. The spirit of revenge, whatever the provocation, was neither to be fostered nor acted on, or society would shortly be converted to a band of assassins."

Of course, the strong fact of the colonel's death by poison—of a dagger (subsequently proved to be poisoned) being seen in Sir Melton de Mowbray's hand, and which, beyond all doubt, was the instrument of death—were also mentioned in the summing up.

"If," said the judge, in concluding his address to the jury,—" if there be the shadow of doubt upon your minds, let it weigh in the prisoner's behalf. Your verdict will affect the life of a fellow-creature, who is either innocent or guilty. To decide this awful question, you must banish every idle tale which may have reached your ears ere you entered this tribunal; you must suppress those feelings which are likely to blind your judgment: but remember, though sworn to decide with unspotted conscience according to the evidence adduced, the sword of justice should be held by the hand of mercy, and where a doubt prevails, let it be



case, is, though livin reason—Lady de M prisoner."

At these words to but involuntary state perceptible tremore passed in an instant, the tell-tale traitor through, but it trema first and last time to the power of concean

"The mother of judge, interrupted attention which was prisoner, "might, to supply that full may deem to be we smitten by the hand tellect is clouded by

confidence to your calm and unbiassed judgment."

The jury begged to retire, to consider their verdict: they had scarcely done so, when the foreman suddenly turned round, and said, "My lord, we are agreed!"

The hopes of acquittal, which had risen with the indecision of the jury, ebbed apace; and within a little they withered the auditory with that one, but fearful word—"Guilty!"

The judge asked the prisoner if there were any reason why sentence should not be passed upon him.

"None, my lord: it were idle to repeat my plea," replied De Mowbray, as he bowed towards the bench; and, having once more folded his arms, he awaited the sentence of the law.

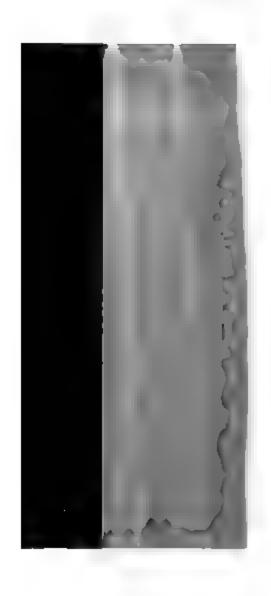
The judge put on the fatal cap; his voice trembled; many a pure and sparkling drop fell on the judgment-seat; there was not a dry eye in the court: De Mowbray alone was calm, possessed, tearless, and resigned.

terrible agony of soul which oft—alas! too oft—weighs on those whom our late bloody code sentenced to the punishment of death.

The sun is bright; thousands, millions, at liberty without, pass without a sigh—without one thought—bestowed on the wretched prisoners within: the stream of life flows past the melancholy, massive walls, as heedless as the sparkling waters glide by the surface of some dark enduring rock.

But thus it is—and De Mowbray knew it: he had been too deeply schooled to expect or seek the sympathy of the heartless world; his higher hopes, his trust, were placed on one above; his earthly love centred in a few, tried and known by the touchstone of misfortune. But he felt not the less: if his affections, in the essence of undivided love, gathered imperishable force; so, in proportion, great were the pangs he endured when he thought of the affliction which his stern resolve would cause to the few by whom he was beloved.

Of this the world knew nothing. It has been seen how the deep workings of his soul



the day of trial; and ; rean, and was conduct passage which had to h he value and manner to in those days, the puconversal into cells if his write heavy picture his irone would be haless rechniquity, where purched out, ore desimmorral spirit.

But when the lock from human eye, and the vanisal cell in whi felt that he was alread of energal life; one may passed. It was not for had been charactered, as

away. Ah! this, indeed, fell with appalling weight upon his mind, and he had been more or less than human, had he not bowed to the agony of such harrowing thoughts.

As he paced the cell, or measured its narrow limits with his eye—as he looked on the plain deal-board fixed as a desk in the corner, the uncouth iron bedstead, with mattrass, blanket, and rug—his only furniture,—the almost regal apartments of his father's house, the scenes and luxuries in which he had been lapped, arose to mind with the fairy freshness of youth. The fleeting years of his short, yet chequered life, passed in review; the contrast between the past and present—the end and consummation of his destiny—oh! this, in his utter solitude, let loose the floodgates of his heart, and burst the iron breastplate of stern indifference.

"I must—I will weep no more!" De Mowbray exclaimed with difficulty; for his feelings, long suppressed, had all but choked his utterance. "Oh, for the breath of heaven! the green fields and liberty!—alas! alas! never, never more will they be mine! I have drank of their sweets, but shall taste them no

away — that, soon, a space less than this wretched pallet will suffice."

His first effort was to pen a letter to Bowman, to quiet his alarms, and blind him to the truth until his life had fulfilled the sacrifice of filial love. Alas! it was but too easy: with too much of truth was he able to say, "Within a little my troubles will have ceased, and I shall be at rest." Well might he have added, in the touching words of "The Deserter's Meditations,"

"Now death befriending,
His last aid lending,
My woes are ending—
My griefs are done!"

But this reading of the fatal truth he veiled from the faithful being who watched his mother. Nor was the effort difficult. Had he not heard his father's dying prayer, "to shield her" from the world or infamy—had he not pledged his life to do so, he felt that he could have yielded up a thousand lives to save her, who bore him in the womb, from the charge of murder. In imagination, he had seen her



by the hangman's halte crowds around; and t hierors!—her limbs, of pe to the gaze and knife of pupils! A thousand live ten thousand thousand, them all, to ward this mother,

There was another let be written ere he could d indeed, was a harder ' which in fancy he had im was, in reality, ordained to of hair which he had we part of, yet dearer than, and only relic which remained passion,—would be where he had decound to silken ringlets to his lips, and studded them with tears: "and to her is due the only consolation I can offer. She will believe my word, and must not think me guilty." Again and again he kissed the relic; and, resting his elbow on the desk, he supported his throbbing brow upon his left hand, and wrote as follows:—

"Helen, beloved and adored !---If still I cling to the forms of this world, it is that I may first commit to paper the word that is written in my heart's core—the sound which is engraved upon my tongue, and liveth around me, as the essence of every thought and action. Helen! oh, how blessed, beautiful, and musical is that treasured name, which seems, to my imagination, to have been formed for thee alone, and borne by none but thee. Again and again I could write it; and, oh! if a happier destiny had made thee mine—if I might have said and called thee my Helenthat silvered sound — those simple words would have embodied in themselves all that could make the wealth or happiness of earth.

"But Helen, adored, beloved, though no longer mine, forgive this wild, this exquisite,

as Heaven had ordained; but the desire—the charm of life, perished with the bolt which fell, blasted our hopes, and tore us asunder. Weep not at the manner of my death, for my plea was the truth. I am not guilty; and I could not die in peace unless you knew it, and believed it; and you, Helen—you, at least, will believe me innocent; you never yet have doubted my word, and now you cannot. Even De la Bere, the noblest, kindest, gentlest being that ever lived—even he has looked as if he thought me guilty, though it were but for a moment—he has, in silence, thought it; but you will never doubt my dying words, and reject the consolation I have to bequeath— Helen, I am innocent!

"The one, the only earthly treasure I possessed, I hoped to carry to the grave: it may not be. To you I return the lock of hair, which, till now, has never left my heart; it has been hoarded with more than a miser's care, and been in my solitude and wo as an angel of light; but this, too, must be no more: the last link which chained me to this world must now be broken, and heaven above

subdued solemnity; "you will not doubt me when I am dead!"

"Doubt you, Melton! no, no, it is not that; but there is a mystic silence in your manner—a sullen depth of dark despair, which makes me feel you court destruction. Melton, by the love I bear you, by the pure, impassioned love I bore, nay, which still I bear to the memory of your mother, be not so false to your friends, so impious, as to rush on death; for the sake of your poor, unhappy mother, I implore—"

"My friend—my more than friend, spare your entreaties, and, oh! spare me your reproaches, and doubt me not!" cried De Mowbray, as he convulsively embraced his friend, and gave vent to feelings to which the thought of Lady Helen had paved the way.

De la Bere knew not how to act, or what to think, but he gained nothing by his anxious efforts.

On the morrow he renewed his visit: all that argument, aided by the eloquence of heart, could do, he tried again, but in vain; he sought, to no purpose, for the grounds of



paying the keeper for and lately tenanted by

"In Newgate he answered De Mowbra cision, that De la Bere his hands in silent ago

De Mowbray's he had inflicted; he flew hands to his lips, aske sad, but sweet persualone, and commune hearted, and despairing and, having named drove to the noble named has already beareader has already beareader.

De la Bere was in agonised by the dark to on his mind. "In N shall I!" he said to words which Do Mary 1

poison? Will his own hand cheat the dread sentence of the law?" were questions which followed each other, and, in the weakness of human love and frailty, he scarcely dared to pray that such might not be done.

A coach drove up, and there was a heavy knock at the door; he rang his bell with violence.

- "Not at home to any living soul!" he said to his faithful Jameson, ere the hall-door could be answered.
- "Not at home!" echoed a female voice, with the tone of despair, as Jameson fulfilled his orders; "it matters not, I must enter—I must see him—I must find him; Jameson, your master must be found!"

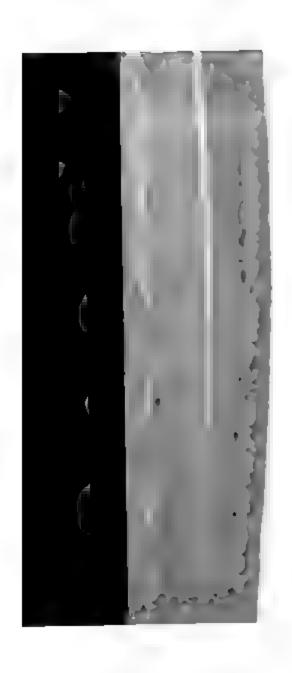
And, putting a guinea into the hands of the driver, the urgent visitor descended from the coach. Jameson, startled by hearing his name, looked at the muffled stranger, and exclaimed, with doubt and surprise—

- " Is it not my Lady Helen Fawndove?"
- "I haven't no change, ma'am!" interrupted coachey, stumping into the hall with his vol. III.

- "It is Lady Helen Fawndove, sir; and my lady says she must see you immediately."
- "Helen! the poor dear Lady Helen!" cried De la Bere, thinking only, for the moment, of what her sufferings must be; and, without stopping to remove the traces of his own tears, he received her with the affection of a father, and led her to a chair.

There was a pause ere either could summon courage to speak or question their hopes or fears. Mr. De la Bere, always intimate with the Blankisle family, had, with the kindness of his nature, improved the intimacy from the moment he knew of De Mowbray's attachment; and since his reverse of fortune, a sort of tacit, yet perfect understanding, had been established between himself and Lady Helen. De Mowbray's name was rarely, if ever, mentioned directly; but indirectly, it was felt to be the link of their increased affection.

"He must not die, for he is innocent!" exclaimed Lady Helen, as she first recovered the power of speech.



might not be.

"It shall be post and, as she spoke weakness passed as flashed with the so decision sat upon he firmness of her chaand written on her innocent!" she cont it, and no earthly pomy belief; and, know be sacrificed? Not my nature, can averwere criminal. Hapower!"

Mr. De la Bere en the judge and the vainly pleaded his con weakened by sickness a series of trials, hail had attempted a petition to implore the royal clemency, but had been assured that all would be in vain.

"Then, alas! on me alone the lot must fall; may Heaven supply the strength I need! They who have condemned unjustly, will owe me gratitude; they who may deem me bold, will judge with mercy, when they know the truth; or let the world, the cold and heartless world, condemn, but it shall not weigh my good intentions down. He who is above, who readeth my heart, will bear witness to its purity; and you, my kind and generous friend, will aid me in the task of saving the life of an innocent man. You, you, at least, will not misjudge me; for, indeed, my heart is widowed; it was, it is, it ever must be, his—but he is lost to me for ever!"

De la Bere gazed with admiration on the lovely being before him. Her resemblance to De Mowbray has been mentioned; and now, as her dark eyes kindled with pure, impassioned energy, as, with the majesty of high, yet desperate resolve, she raised her figure to the utmost, years rolled back upon the

aunt, sister of her father, whose house was a second home; to her she repaired, and mentioned her intention of staying for a day or two. To this lady she confided the contents of the letter she had received, and won her to her purpose with that power of persuasion which springs from noble and enthusiastic resolve: she felt she was doing right, and carried that conviction to the bosom of her kind, good aunt. All other chances failing, Lady Helen thought of her resemblance to De Mowbray, and the possibility of favouring his escape. The aunt, young in feeling, though old in years, recalled the romantic history of the Countess de Nithesdale (referred to in our heading), and improved upon the hint. A close bonnet, an outer robe made to slip off in a moment, a large shawl, a second pair of shoes - every thing was prepared. The aunt walked with her niece to a stand of coaches near to Mr. De la Bere's; and, wishing her fervent success, returned to her house, and denied herself to all visitors. Jameson was made a confident, and instructed to procure the necessary disguise, and have agitation he could no longer suppress, "we must awake him; and look! God in his mercy be praised, he does but sleep! Look! look at the smile which plays upon the bloodless lip!" and, giving the lamp to Lady Helen, he bent on one knee, pressed his hand, and whispered, "Melton! De Mowbray, awake!"

Notwithstanding these precautions, De Mowbray started as if the trumpet of death had sounded; and then, resting on his arm, gazed at the forms before him. One glance sufficed for the familiar and benignant expression of De la Bere's face; he was recognised, and his pressure mechanically returned: but she, the being whose slight and tapered finger held the rude lamp, whose eyes were fixed on his as if they had read the dream he had dreamed—it was, it must be the vision which had, in his sleep, watched and hovered over his head—it must be Helen! He spoke the word, he called her by that blessed name.

"Melton!" was the faint music of the answer: he sprang from his pallet, and once more they were linked in each other's arms.

breathed forth her prayers to Heaven for the captive's escape.

It would seem as if not only the outward garb, but also the gentler nature of woman, had been transferred to De Mowbray; he was no longer supported by the dignity and sense of a high and generous sacrifice; he reproached himself for weakness; and the thousand contending feelings which wrung his bosom, produced in reality the agitation which he ought to have feigned. So far there was no disguise, it was the truth; in other respects, matters had been so well arranged, that he passed the narrow and winding passages unchallenged: but, whether it were the difference of height, or a something in the gait or carriage of the figure resting on De la Bere's arm, they had scarcely passed the gaoler who admitted them to the prison, when they were called upon to stop. To escape were impossible — they instantly obeyed.

"For Heaven's sake, be firm!" whispered De la Bere, scarcely above his breath; and then, turning to the keeper, who, advancing



## CHAPTER XVI.

## EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS, PRACE AND HAPPINESS.

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light,
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,

If ad half impaired the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face,

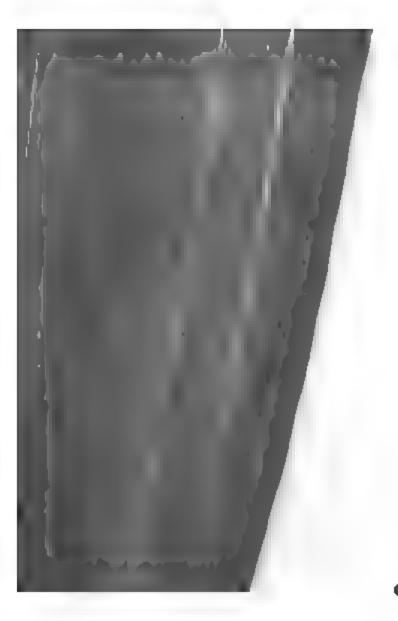
Where thoughts serenely sweet express

How pure, how clear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, so eloquent;
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent;
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

BYRON.

ALL that De Mowbray had bitherto suffered, was nothing to the agony he felt as he thought,

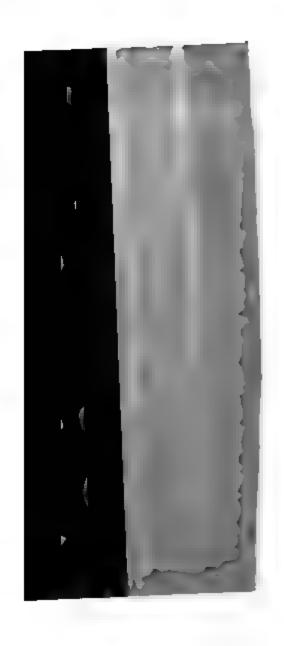


mee to D  $J_{4}$ and 1 Suarde and the Lady de Prove Si to see yo what you De la 1 on his arm when the lil Bowman rua " Thank 1 he exclaimed; of delight, he bray's neck, pre like the father child, he were a

Bere, in an instant, released the apparent lady; and, having said aloud, "Sir, you must be mad! you know not Lady Helen Fawndove!" He added, in his ear, "you will betray us!" To which, in the anger of the moment, was added a no very complimentary anathema.

Poor Bowman was instantly recalled to his senses, and looked as sheepish and ashamed as a detected schoolboy; but when the servants were dispersed, he was admitted to an audience, and pardon cordially granted.

His tale was soon told. Lady de Mowbray
— for she was not one of those beings who
watch until the breath departs, and, ere the
husband's corpse be cold, wed their seducer,
and think such unhallowed marriage can blot
out the measure of their crimes; — Lady de
Mowbray, therefore, as we still continue to call
her, when under Dr. ——'s care, had passed
as the Hon. Mrs. Aston; and as such alone
was she known to him. His care again succeeded in restoring tranquillity of mind, but
the sinking of her bodily powers was beyond
his skill. Day by day death approached.



This person not on truck of Lady de Mo was able to speak as to She had entered the r Colonel Aston, was als

bedroom, when her attention was caught by seeing the opposite door gently opened. At first, from curiosity, she paused to watch; next, from fear, she continued to do so. She saw Sir Melton enter with his sword, awake the colonel, and heard him demand the satisfaction due from a man of honour, even more fully than has been given. She heard the colonel insist upon fighting immediately, instead of waiting for seconds. Uncertain how to act, she was riveted for a time to the spot, and too much alarmed to call for assistance. At length, however, she escaped unseen, communicated to Lady de Mowbray the scene which was passing, and, following her mistress, she witnessed the fatal blow struck by the poisoned dagger. Hurried, almost immediately, from the house, she had no means of speaking as to the facts she had witnessed; and such was her attachment to her mistress, that nothing short of her dying command would have induced her to reveal the truth.

With that full and perfect possession of intellect which frequently precedes the death of the insane, Lady de Mowbray said and did



may be restored to liberty, and saved from the breath of the black and heartless world."

The carriage in waiting to convey De Mowbray to concealment, drove to the dreary prison from which he had escaped.

Mr. De la Bere entered the keeper's house, and asked permission for himself and friend to visit the prisoner; it was refused: he might be admitted at daybreak on the morrow, but this night it could not be.

- "Is it ever too late to receive a prisoner?" asked Mr. De la Bere, speaking in a tone too low to be heard by any but the keeper, and seeing the necessity of confiding the truth.
  - "No, perhaps not; but what mean you?"
- "That the prisoner ordered for execution on the morrow is at large; Sir Melton de Mowbray has escaped!"
- "Impossible! but an hour since I saw him sleeping on his bed. What mean you, sir?" exclaimed the keeper, startled, though incredulous.
- "I mean that he is even now sitting in the carriage at your door!"

The keeper started, as if about to seek or call for aid.

"Hush! stir not!" said De la Bere quickly, and, laying his hand upon his arm, he added—"He is come to deliver himself up; remove your attendants, and hear me!"

The keeper, a shrewd and intelligent man, saw no better alternative, and obeyed with wonderment.

When alone, Mr. De la Bere continued,-" I would rather this hand were withered than it should bribe you to forget your duty, for I would die sooner than thus insult an honourable man; but though I come to restore one who has already escaped, and claim the liberty of another, against whom there is but the charge of woman's deep devotion, I must win your silence, and pay the debt of my undying gratitude: there is a check for one hundred guineas, and, while you live, this tribute for the boon I ask shall be yearly paid. Pledge me your word of honour that this heroic act shall never pass your lips: the world can condemn, where Heaven would sometimes approve.

The keeper promised—promised, unconditionally, for he was touched to the heart by the generous act. If the sense of self-interest prompted the wisdom of silence—if his own escape from the charge of negligence or bribery—if joy at retaking the bird which had returned without a lure, mingled with better feelings, who, be it asked, is perfect?"

This point arranged, Mr. De la Bere retired to lead in the willing captive. With profession of scrutiny, the keeper examined his man, and identified Sir Melton de Mowbray.

Mr. De la Bere remained in the parlour, while De Mowbray (as physician to the body or soul), accompanied the keeper to the condemned cell. Lady Helen, startled by the removal of the bolts and locks, threw herself on the wretched pallet, and feigned the repose of sleep, while her throbbing heart, wrung by the fear of De Mowbray's capture, beat as if it would rend in twain the fair walls of its ivory palace.

De Mowbray entered, and, stealing to her side, as fearful to disturb the sleeper, gazed

"She is free! she is free!" he repeated, and the narrow gloomy cell, which he now reoccupied, seemed dearer than the chamber of a palace; so little does happiness depend upon aught but our inward selves.

Time was pressing, De la Bere hastened to the Secretary of State, and despatched Bowman with a letter to the judge; a reprieve was promised with the earliest dawn; he returned once more to inform the keeper of the steps he had taken, and, securing a bed at a tavern in St. Paul's Churchyard, he wandered forth, and hovered, like a good spirit, around the walls which inclosed a world of misery.

To sleep was impossible; he felt that he ought to be happy, but the promise of brighter days was dashed with a thousand anxious fears, and divided by the closing career of her whom he had cherished in his heart, as known in the hour of unsullied youth. The night was dark and lowering—the silence of midnight was broken, as the clock of St. Paul's proclaimed the hour—the Sabbath had passed—man's privilege and doom—"to work," was renewed; but, oh! how fearfully were the open-

ng 10 mm of laterales week employed—labour
on, maken from their entity seat, grakered 
with my the walls of Newpare; ethers beard 
with my the walls of Newpare; ethers beard 
with my their from time to time gaves were 
the my their laterals haviness destined to sur
conditions seath on were bringin desting a 
manual time printing—instinct desting a 
minute and insensity light, thereis ambied in
streaming manuals—a find gave a demon's aspect 
to them with a local is the labourers of death.

Have there is a should—a yell—a charts of the rule through the greek are thrown which we write and the straining three struggle and answer to the villy—the straining three struggle and answer to make in wealty thinking, with the grober high mass—the france is topol-strained walks, moves like the me of a high-analy—a seeming solid mass—the grante partitions which is placed against the feath a note of the partitions.

M. In h Bern supported by the conviction that the time the labour was in vain, felt for a time as I he was riveted to the spot; and then, as time the current of his thoughts, he beat his

steps to the clamour and confusion of a scene as striking, and less painful, by association.

While the great balk of population slept within their Mammoth city, the source of nourishment was flowing to its centre-thousands upon thousands of cattle - many (as practised as when the Roman general treated), with flambeaux on their horns, were driven to a given point, till all seemed " chaos worse confounded" - a dense, impenetrable hecatomb of life-of blood, destined to be shed for the wants of man: what a contrast to the noiseless chambers, in which millions were wrapt in slumber!--- the melancholy lowing of the distracted, suffering brutes - the barking of the trained and countless dogs-the yells and curses of the heartless drovers - the bleating of the lambs, mingled in wide and wild distraction, while pitchy torches broke, in fitful glares, the darkness of night, and revealed hundreds busied in casting the lasso, and in passing the yoke of captivity on the bellowing beasts.

Mr. De la Bere, whose love of knowledge had led him to look on most things, had never, till then, witnessed the scene before him; and as he watched "order from confusion spring-

YOL. III.



## MELTON DE MOWBRAY.

it was difficult to separate fiction from t. But her aunt's words poured balm within bleeding wounds, and dispelled the sha of some horrid, but disjointed vision, we seemed to haunt her memory.

If the proud and unbending spirit c dependence be a fault, even in this respec Mowbray was yielding to a humbler m Though Lady Helen Fawndove's devoted tempts to save his life was a secret within knowledge of a few, De la Bere urged the ground of his being allowed to declare as his heir, and seal his intentions of ma over a large proportion of his estates. He might renew his suit, and claim the han his deliverer.

That misfortunes rarely come singly generally allowed: it is not less true, the less freely confessed, that good fortune is to follow in the same proportion. While Mowbray was about to yield to the offer o generous friend, "old Melton of Melton" die in reality, and left—unconditionally—to godson, Sir Melton de Mowbray, the wholh is immense wealth.

With perhaps a something of the incon



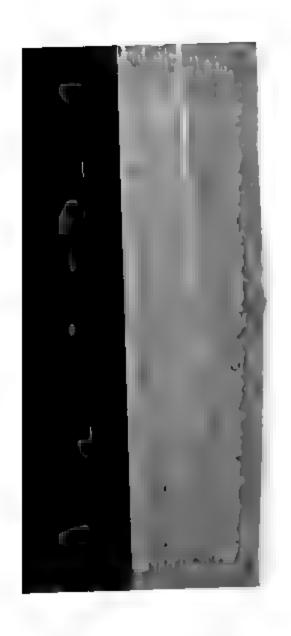
But De la Ber point to carry, and himself an embassy proud and uncomp many of her species and was not sorry to her quiver. Her c an extraordinary res as formerly, alive to which rendered Sir I of being her son-inaccepted.

To say that the it Lady Helen, and her complete, would be reader's imagination wise. We need only persuaded to relinque



Our dramatis personæ have been few. Some of the few have, in the course of events, been taken from the stage of life. It only remains to say, that when Bowman had paid the last duties of a son devoted to an aged mother, he sighed for employment, and in his way became superlatively happy by being appointed "the city marshal." To see him mounted on his charger, with all its trappings and housings to boot, commanding his myrmidons " to halt," " to wheel," and be the life and soul of some grand procession, was a glorious sight. Marlborough himself never looked half so martial, nor was, we suspect, one quarter so happy. Thanks to old Martha, who had been enlisted in his service, he was as happy in his home as in the field.

William, the last of the De la Beres, lived for many years to look upon the happiness to which his hand, and more—ah, how much more!—his heart, had contributed. To the last, he continued the model of "the old English gentleman." His three sisters preceded him to the grave, and within a little of each other. When they died, it seemed as if the last hallowed relic of a former century had



which gave it life. The syard hard by; and, to remember, with a grass goodness of the last of

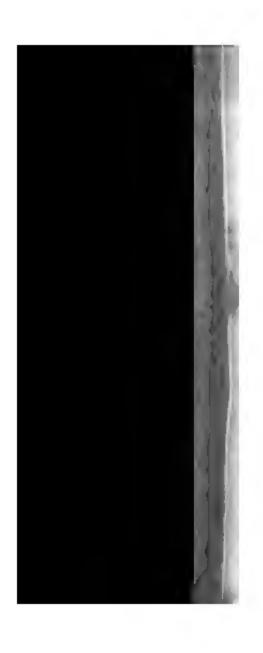
One word more on if eccentric being, to we rendered justice. If the mere dwellers up jokes, and with a snew or linked his name Mowbray, it was be above their comprehe impure imaginations finer feelings of one we could admit no second the lovely visions of thoney of its early flushed beautiful, bright, and dwelt in his memory.

In conclusion, it may be useful to add, that when in after years Sir Melton was blessed with a family of sons, he took care to bestow on them a more general and useful education than he himself had received.

He often told the story of his own gross ignorance, in thinking Messrs. D'Aubigny and Co. had one huge banking ledger devoted to the "Drs." or "Doctors" of London. Many there are who invent stories, and, by constant repetition, firmly believe they were founded in fact. Sir Melton was the reverse; for, when his sons grew up, and the necessity of the lesson was removed, he began to doubt if it were possible that he had ever been so ignorant. Nevertheless, it was a fact; and, what is worse, few—if any—of his fashionable contemporaries were wiser.

It is to be hoped that the heads of our public schools have, in these days, seen the errors of "the good old times," and that each, like a "médecin malgré lui," can now, or shortly will, be able to say, "nous avons changé tout cela."

Till death, the keeper of Newgate kept the secret: with equal honour the annuity was



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